June 24, 1950

THE NEW YORKER

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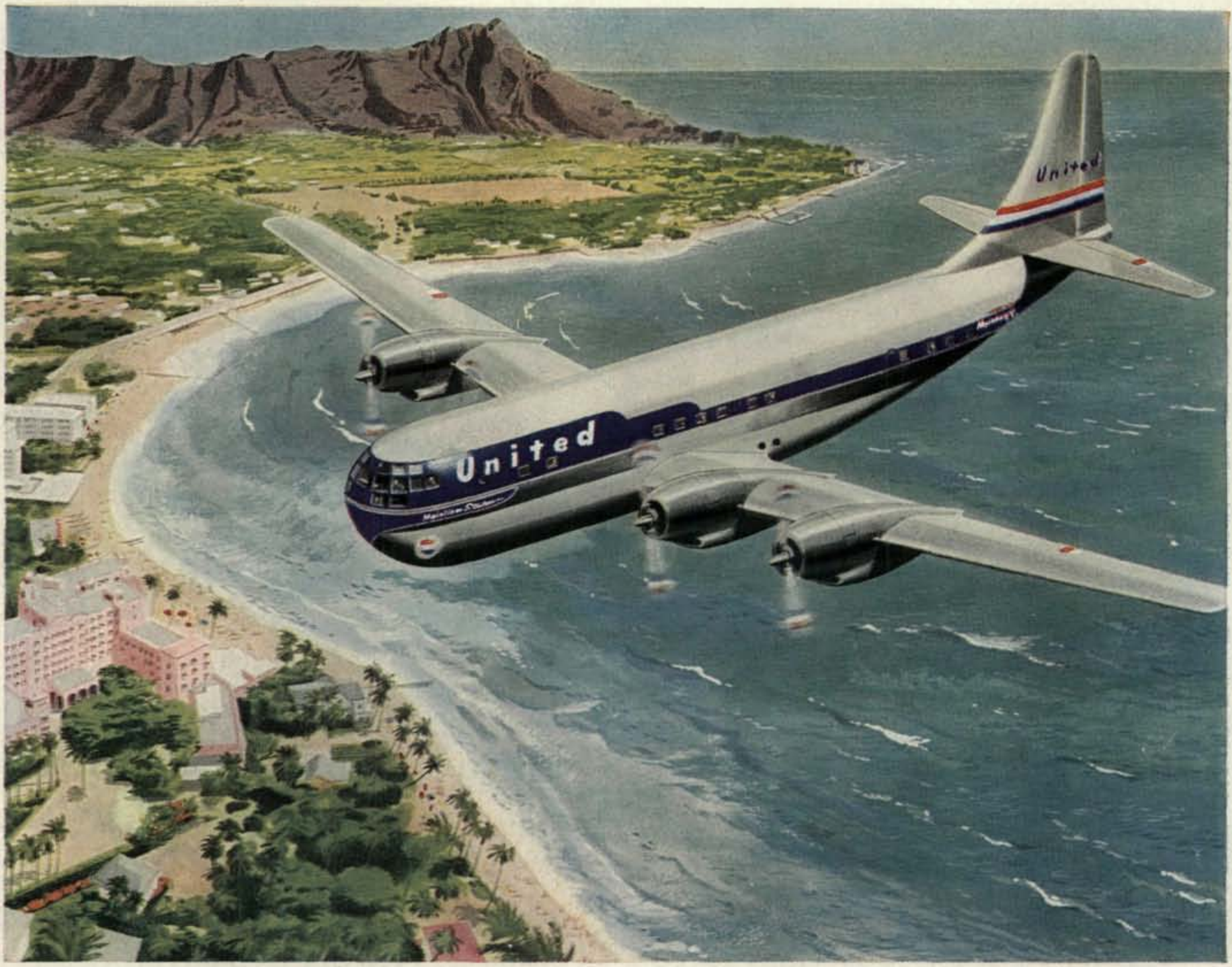

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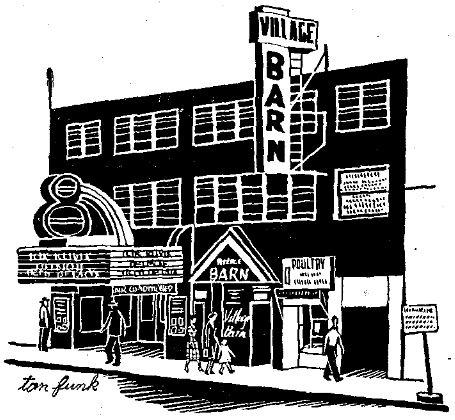
GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN



A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

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THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

The Cocktail Party—T. S. Eliot's arresting play is both funny and profound, and its occasional obscurity probably won't bother you too much. Now with Henry Daniell, Margaret Phillips, and Eileen Peel. (Henry Miller, 43rd St., E. BR 9-3970. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:35. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:35.)

Come Back, Little Sheba—There is so much that is true and moving in this play about a middle-aged couple who have more or less ruined their lives that it seems a pity the author so often slips into bathos. Shirley Booth and Sidney Blackmer are superb in the leading roles, and they are capably supported by Joan Lorring, Lonny Chapman, John Randolph, Daniel A. Reed, and Olga Fabian. (Booth, 45th St., W. CI 6-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Happy Time—A comedy about a high-spirited French-Canadian family and the effect its uninhibited behavior has on an adolescent boy. It is somewhat in the tradition of "I Remember Mama," but neither the wit nor the sentiment is on anything approaching that level. Claude Dauphin heads the cast. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:35. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:35.)

The Member of the Wedding—Carson McCullers' adaptation of her novel about a young girl's desperate need to identify herself with something or somebody has unusual humor and pathos. Ethel Waters is enormously compelling as a warmhearted old Negro woman, Julie Harris is extremely touching as the loneliest little girl in the world, and seven-year-old Brandon De Wilde gives a remarkable performance as one of her young playmates. (Empire, Broadway at 40th St. PE 6-9540. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Wisteria Trees—Admirers of Chekhov may consider Joshua Logan's version of "The Cherry Orchard" something of a desecration, but it has its affecting interludes, thanks largely to a superlative performance by Helen Hayes. The Russians who now appear as residents of Louisiana include Kent Smith, Walter Abel, Peggy Conklin, Douglas Watson, and Bethel Leslie. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. CI 6-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Long Runs—**DEATH OF A SALESMAN**: The tragic windup of a man who suddenly comes to realize that he can't go on any more. Albert Dekker is now playing the man. (Morosco, 45th St., W. CI 6-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **DETECTIVE STORY**: Sidney Kingsley's roughhouse in a New York police station, with Ralph Bellamy cast as a tough cop. (Hudson, 44th St., E. LU 2-1087. Mondays through Thursdays, and Saturdays, at 8:40; Fridays at 9. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.) . . . **MISTER ROBERTS**: Henry Fonda, Paul Stewart, William Harrigan, and Dick Van Patten patrolling the deck of that Navy cargo ship. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. CI 5-5226. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

MUSICALS

The Consul—Gian-Carlo Menotti's one-man achievement is an opera in the true sense of the word. Neither the score nor the libretto is particularly distinguished by itself, yet in combination they are tremendously powerful. With Marie Powers, Gloria Lane, and Patricia Neway. Vera Bryner substitutes for Miss Neway at the Monday-evening and Wednesday-matinée performances. (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. CI 6-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Gentlemen Prefer Blondes—Lorelei Lee may not be precisely the girl she was in Anita Loos's novel, but she and her peculiar friends provide a nice, rowdy evening. Miss Loos and Joseph Fields collaborated on the book, Jule Styne did the music, and Leo Robin wrote the lyrics. Carol Channing, Yvonne Adair, and Jack McCauley are in the large and breezy cast. (Ziegfeld, Sixth Ave. at 54th St. CI 5-5200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Lost in the Stars—Perhaps too much of the spirit and atmosphere of Alan Paton's novel "Cry, the Beloved Country" has been lost in this adaptation for the stage, but Maxwell Anderson's libretto is frequently moving, and the score, by the late Kurt Weill, is a superior one. With Todd Duncan. (Music Box, 45th St., W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Peter Pan—Jean Arthur is Peter, Marcia Henderson is Wendy, and Boris Karloff is both Mr. Darling and Captain Hook in this stylish and intelligent revival of the Barrie fantasy. Also, Leonard Bernstein has added some excellent incidental music. A first-rate production, though the play itself may call for a somewhat indulgent attitude. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sundays and Mondays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30.)

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CHANGE OF ADDRESS

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Texas, Li'l Darlin'—This musical, about the editor of a magazine that might well be *Life* and a political campaign in Texas, is intended to be a satire, but the authors are never quite witty enough to bring it off. However, Johnny Mercer has written some bright lyrics, and Kenny Delmar, Loring Smith, and Fredd Wayne turn in pleasant performances. (Mark Hellinger, Broadway at 51st St. PL 7-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Tickets, Please!—Except for a few sketches entrusted to its stars, Paul and Grace Hartman, this revue seems a little lacking in humor. Among the other performers are Dorothy Jarnac, Roger Price, Jack Albertson, Tommy Wonder, and Patricia Bright. Nine people collaborated on the music, the lyrics, and the sketches, which may be just a few too many. (Coronet, 49th St., W. CI 6-8870. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—**KISS ME, KATE**: "The Taming of the Shrew" as Shakespeare might have written it if he had had a hand from Cole Porter. Now with Keith Andes and Anne Jeffreys. (Century, Seventh Ave. at 59th St. CI 7-3121. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **SOUTH PACIFIC**: Anybody here doesn't know about "South Pacific"? Ray Middleton has replaced Ezio Pinza, but we still have Mary Martin. (Majestic, 44th St., W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:25. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:25.) . . . **WHERE'S CHARLEY?**: Ray Bolger's resurrection of "Charley's Aunt." (St. James, 44th St., W. LA 4-4664. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

OPENINGS

(There are often last-minute changes in dates and curtain times, so it is a good idea to verify them before starting out.)

Peep Show—Michael Todd's new revue, with Lina Romay and Bozo Snyder, and staged by Hassard Short. The sketches are by H. I. Phillips and William Roos, and the music is by, among others, Bhumibol (the King of Thailand), Harold Rome, Raymond Scott, and Jule Styne. Bobby Clark is the director. Opens Wednesday, June 28. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. CI 5-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30; opening-night curtain at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

MISCELLANY

The Madwoman of Chaillot—Martita Hunt and John Carradine in a revival of Jean Giraudoux's play. Produced by Alfred de Liagre, Jr. (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Saturday and Sunday at 2:30. Closes Sunday, June 25.)

Julius Caesar—Basil Rathbone in a theatre-in-the-round production of Shakespeare's tragedy. Produced by David Heilweil and Derrick Lynn-Thomas, and directed by Dan Levin. (Arena, Hotel Edison, 234 W. 47th St. PL 7-1093. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Thursday and Saturday this week and Wednesdays and Saturdays thereafter, at 2:30. Closes Saturday, July 8.)

Cole Brothers Circus—A hundred acts, Hopalong Cassidy, five hundred horses, and lots of jungle beasts. (Yankee Stadium. Daily at 2:30 and 8:30; through Sunday, June 25. . . . ¶ Ebbets Field. Nightly at 8:30; from Friday, June 30, through Monday, July 3. Matinées daily at 2:30, from Saturday, July 1, through Tuesday, July 4. Tickets for all performances may be obtained at Spalding's, 518 Fifth Ave., at 43rd St., MU 2-0600.)

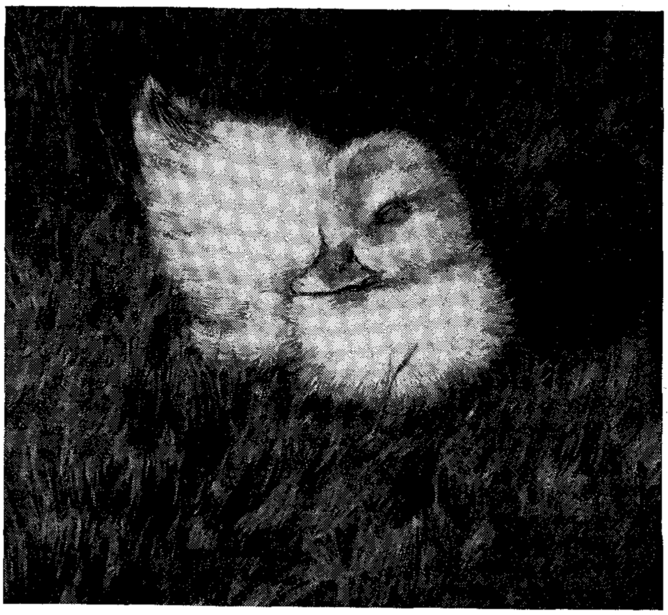
THE SUMMER CIRCUIT

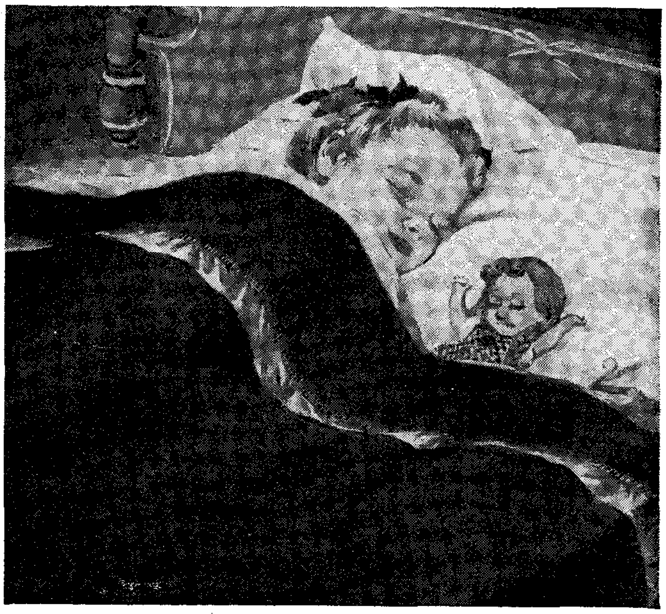
(In this listing you may find a summer theatre within a reasonable distance of where you happen to be in the country. Dates and program schedules are subject to frequent revision.)

Abingdon—Through Saturday, June 24: "Life with Father." Monday through Saturday,

THE NEW YORKER, published weekly by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., 25 W. 43rd St., New York 18, N. Y. R. H. Fleischmann, president; E. R. Spaulding, vice-president; R. H. Truax, treasurer; M. L. Fries, secretary; R. B. Bowen, advertising director. Vol. XXVI, No. 18, June 24, 1950. Entered as second-class matter, February 10, 1925, at the post office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. Copyright, 1950, by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., in the United States and Canada. All rights reserved. No part of this periodical may be reproduced without the consent of The New Yorker. Printed in U. S. A. Subscription rates: U. S. and possessions, 1 year $7.00; Philippines, Latin America, and Spain, $7.50; Canada, $8.00; Other Foreign, $10.00.

All babies need blankets





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June 26-July 1: "The Passing of the Third Floor Back." (Barter Theatre, Abingdon, Va. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:15. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30.)

Cape May—Monday through Saturday, June 26-July 1: "You and I." (Cape Theatre, Cape May, N.J. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:45. Matinées Saturdays at 3.)

Chatham—Wednesday through Saturday, June 28-July 1: "The Play's the Thing." (Monomoy Theatre, Chatham, Mass. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Thursdays at 2:30.)

Clinton—Through Saturday, June 24: "Blithe Spirit." Monday through Saturday, June 26-July 1: "The Velvet Glove." (Music Hall Summer Theatre, Clinton, N.J. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40.)

Dennis—Monday through Saturday, June 26-July 1: Paulette Goddard in "Caesar and Cleopatra." (Cape Playhouse, Dennis, Mass. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Fridays at 2:30.)

Fitchburg—Through Saturday, June 24: "Junior Miss." Monday through Saturday, June 26-July 1: To be announced. (Lake Whalom Playhouse, Fitchburg, Mass. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:20. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:20.)

Guilford—Starting Saturday, July 1: "Clutterbuck." (Guilford Playhouse, Guilford, Conn. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Fridays at 2:40.)

Lambertville—Through Sunday, June 25: Winifred Heidt and Arthur Kent in "Song of Norway." Tuesday through Sunday, June 27-July 2: Annamary Dickey in "Rio Rita." (Lambertville Music Circus, Lambertville, N.J. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinées Thursdays at 2:30.)

Litchfield—Through Saturday, June 24: "Harvey." Monday through Saturday, June 26-July 1: "Born Yesterday." (Litchfield Summer Theatre, Litchfield, Conn. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40.)

Mahopac—Starting Saturday, July 1: "Born Yesterday." (Putnam County Playhouse, Mahopac, N.Y. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:45.)

Matunuck—Monday through Saturday, June 26-July 1: Gloria Jean in "Strictly Dishonorable." (Theatre-by-the-Sea, Matunuck, R.I. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30.)

Millburn—"Roberta." (Paper Mill Playhouse, Millburn, N.J. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Mountainhome—Through Saturday, June 24: Martha Scott in "Another Language." Monday through Saturday, June 26-July 1: Lila Lee in "The Velvet Glove." (Pocono Playhouse, Mountainhome, Pa. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Mount Kisco—Through Saturday, June 24: Nigel Bruce in "Yes, M'Lord." Monday through Saturday, June 26-July 1: Tom Drake in "Brother Rat." (Westchester Playhouse, Mount Kisco, N.Y. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30.)

Moylan—Thursday, June 22: "The Cherry Orchard." Friday, June 23: "The Quick and the Dead." Saturday, June 24: "Saint Joan." Tuesday, June 27: "The Quick and the Dead." Wednesday, June 28: "The Cherry Orchard." Thursday, June 29: "Nathan the Wise." Friday and Saturday, June 30-July 1: "Uncle Vanya." (Hedgerow Theatre, Moylan, Pa. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30.)

New Hope—Through Saturday, June 24: Florence Reed in "The Royal Family." Monday through Saturday, June 26-July 1: Dorothy Sands in "The Velvet Glove." (Bucks County Playhouse, New Hope, Pa. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Newport—Monday through Saturday, June 26-July 1: Shelley Winters in "Born Yesterday." (Casino Theatre, Newport, R.I. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Norwich—Monday through Saturday, June 26-July 1: Kay Francis in "Goodbye, My Fancy." (Norwich Summer Theatre, Norwich, Conn. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Ogunquit—Monday through Saturday, June 26-July 1: Stuart Erwin in "Harvey." (Ogunquit Playhouse, Ogunquit, Maine. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Fridays at 2:30.)

Olney—Through Saturday, June 24: Paulette Goddard in "Caesar and Cleopatra." Tuesday through Sunday, June 27-July 2: Eve Arden in "Over 21." (Olney Theatre, Olney, Md. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40.)

Pawling—Tuesday through Sunday, June 27-July 2: "Harvey." (Starlight Theatre, Pawling, N.Y. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30.)

Peterborough—Starting Wednesday, June 28: "Parlor Story." (Peterborough Players, Peterborough, N.H. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8:40.)

Princeton—Through Saturday, June 24: Shelley Winters in "Born Yesterday." Monday through Saturday, June 26-July 1: Franchot Tone in "The Second Man." (Princeton Summer Theatre, Princeton, N.J. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Provincetown—Starting Friday, June 30: "Anna Christie." (Provincetown Playhouse, Provincetown, Mass. Nightly at 8:30.)

Sea Cliff—Friday and Saturday, June 23-24: Ilka Chase in "Goodbye, My Fancy." Monday through Saturday, June 26-July 1: Lon McAllister in "The Poor Nut." (Sea Cliff Summer Theatre, Sea Cliff, L.I. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Friday this week and Thursdays thereafter, at 2:30.)

Skowhegan—Through Saturday, June 24: "As Husbands Go." Monday through Saturday, June 26-July 1: "Her Master's Voice." (Lakewood Theatre, Skowhegan, Maine. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30.)

Smithtown Branch—Monday through Saturday, June 26-July 1: "Harvey." (Old Town Theatre, Smithtown Branch, L.I. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40.)

Stockbridge—Through Saturday, June 24: "The Taming of the Shrew." Monday through Saturday, June 26-July 1: "Born Yesterday." (Berkshire Playhouse, Stockbridge, Mass. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:45. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Westport—Through Saturday, June 24: Franchot Tone in "The Second Man." Monday through Saturday, June 26-July 1: Eddie Dowling and Joan McCracken in a new comedy, "Angel in the Pawnshop." (Westport Country Playhouse, Westport, Conn. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Fridays at 2:40.)

Woodstock—Starting Saturday, July 1: Eva Le Gallienne in "Fortunato" and Margaret Webster in "The Apollo of Bellac," by Jean Giraudoux. (Woodstock Playhouse, Woodstock, N.Y. Nightly at 8:45. Matinées Saturdays at 2:45.)

Worcester—Through Sunday, June 25: "Harvey." Tuesday through Sunday, June 27-July 2: To be announced. (Playhouse, Worcester, Mass. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:20. Matinées Saturdays at 2:20.)

Note—The Jacob's Pillow Dance Festival will present a series of programs Fridays and Saturdays throughout the summer, starting June 30-July 1, when, among others, Nana Gollner and Paul Petroff will appear. (Lee, Mass. Performances at 4 and 9.)

NIGHT LIFE

(Some places at which you will find music and other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

Ambassador, Park Ave. at 51st St. (PL 5-1000)—Jules Lande's band is spending the summer downstairs in the subterranean yet pleasant Garden, where it plays for dancing every night but Sunday.

Astor Roof, Broadway at 44th St. (CI 6-6000)—Carmen Cavallaro's rococo dance music, and ten thousand youngsters gyrating to it. Alan Holmes' band performs, too. Closed Sundays.

Biltmore, Madison Ave. at 43rd St. (MU 7-7000)—Harold Nagel's orchestra plays for cocktails in the Palm Court, except Sundays, and for dinner on the Cascades Roof, which is closed on Sundays. No dancing anywhere.

Café Society, 2 Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-2737)—Art Tatum's engrossing piano études, Jack Prince's casual humorous devices, and Charlie Parker's strident band. Cliff Jackson is, as always, the interlude pianist.

Diamond Horseshoe, 235 W. 46th St. (CI 6-6500)—Billy Rose's soup-to-nuts pageant of New York café life through the ages. The most entertaining nuts are Walter Dere Wahl and the Rigoletto Brothers. W. C. Handy and Harry Armstrong, ancient and heartwarming, are also around. Dancing.

El Morocco, 154 E. 54th St. (EL 5-8769)—One town house that's likely to stay open all summer, regardless of the defections to Southampton and Bar Harbor. Chauncey Gray's orchestra and Chiquito's rumba band for dancing.

Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—Stanley Worth's orchestra plays for cocktail, dinner, and supper dancing in the Café Pierre. Franz Dietschmann plucks his zither and Bernice Byres sings from six on.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 9-3000)—The Rendez-Vous Room, a rapturous idealization of "Wien, Wien," has (after eight-thirty) Maximillian Bergere's and Emery Deutsch's dance orchestras. . . . ¶ Leo Le-Fleur's music tinkles in the Palm Court at the cocktail hour. No dancing, and, starting July 1, no music Saturdays and Sundays.

Roosevelt, Madison Ave. at 45th St. (MU 6-9200)—In the Grill, the Three Suns and Nat Brandwynne's orchestra, making the music go round and round. Dancing. Closed Sundays and Saturday, July 1.

St. Regis, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—The Roof, beautiful and serene and débutante, where the orchestras of Milt Shaw and Horace Diaz ramble along most of the evening. Closed Sundays.

Savoy-Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2600)—Irving Conn's orchestra is on tap in the Café Lounge at dinner and supper. Tea dancing every afternoon.

Statler, Seventh Ave. at 33rd St. (PE 6-5000)—In the Café Rouge, Blue Barron's big, bold band for dancing. Closed Sundays.

Stork Club, 3 E. 53rd St. (PL 3-1940)—A picnic ground for little ones who specialize in the lighter indoor sports. Suzy Mulligan is singing here again. Payson Ré's orchestra and a rumba band supply the customary dance music.

Tavern-on-the-Green, Central Park W. at 67th St. (SC 4-8100)—Every evening, except

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when Heaven is filling up our reservoirs, there is dancing under the trees and the stars after seven. Inner nourishment, too, after a fashion.

Versailles, 151 E. 50th St. (PL 8-0310)—All the comforts of home in this baronial hall, which is now and then filled to overflowing by Martha King's resonant concert-stage voice. Emile Petti's orchestra and Panchito's rumba band play the rest of the time.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—Vic Damone's lush *bel canto*, aided by Ronnie Selby's piano, at dinner and supper on the Starlight Roof, where Guy Lombardo's orchestra plays for dinner and, spelled by Mischa Borr's band, for supper. On Thursday, June 29, Sammy Kaye will take over Mr. Lombardo's baton, and Paula Kelly and the Modernaires, songsters all, will take over the floor. On Sundays, no show, but the Borr band plays until ten o'clock.

SMALL AND CHEERFUL

(No dancing, unless noted.)

DRAKE ROOM, 71 E. 56th St. (PL 5-0600): Through Saturday, July 1, Cy Walter plays his disarmingly intricate piano at cocktails, dinner, and supper, except Sunday. . . . **LE COQ ROUGE,** 65 E. 56th St. (PL 3-8887): After eight, the bubbly and inviting dance music of Eddie Davis. Phil D'Arcy's trio plays, too. Closed Sundays. . . . **LITTLE CLUB,** 70 E. 55th St. (PL 3-9425): Bela Bizony's gypsy ensemble starts operations, except Sundays, as soon as the boys check in from Aqueduct, and Ernie Warren's trio helps out later in the evening. On Monday, June 26, Nicolas Matthey's troupe will assume the duties of Mr. Bizony's minstrels. . . . **ARMANDO'S,** 54 E. 55th St. (PL 3-0760): Subdued piano and fiddle after nine-thirty for a not especially subdued audience. Closed Sundays. . . . **EL CHICO,** 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): Spain on a folksy, neighborhood level, with furious indigenous dances by both cast and clients. Closed Sundays. . . . **ONE FIFTH AVENUE,** Fifth Ave. at 8th St. (SP 7-7000): Nancy Andrews' laissez-faire songs about the war between the sexes. Alan Ross sings, too. Harold Fonville and Bob Downey play double piano and Hazel Webster plays solo piano. Amateur nights Mondays. . . . **NINO,** 10 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-9014): In the bar of this busy bit of 1960 décor, Rudy Timfield's dinner and supper piano. Closed Sundays. . . . **MADISON,** Madison Ave. at 58th St. (VO 5-5000): Joan Bishop's cocktail piano music Mondays through Fridays, and Bernie Dolen's dance orchestra Saturdays and Sundays until nine. . . . **BYLINE ROOM,** 137 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-4759): Except Sundays, up over the tumultuous Show Spot bar, Mabel Mercer's eloquent songs about love among the moderns. Sam Hamilton is her pianist. . . . **L'AIGLON,** 13 E. 55th St. (PL 3-7296): Upstairs in the Empress Room, starting at eight o'clock, every evening but Monday, Louis Hawkins' all-night house-warmings, featuring, in about equal quantities, the host's table-side small talk and his piano. . . . **LA COMMEDIA,** 59 W. 52nd St. (PL 9-3477): Except Sundays, Thelma Carpenter's feline evening of song, embellished by the twin pianos of Billy Kyle and Laurie Brewis. Sundays, Mr. B. serves as willing accomplice for Ileen Cook, who is once more singing songs tending to prove that the wages of sin is success. . . . **BON SOIR,** 40 W. 8th St. (OR 4-0531): The impeccable Ellis Larkin is the dinner pianist here, from 7 to 10 P.M. Later in the evening, Jimmy Daniels, flanked by two of his lifelong co-workers—Norene Tate, singing and playing piano, and Garland Wilson, playing piano and clowning—takes off. Closed Mondays. . . . **SHERRY-NETHERLAND CAFÉ,** Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (VO 5-2800): Don Abney's piano from seven to one, except Sundays. . . . **CAFÉ GRINZING,** 323 E. 79th St. (RE 4-9117): Fritzi Scheff, as sassy a soubrette and as charming a soprano as you'll encounter anywhere, holds forth twice a night in this Viennese coffeehouse. Closed Mondays.

BIG AND BRASSY

COPACABANA, 10 E. 60th St. (PL 8-1060): Mindy Carson sings vivaciously, Romo Vincent is in charge of the humor department, the DiGatanos prance, and the Copa girls frequently slide in and out of the proceedings.

Dancing. . . . **RIVIERA,** Fort Lee, N.J. (Fort Lee 8-2000): A gilded and terraced grape arbor in the wildwoods of New Jersey. The chief worker in this vineyard is Danny Thomas, an expert practitioner of parody, nonsequitur, double take, the dialect story, and other risible arts. Dancing.

SUPPER CLUBS

(No dancing, unless noted.)

BLUE ANGEL, 152 E. 55th St. (PL 3-5998): In the lounge, from suppertime until just before dawn, except Saturdays, Eadie and Rack's spellbinding piano duets; every weekday, John Kelley, Jr., provides dinner music. . . . ¶ In the back room, nightly, the tomboy Mad Moiselles rocket about the stage, the Billy Williams Quartet dishes out jive, and Phil Leeds tosses around a few gags. Background music by Stuart Ross and the Herman Chittison Trio. Harold Cooke is master of ceremonies. On Thursday, June 29, this establishment will close for a brief holiday, reopening on Friday, July 7. . . . **LE RUBAN BLEU,** 4 E. 56th St. (PL 3-6426): Michael Brown, a remarkably cheerful student of crimes of passion and other prominent Americana, is the mainstay. The handsome Gigi Durston sings sweetly, George Hall does some hilarious monologues, and the tots known as the Four Lads contribute their engaging treble pipings. The Norman Paris Trio spices everything with its music of the day after tomorrow. Closed Sunday, and closes for the season on Saturday, July 1. . . . **VILLAGE VANGUARD,** 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): The Weavers, a neighborly, lively, and unpretentious group of ballad singers that features Pete Seeger as mainstay, Ronnie Gilbert as decoration, and banjos, recorders, and whatnot as props. Dance music by Clarence Williams' trio, for which Carl Lynch supplies elegant guitar. Saturday, June 24, is the last night of the season here.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, unless noted.)

EDDIE CONDON'S, 47 W. 3rd St. (GR 5-8639): Forecast for the rest of 1950: Intermittent thunder and lightning every evening but Sunday. The thunder: Wild Bill Davison and Cutty Cutshall. The lightning: Peanuts Hucko, Buzzy Drootin, Gene Schroeder, and Mr. Condon. Ralph Sutton plays spontaneous-combustion piano between sets. On Tuesdays, visiting firebrands compound the chaos. Closed Sundays. . . . **NICK'S,** Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (CH 2-6683): Pee Wee Erwin's Dixieland band, with Andy Russo on trombone, is now in residence. Jam sessions on Sunday afternoons. Closed Mondays. . . . **JIMMY RYAN'S,** 53 W. 52nd St. (EL 5-9600): Jimmy Archey, Tommy Benford, Pops Foster, and Dick Wellstood experimenting with their pet brand of mechanical therapy. Don Frye plays piano while they're out wiping their brows. Jam sessions Monday nights; closed Sundays. Dancing. . . . **BOP CITY,** 1619 Broadway, at 49th St. (JU 6-3170): Broadway's best musical festival of the year—Louis Armstrong, who has Jack Teagarden, Earl Hines, Barney Bigard, Cozy Cole, and Arvell Shaw on his team; plus George Shearing, in collaboration with Margie Hyams, Denzil Best, Chuck Wayne, and John Levy. Closed Mondays. . . . **PARK SHERATON,** Seventh Ave. at 55th St. (CI 7-8000): Except Sundays, Joe Bushkin's trio is giving the Mermaid Room the time of its life. . . . **BIRDLAND,** 1678 Broadway, at 52nd St. (CI 7-9134): Musicians pop in and out like characters in a French bedroom farce, so it's sometimes pot luck for the guests. Don't be surprised if Mary Lou Williams is there right now, as well as Wynonie Harris and Annie Laurie (songbirds) and Gene Ammons' band. Jam sessions Mondays. . . . **STUYVESANT CASINO,** 140 Second Ave., at 9th St. (GR 3-5289): Those Friday-night rigadoons. On June 23, a tug of war between Wild Bill Davison's gang (J. C. Higginbotham, Buster Bailey, James P. Johnson, and George Wettling) and Oran Page's bully boys (Vic Dickerson, Joe Sullivan, Tony Sbarbaro, and Omer Simeon). Dancing. . . . **CENTRAL PLAZA,** 111 Second Ave., at 6th St. (AL 4-9800): Another carbarn for the young ones' Friday flings. On June 23, Max Kaminsky, Sid Catlett, Edmond Hall, Big Chief Russell Moore, Willie the Lion Smith, and Dick Carey will make themselves heard. Dancing.

IN THE COUNTRY

Dancing—**GLEN ISLAND CASINO,** New Rochelle, N.Y. (New Rochelle 6-6500): Gene Williams' orchestra; closed Mondays. . . . **CHANTICLER,** Millburn, N.J. (Millburn 6-1454): Mace Irish's orchestra, except Mondays. . . . **BOWDEN SQUARE,** Southampton, L.I. (Southampton 788): Starting Friday, June 23, Irving Fields' trio, except Tuesdays.

Dinner—Places to dine (without dancing, unless noted) while out motoring—**BETHPAGE, L.I.:** Beau Sejour (Hicksville 3-0091); closed Tuesdays. . . . **CLOSTER, N.J.:** Closter Manor (Closter 5-0277); closed Mondays. . . . **COLD SPRING HARBOR, L.I.:** Mooring-on-the-Sound (Cold Spring Harbor 998). . . . **CONGERS, N.Y.:** Jean's (Congers 8-6178); closed Mondays. . . . **CROTON FALLS, N.Y.:** Massé's (Croton Falls 7-8560); closed Tuesdays. . . . **DANBURY, CONN.:** White Turkey Inn (Danbury 3-2726); closed Mondays. . . . ¶ Fox Hill, on Route 7 between Danbury and Ridgefield (Ridgefield 870). . . . **DOVER PLAINS, N.Y.:** Old Drovers Inn (Dover Plains 2781). . . . **EAST HAMPTON, L.I.:** Sea Spray Inn (East Hampton 475). . . . **EAST NORWICH, L.I.:** Rothmann's Inn (Oyster Bay 6-0266). . . . **FISHKILL, N.Y.:** Boni's Inn (Beacon 167). . . . ¶ Gertrude Hart's (Beacon 979). . . . **GARRISON, N.Y.:** Bird and Bottle (Garrison 4-3342); closed Tuesdays. . . . **GLENWOOD LANDING, L.I.:** Swan Club (Roslyn 3-0037); dancing every evening except Monday. . . . **HAMPTON BAYS, L.I.:** Cruiser Club (Hampton Bays 342); closed Tuesdays. . . . ¶ Canoe Place Inn (Hampton Bays 150). . . . **HARTSDALE, N.Y.:** Tordo's (White Plains 8-0597). . . . **LAKE SUCCESS, L.I.:** Mori's (Great Neck 2-3600); closed Tuesdays. . . . **NEW HOPE, PA.:** Tow-Path House (New Hope 3784). . . . **NORWALK, CONN.:** Silvermine Tavern (Norwalk 6-2588). . . . ¶ Stirrup-Cup (Norwalk 6-5044); dancing on Saturday evenings. . . . ¶ Jolly Fisherman (Norwalk 8-3246). . . . **POUNDRIDGE, N.Y.:** Emily Shaw's Inn (Poundridge 4-9371); closed Mondays. . . . **RIDGEFIELD, CONN.:** Hearthstone Outpost Inn (Ridgefield

1120)....¶ Stonehenge (Ridgefield 232); Peter Walters at the piano, except Mondays. ... ROSLYN, L.I.: Blue Spruce Inn (Roslyn 3-3300); closed Mondays.... SMITHTOWN, L.I.: Riverside Inn (Smithtown 1016); closed Tuesdays.... SOUTH HUNTINGTON, L.I.: Round Hill (Huntington 1371); closed Mondays.... SYOSSET, L.I.: Stockholm (Syosset 6-1798); closed Mondays....¶ Villa Victor (Syosset 6-1706).... TARRYTOWN, N.Y.: Tappan Hill (Tarrytown 4-3031); dancing on Friday and Saturday evenings.... WAPPINGERS FALLS, N.Y.: Wendover Farms (Poughkeepsie 8100); dancing on Saturday evenings.... WESTBURY, L.I.: Westbury Manor (Westbury 7-2184). ... WESTPORT, CONN.: Red Barn (Westport 2-3971).... YORKTOWN HEIGHTS, N.Y.: Croton Heights Inn (Yorktown Heights 2-4090); closed Mondays.

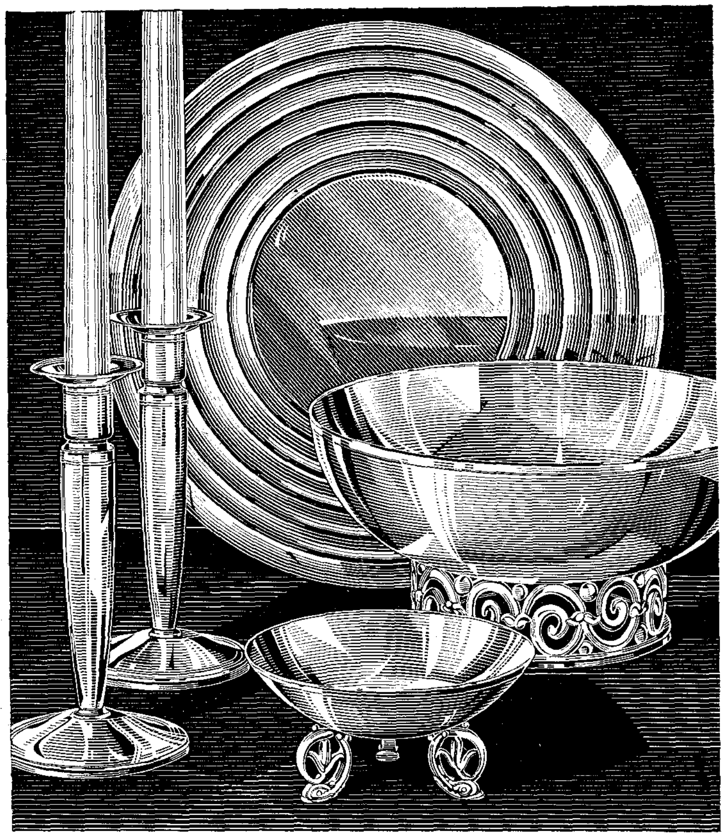
ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries open around 10 and close between 5 and 6, Mondays through Fridays.)

GALLERIES

AMERICAN ACADEMY AND NATIONAL INSTITUTE OF ARTS AND LETTERS—Its annual exhibition, containing over a hundred and thirty works in various mediums. (American Academy of Arts and Letters, Broadway at 155th St. Daily, except Mondays, 2 to 5; through June 30.)

GROUP SHOWS—At the ASSOCIATED AMERICAN ARTISTS, 711 Fifth Ave., at 55th St.: The gallery's seasonal review, with paintings by Bohrod, Taubes, Romano, and others; through June 30. Open Saturday, June 24.... BABCOCK, 38 E. 57th St.: Works by nineteenth- and twentieth-century Americans, from Winslow Homer and Albert Ryder to Jean Liberte, Sol Wilson, and John McCoy; through Sept 9.... BUCHHOLZ, 32 E. 57th St.: Paintings and sculptures by Graham Sutherland, André Masson, Marino Marini, and other European and American moderns; through June 30.... CONTEMPORARY ARTS, 106 E. 57th St.: A nicely varied collection of canvases and sculptures by Philip Pieck, Beatrice Cuming, Joseph Konzal, Ellis Wilson, and others. Weekdays, 10 to 5:30; Monday evenings, 8:30 to 10:30; through Aug. 31.... DOWNTOWN, 32 E. 51st St.: Oils and other works, each priced at $600, by such artists as Ben Shahn, Julian Levi, Charles Sheeler, and John Marin; through June 30.... DURLACHER, 11 E. 57th St.: Paintings and drawings by Walter Stuempfig, Pavel Tchelitchew, Peter Blume, Barbara Hepworth, and other living American and English artists; through July 28.... FEIGL, 601 Madison Ave., at 57th St.: American and European moderns, including Vaclav Vytlacil, Chaim Soutine, and James Ensor; through July 22. Open Saturdays.... FERARGIL, 63 E. 57th St.: A pleasant group of oils and other works by such gallery members as Joseph Foshko, Maxwell Mays, and Lucius Crowell; through July 31.... KNOEDLER, 14 E. 57th St.: Oils by Milton Avery, Pedro Figari, Pierre Grimm, and Eric Isenburger; through June 30.... KOOTZ, 600 Madison Ave., at 57th St.: One early and one recent painting or sculpture apiece by such modernists as Jean Arp, Robert Motherwell, and William Baziotes; through June 30. Open Saturdays.... KRAUSHAAR, 32 E. 57th St.: Oils, water colors, and sculptures by the gallery's artists, among them William Kienbusch, Russell Cowles, and Robert Laurent; through June 30.... LEVITT, 559 Madison Ave., at 56th St.: Oils and sculptures by Everett Spruce, Leo Manso, Glen Krause, José de Rivera, and others of the gallery's artists; through June 30.... MATISSE, 41 E. 57th St.: Miró, Giacometti, Picasso, Dubuffet, MacIver, and others, in a showing of oils, gouaches, and sculptures; through June 30. Open Saturdays.... MIDTOWN, 605 Madison Ave., at 58th St.: Waldo Peirce, William Thon, Doris Rosenthal, and others, in this gallery's seasonal retrospective; through June 30. Open Saturdays.... MILCH, 55 E. 57th St.: Oils and water colors by Childe Hassam, John Twachtman, Leon Kroll, and other Americans of the nineteenth and twentieth centuries; through Sept. 1.... PERSPECTIVES, 34 E. 51st St.: A loan show of paintings, sculptures, prints, and drawings, including works by Masson, Hayter, Marcks, and Matisse. Mondays through Fridays, noon to 6; through June 30.... SALPETER, 36 W. 56th St.: New paintings in several mediums by Maurice Sievan, Shirley Hendrick, and



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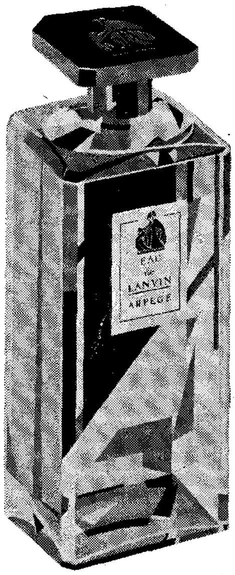

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Charles Heidenreich, among others. Weekdays, noon to 6; through Sept. 9. . . . **JACQUES SELIGMANN**, 5 E. 57th St.: Cleve Gray, Rico Lebrun, Ralph Rosenborg, and Constantine Kermes, *in an exhibition of oils; through* June 30. . . . **VIVIANO**, 42 E. 57th St.: Oils and sculptures by two Americans and five Italians, including Sage, Afro, and Mirko; through June 30. . . . **WEYHE**, 794 Lexington Ave., at 61st St.: A well-balanced showing of water colors by Bruno Krauskopf, Mary Thomas, Dorothy Sturm, and others. Open Saturday, June 24, from 9:30 to noon; through July 28.

PAUL KLEE—Adroit and incisive abstractions, in an exhibition devoted mainly to his earlier pieces. (New Art Circle, 41 E. 57th St. Open Saturdays, *10 to 1; through June 30.*)

LANDSCAPES—A small selection of French, Dutch, and English scenes, *with examples by* Courbet, Ruysdael, Constable, artists of the Barbizon school, and other famous exponents. (Knoedler, 14 E. 57th St.; through June 30.)

TONI LA SELLE—Abstract paintings and drawings, in this artist's first solo showing here. (Pinacotheca, 40 E. 68th St. Daily, 1:30 to *5:30; through June 23.*)

ISADORE LEVY—His first one-man exhibition in thirteen years. Tastefully conceived small abstractions, done in subtly contrasting colors. (Egan, 63 E. 57th St.; through June 24. Open Saturdays.)

MARINE PAINTINGS—The sea, as interpreted by Courbet, Vlaminck, Dufy, Feininger, and other artists of various periods. (Van Diemen-Lilienfeld, 21 E. 57th St.; through July 31. Open Saturdays.)

HAZEL MCKINLEY—Slightly cursory but agreeable landscapes in water color, varying in scene from Cape Cod to Mexico. (Laurel, 108 E. *57th St.; through June 30. Open Saturdays.*)

MODERN FRENCH—Paintings by Braque, Picasso, *Rouault, Bombois, Utrillo, Dufy, and others* whose works might be called classics of the modern movement. (Perls, 32 E. 58th St.; through June 30.)

SEONG MOY—Abstract paintings by a young Chinese-born artist, many of them based, though remotely, on traditional Chinese *themes. (Hacker, 24 W. 58th St.; through* June 30. Open Saturdays.)

EDVARD MUNCH—Etchings, woodcuts, and lithographs by the late Norwegian artist, who was one of the forerunners of Expressionism. (Kleemann, 65 E. 57th St.; through June 30. Open Saturdays.)

ANTONIO SALEMME—Oils and water colors, most of them landscapes, plus a series of portrait heads and other sculptures, in this double-threat artist's first solo showing in several years. (Wellons, 43 E. 50th St.; through June 23.)

SCULPTURE—An outdoor exhibition of works by members of the National Sculpture Society and of the National Academy. (National Academy of Design, Fifth Ave. at 89th St. Daily, 11 A.M. to 10 P.M.; through Aug. 31.) . . . ¶ Pieces for the garden by Hugo Robus, Milton Hebald, and Oronzio Maldarelli. (Grand Central, 15 Vanderbilt Ave., at 43rd *St.; through July 7.*)

HAROLD STERNER—Drawings, done with documentary exactness, of a number of historically important and architecturally interesting American buildings. (American British Art Gallery, 122 E. 55th St.; through Sept. 1.)

THE WOMAN IN FRENCH PAINTING—As seen through the eyes of the painters of the more or less ascetic sixteenth century, the frivolous *seventeenth and eighteenth*, and the Impressionistic nineteenth. (Wildenstein, 19 E. 64th St.; through Sept. 1. Open Saturday, June 24.)

JEAN XCERON—Abstractions, emphasizing the interplay between color and linear patterns, in this artist's first exhibition in several *years. (Janis, 15 E. 57th St.; through June* 24. Open Saturdays.)

MUSEUMS

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—Recently acquired American Indian, pre-Columbian Mexican, and Egyptian material. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5; through Sept. 4.)

JEWISH MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—An anniversary show, consisting of works of art looted by the Nazis from Jewish homes and synagogues, along with woodcuts by Ilya Schor depicting the prewar life of East European Jews. (Mondays through Thursdays, *3 to 5; Sundays, 11 to 6; through July 31.*)

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—An exhibition, from the permanent collection of American paintings, drawings, and prints, covering, roughly, the last fifty years. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5; through Aug. 31.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—A retrospective of the work of Edvard Munch will open on Friday, June 30, and will run through Aug. 13. . . . ¶ In the Museum garden (entrance at 4 W. 54th St.), a one-story house, designed by Gregory Ain; through Oct. 29. (Weekdays, noon to 7; Sundays, 1 to 7.)

MUSEUM OF NON-OBJECTIVE PAINTING, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—A new showing of works by the abstractionists who are regulars here. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6; through Aug. 31.)

MUSIC

STADIUM CONCERTS—The Philharmonic-Symphony concerts at Lewisohn Stadium, will be held on most clear nights through Saturday, Aug. 12, at 8:30. In case of rain, last-minute plans will be broadcast at 5, 6, and 7 P.M., over WNYC. Thursday, June 22: Efrem Kurtz conducting, with William Kapell, piano. . . . ¶ Saturday, June 24: Alexander Smallens conducting, with Mischa Elman, violin. . . . ¶ Monday, June 26: Eleazar de Carvalho conducting, with Nathan Milstein, violin. . . . ¶ Tuesday, June 27: Eleazar de Carvalho conducting, with Tamara Bering, mezzo-soprano. . . . ¶ Wednesday, June 28: Eleazar de Carvalho conducting, with Michael Rosenker, violin. . . . ¶ Thursday, June 29: Alexander Smallens conducting, with Anna Maria Alberghetti, soprano. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 1: *Sigmund Romberg* conducting, with Jarmila Novotna and Gail Manners, sopranos, and Warren Galjour, baritone. (Tickets are available at Lewisohn Stadium, Amsterdam Ave. at 138th St., AD 4-5800, *and at the Steinway Bldg., 113 W.* 57th St., CI 7-5534.)

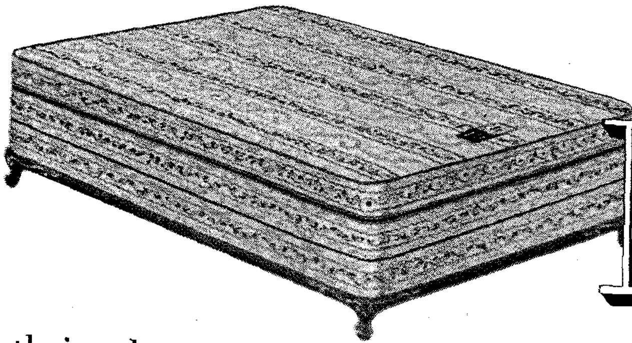
OPERA—The **AFTER DINNER OPERA COMPANY:** "Riders to the Sea," John Millington Synge's play, set to music by Ralph Vaughn Williams; and "Fit for a King," by Martin Kalmanoff and Atra Baer (both New York premières); through Sunday, June 25. *(Master Theatre,* Riverside Dr., at 103rd St. Evenings at 8:30. For tickets, call PL 7-5587.) . . . **SALMAGGI OPERA:** Friday, June 23: "Carmen." . . . ¶ Saturday, June 24: "La Bohème." . . . ¶ Friday, June 30: "Rigoletto." . . . ¶ Saturday, July 1: "Cavalleria Rusticana" and "Pagliacci." (Triborough Stadium, Randalls Island. Evenings at 8:45. For tickets, call CO 5-8861.)

CENTRAL PARK MALL CONCERTS—Edwin Franko Goldman conducting this year's series of Guggenheim Memorial Concerts. (Sundays, Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays, at 8:30; through Sunday, Aug. 13.) . . . ¶ City Amateur Symphony, Leopold Prince conducting. (Saturdays during the month of July, at 8.)

IN THE COUNTRY—The Berkshire Festival of Chamber Music—Wednesday, June 28: The Boston String Quartet and the Berkshire String Quartet. . . . ¶ Thursday, June 29: Reginald Kell, clarinet, and Erich Itor Kahn, piano. . . . ¶ Friday, June 30: The New York Brass Ensemble. (South Mountain, Pittsfield, Mass. Afternoons at 4.)

SPORTS

BASEBALL—At the **POLO GROUNDS:** Giants vs. St. Louis, Thursday, June 22, at 1:30 (doubleheader). . . . ¶ Giants vs. Cincinnati, Friday, June 23, at 8:30; Saturday, June 24, at 2:30; and Sunday, June 25, at 2:05 (doubleheader). . . . ¶ Giants vs. Yankees (exhibition game), Monday, June 26, at 8:30. . . . ¶ Giants vs. Boston, Friday, June 30, at 8:30, and Saturday, July 1, at 2:30. . . . **EBBETS FIELD:** Dodgers vs. Cincinnati, Thursday, June 22, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Dodgers vs. Pittsburgh, Friday and Saturday, June 23-24, at 8:30, and Sunday, June 25, at 2:05. . . . ¶ Dodgers vs. Giants, Tuesday, June 27, at 8:30, and Wednesday



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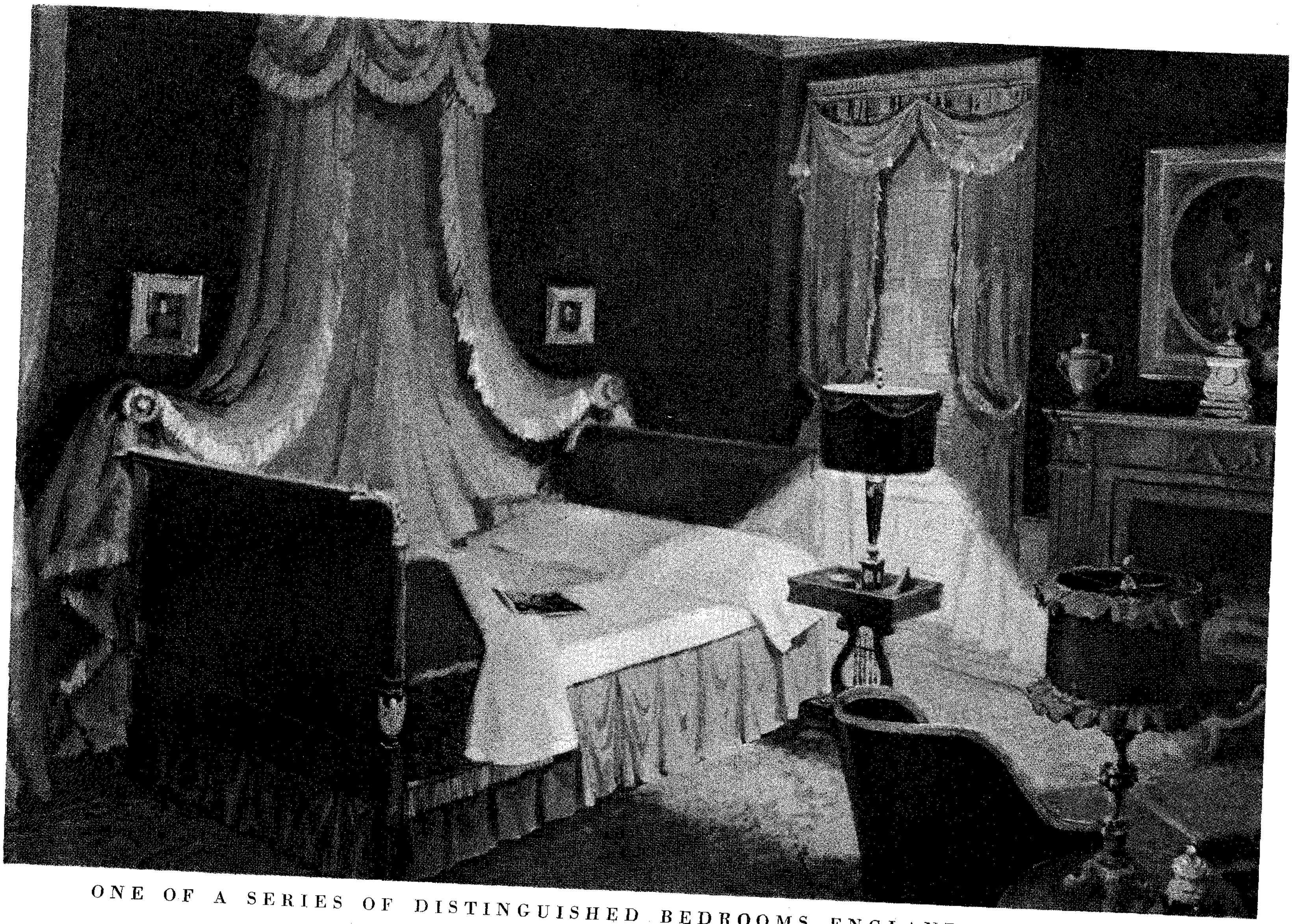

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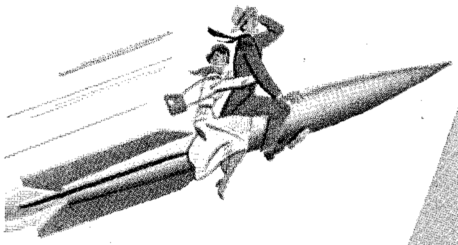

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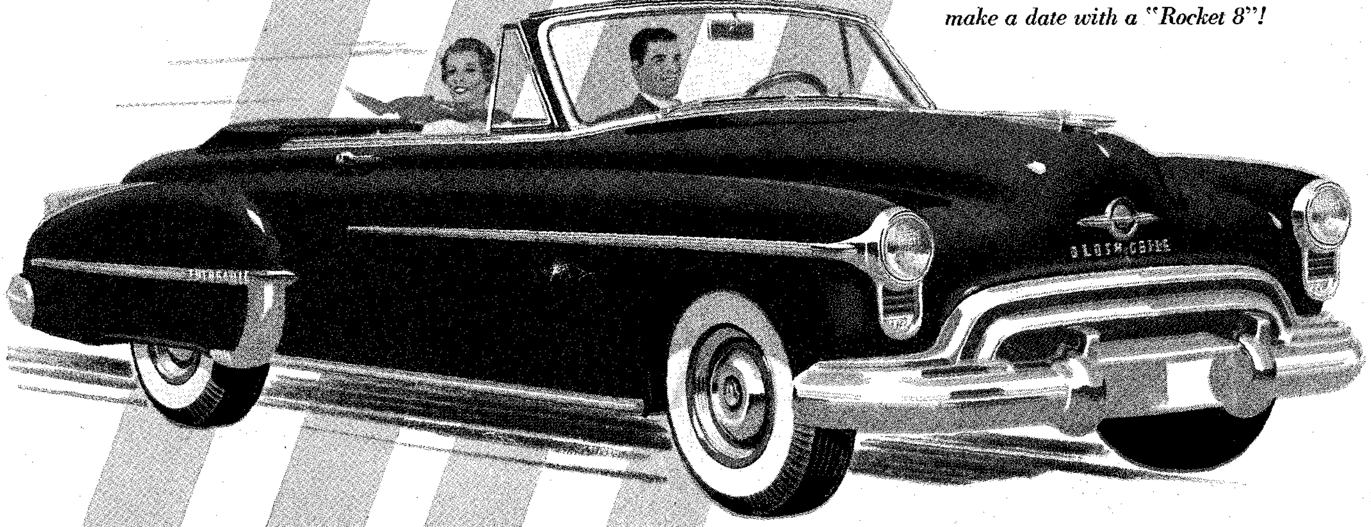

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

and Thursday, June 28-29, at 1:30. . . . **YANKEE STADIUM:** Yankees vs. Washington, Tuesday, June 27, at 8:30, and Wednesday and Thursday, June 28-29, at 2:30.

CREW—Yale-Harvard Regatta. (New London, Conn. Friday, June 23; varsity race at 7:15.)

HORSE SHOWS—Fairfield County Hunt Horse Show. (Westport, Conn. Friday through Sunday, June 23-25.) . . . ¶ Warrenton Pony Show. (Warrenton, Va. Saturday and Sunday, June 24-25.)

POLO—At **BOSTWICK FIELD**, Westbury: Sundays at 3:30. . . . **BLIND BROOK POLO CLUB**, Purchase: Sundays at 3:30 and Wednesdays at 8:30.

RACING—At **AQUEDUCT:** Weekdays at 1:15; through Tuesday, July 4. The Dwyer, Saturday, June 24; the Great American, Wednesday, June 28; and the Carter Handicap, Saturday, July 1. (Frequent trains leave Penn Station for the track Mondays through Fridays between 11:10 and 1, and Saturdays between 10:47 and 1:25.) . . . **MONMOUTH PARK**, Oceanport, N.J.: Weekdays at 2:30; through Wednesday, Aug. 9. (A special train leaves Penn Station for the track Mondays through Fridays at 12:25, and Saturdays at 11:55. Weekdays, boats leave Pier 80, W. 40th St., at 11:15, and Pier 1, Battery Pl., at noon; they are met by buses for the track.)

TENNIS—Eastern Clay Court Championships, men. (Westchester Country Club, Rye. Saturday, June 24, through Sunday, July 2.) . . . ¶ New York State Championships, women. (Cherry Valley Club, Garden City. Monday, June 26, through Sunday, July 2.) . . . ¶ New York State Championships, men. (Seminole Club, Forest Hills. Saturday, July 1, through Sunday, July 9.)

TROTTING—At **ROOSEVELT RACEWAY**, Westbury: Weekdays at 8:40; through Saturday, Sept. 23. (Special trains leave Penn Station for the track Mondays through Thursdays at 7:03, and Fridays and Saturdays at 6:49 and 7:03.) . . . **SARATOGA RACEWAY**, Saratoga Springs: Weekdays at 8:15; through Saturday, Aug. 26.

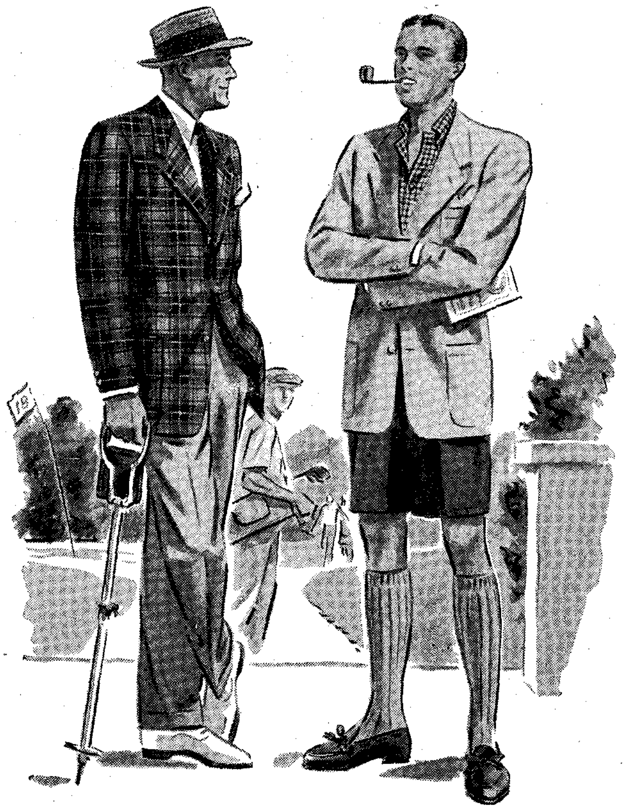
YACHTING—Noroton Race Week for Stars. (Noroton, Conn. Saturday through Wednesday, June 24-28.)

OTHER EVENTS

UNITED NATIONS—At Lake Success, visitors are admitted Mondays through Fridays to meetings of the Security Council, the Interim Committee of the General Assembly, the Trusteeship Council, the Atomic Energy Commission, the Commission on Conventional Armaments, and various commissions of the Economic and Social Council. For tickets, call FIeldstone 7-1100, Ext. 2156, the day before you want to go. Frequent trains leave Penn Station for Great Neck, where they connect with buses for Lake Success. Incidentally, questions about the United Nations can be answered by the Information Center for the United Nations, 535 Fifth Ave., at 44th St., MU 7-0877.

HAYDEN PLANETARIUM—The show for the month of June is "Color in the Sky," which deals with rainbows, the northern lights, and such. The summer show, starting Saturday, July 1, will be "Trip to the Moon." (Central Park W. at 81st St. Mondays through Fridays at 2, 3:30, and 8:30. Saturdays and Sundays at 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30. Extra performances Saturday mornings at 11.)

TRANSATLANTIC LINERS—Mauretania: Arrives Thursday, June 22; sails Saturday, June 24, at 3:30 P.M. . . . ¶ America: Arrives Thursday, June 22; sails Tuesday, June 27, at 4 P.M. . . . ¶ Queen Mary: Sails Friday, June 23, at noon. . . . ¶ Parthia: Sails Friday, June 23, at 3:30 P.M. . . . ¶ Britannic: Arrives Saturday, June 24; sails Wednesday, June 28, at midnight. . . . ¶ Ile-de-France: Arrives Monday, June 26; sails Wednesday, June 28, at 11 A.M. . . . ¶ Caronia: Arrives Tuesday, June 27; sails Friday, June 30, at 3:30 P.M. . . . ¶ Nieuw Amsterdam: Arrives Tuesday, June 27; sails Friday, June 30, at 4 P.M. . . . ¶ Queen Elizabeth: Arrives Thursday, June 29; sails Saturday, July 1, at 11 A.M. . . . ¶ De Grasse: Arrives Friday, June 30; sails Saturday, July 1, at 4 P.M. . . . ¶ Media: Arrives Saturday, July 1.



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED IN THIS SECTION

Annie Get Your Gun—Show business, Wild West division. A lively translation to the screen of the Irving Berlin musical. With Betty Hutton, Howard Keel, Louis Calhern, and Keenan Wynn. (State, B'way at 45th, LU 2-5070.)

The Asphalt Jungle—Jewel thieves cutting capers in a Middle Western town. A picture that is distinguished by the direction of the astute John Huston and by the highly satisfactory performances of the actors involved. With Louis Calhern, Sam Jaffe, Barry Kelley, and Sterling Hayden. (Capitol, B'way at 51st, CO 5-1250; through June 28.)

The Bicycle Thief—An Italian film that makes the search for a stolen bicycle by a workman and his son something of a screen masterpiece. (World, 153 W. 49th, CI 7-5747.)

In a Lonely Place—Murder in Hollywood, involving Humphrey Bogart as the suspected killer. Pretty overwrought stuff, but not without some fairly taut scenes. Mr. Bogart operates in tandem with Gloria Grahame. (Lexington, Lexington at 51st, PL 3-0336; Loew's 72nd St., 3rd Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-7222; Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th, AT 9-4607; Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th, WA 9-2166; Loew's 83rd St., B'way at 83rd, TR 7-3190; and Olympia, B'way at 107th, AC 2-1019; starting June 28.)

Night and the City—The seedy side of London, with Richard Widmark functioning as a neurotic bad man. A rather uneven item that comes closest to a boil when Stanislaus Zbyszko undertakes the job of slapping down Mike Mazurki in a no-holds-barred wrestling match. (Roxy, 7th Ave. at 50th, CI 7-6000; June 22.)

The Red Shoes—A stylish ballet is the chief asset of this long-drawn-out English picture, which deals with life among the dancers. With Moira Shearer, Ludmilla Tcherina, and Leonide Massine. (Bijou, 209 W. 45th, CO 5-8215. Showings are at 2:30 and 8:30; extra performances Saturdays and Sundays at 5:30, and Saturday evenings at 11:30. Reserved seats only.)

Riding High—Under Frank Capra's direction, this remake of "Broadway Bill," a picture about a man devoted to an underprivileged thoroughbred, is delightful even when the corn gets to be shoulder high. Bing Crosby heads the cast. (York, 1st Ave. at 64th, RH 4-9350; and Gracie Square, 1st Ave. at 89th, SA 2-2478; through June 23.... ¶ Trans-Lux Colony, 2nd Ave. at 79th, BU 8-9468; through June 24.... ¶ Trans-Lux 52nd St., Lexington at 52nd, PL 3-2434; June 23-24. ... ¶ Trans-Lux 72nd St., 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304; June 25-26.)

The Rocking Horse Winner—An always tense and sometimes terrifying adaptation of D. H. Lawrence's story about a small boy who works himself to death doping out horse races for the benefit of his worthless parents. John Howard Davies is remarkably apt as the boy, and he receives some powerful assistance from John Mills, Valerie Hobson, Hugh Sinclair, and Ronald Squire. (Park Avenue, Park at 59th, PL 9-7242.)

The Third Man—A fast melodramatic tour of postwar Vienna on the heels of Joseph Cotten, Orson Welles, and Valli. A Carol Reed-Graham Greene collaboration that has its moments. (Victoria, B'way at 46th, JU 6-0540.)

Three Came Home—Claudette Colbert and several other actresses in the ladies' section of a Japanese prison camp in Borneo. An effective picture about war, in which all the enemies portrayed are not completely monstrous. (R.K.O. 58th St., 3rd Ave. at 58th, VO 5-3577; R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th, AT 9-8900; R.K.O. 23rd St., 8th Ave. at 23rd, CH 2-3440; Riverside, B'way at 96th, RI 9-9861; Nemo, B'way at 110th, AC 2-9406; and Coliseum, B'way at 181st, WA 7-7200; starting June 28.)

The Winslow Boy—A competent adaptation of the Terence Rattigan play about a father's struggle to clear the name of his small son, unjustly accused of theft. An English film, with Sir Cedric Hardwicke, Robert Donat, and Margaret Leighton. (Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th, PL 9-1411.)

REVIVALS

Carnival in Flanders (1936)—Sly doings in a medieval Flemish town. In French, with Louis Jouvet. (55th St. Playhouse, 154 W. 55th, CO 5-9438; June 22.)

City Lights (1931)—Charlie Chaplin hilariously hopping around a big town. (Paris, 4 W. 58th, MU 8-0134.)

Devil in the Flesh (1949)—A French picture concerned with the trials and cruelties of adolescent love. With Gérard Philipe and Micheline Prelle. (Beverly, 3rd Ave. at 50th, EL 5-8790; through June 28, tentative.)

Grand Illusion (1938)—A German prison in the First World War. In French, with Erich von Stroheim and Jean Gabin. (55th St. Playhouse, 154 W. 55th, CO 5-9438; June 22.)

His Girl Friday (1940)—"The Front Page" warmed over. Rosalind Russell, Cary Grant, and Ralph Bellamy. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; June 25-27.... ¶ Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; starting June 27.)

If I Had a Million (1932)—The first and best-known of the all-star episode films, with, among others, Charles Laughton, W. C. Fields, and Gary Cooper. (Trans-Lux 72nd St., 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304; through June 24.)

Open City (1946)—An account of the operations of the Roman underground. In Italian. (5th Ave. Playhouse, 5th Ave. at 12th, OR 5-9630; through June 26, tentative.)

The Quiet One (1949)—The documentary of a tragic young colored boy in Harlem. Made in Manhattan by a group of amateurs. (5th Ave. Playhouse, 5th Ave. at 12th, OR 5-9630; through June 26, tentative.)

Tabu (1931)—The Flaherty film about life in the South Seas. (Avenue Playhouse, 6th Ave. at 47th, PL 7-4295; June 22.)

Museum of Modern Art Film Library—Through June 25: "One A.M." (1916) and "The Kid" (1921), both with Charlie Chaplin.... ¶ Starting June 26: "Night Must Fall" (1937), with Robert Montgomery. (Showings are daily at 3 and 5:30. A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum, 11 W. 53rd, after noon on the day of the showing.)

• • •

THE BROADWAY AREA

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED IN THE SECTION ABOVE

Astor, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240)
"The Lawless," Macdonald Carey, Gail Russell.

Avenue Playhouse, 6th Ave. at 47th. (PL 7-4295)
June 22: **TABU**, revival; and "Legong," revival, a documentary film.
From June 23: "The Ape Man" and "Return of the Ape Man," both revivals with Bela Lugosi.

Bijou, 209 W. 45th. (CO 5-8215)
THE RED SHOES.

Capitol, B'way at 51st. (CO 5-1250)
Through June 28: **THE ASPHALT JUNGLE.**

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (LU 2-1796)
June 22: "The Woman on Pier 13," Laraine Day, Robert Ryan.
From June 23: "Tarzan and the Slave Girl," Lex Barker.

Globe, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-5555)
"Wagonmaster," Ben Johnson.

Gotham, B'way at 47th. (CI 5-9516)
"With These Hands," Sam Levene, Arlene Francis.

Little CinéMet, 6th Ave. at 39th. (LO 4-1141)
"Heart and Soul," Vittorio De Sica.

Mayfair, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CI 5-9800)
Through June 26: "Rock Island Trail," Forrest Tucker.
From June 27: "Destination Moon," John Archer.

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (CI 6-4600)
Through June 28: "Father of the Bride," Spencer Tracy, Elizabeth Taylor.

Paramount, B'way at 43rd. (LO 3-1100)
"The Secret Fury," Claudette Colbert, Robert Ryan.

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
"The Fortunes of Captain Blood," Louis Hayward.

Roxy, 7th Ave. at 50th. (CI 7-6000)
June 22: **NIGHT AND THE CITY.**
From June 23: "The Gunfighter," Gregory Peck, Millard Mitchell.

State, B'way at 45th. (LU 2-5070)
ANNIE GET YOUR GUN.

Strand, B'way at 47th. (CI 7-5900)
"Bright Leaf," Gary Cooper, Lauren Bacall.

Victoria, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
THE THIRD MAN.

World, 153 W. 49th. (CI 7-5747)
THE BICYCLE THIEF (in Italian).

NEIGHBORHOOD HOUSES

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				22	23	24
25	26	27	28			

EAST SIDE

ART, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
Through June 26: "Cheaper by the Dozen," Clifton Webb, Myrna Loy.
From June 27: To be announced.

GRAMERCY, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through June 26: "Cheaper by the Dozen," Clifton Webb, Myrna Loy.
From June 27: **HIS GIRL FRIDAY**, revival.

EMBASSY CINEMA, 74 E. 42nd. (MU 7-8723)
(Mondays through Fridays, features are shown only after 5.)
Through June 26: "Cheaper by the Dozen," Clifton Webb, Myrna Loy.
From June 27: "Fifty Years Before Your Eyes," a newsreel anthology.

BEVERLY, 3rd Ave. at 50th. (EL 5-8790)
Through June 28 (tentative): **DEVIL IN THE FLESH** (in French), revival; and "Birth of a Ballet," the Sadler's Wells Ballet.

LEXINGTON, Lexington at 51st. (PL 3-0336)
Through June 27: "Nancy Goes to Rio," Jane Powell, Ann Sothern; and "Buccaneer's Girl," Yvonne De Carlo.
From June 28: **IN A LONELY PLACE**; and "Kill the Umpire," William Bendix.

TRANS-LUX 52ND ST., Lexington at 52nd. (PL 3-2434)
June 22: "Francis," Donald O'Connor.
June 23-24: **RIDING HIGH.**
From June 25: "The Hidden Room," Robert Newton.

SUTTON, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
THE WINSLOW BOY.

R.K.O. 58TH ST., 3rd Ave. at 58th. (VO 5-3577)
Through June 27: "Wabash Avenue," Betty Grable, Victor Mature; and "One Way Street," James Mason.
From June 28: **THREE CAME HOME**; and "The Kid from Texas," Audie Murphy, Gale Storm.

PLAZA, 42 E. 58th. (VO 5-3320)
Through June 24: "A Woman of Distinction," Ray Milland, Rosalind Russell.
June 25-27: "Conspirator," Robert Taylor, Elizabeth Taylor.
From June 28: "The Damned Don't Cry," Joan Crawford, David Brian.

PARK AVENUE, Park at 59th. (PL 9-7242)
THE ROCKING HORSE WINNER.

TRANS-LUX 60TH ST., Madison at 60th. (PL 5-2746)
"Kind Hearts and Coronets," Alec Guinness, Valerie Hobson.

YORK, 1st Ave. at 64th. (RH 4-9350)
Through June 23: **RIDING HIGH**; and "Captain China," John Payne, Gail Russell.
June 24: "The Street with No Name," revival, Richard Widmark, Mark Stevens; and "The Heart of Arizona," revival, Hopalong Cassidy.
June 25-26: "Cheaper by the Dozen," Clifton Webb, Myrna Loy; and "Roughshod," revival, Robert Sterling, Gloria Grahame.
June 27-28: To be announced.

68TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
Through June 23: "Francis," Donald O'Connor.
From June 24: "Cheaper by the Dozen," Clifton Webb, Myrna Loy.

LOEW'S 72ND ST., 3rd Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-7222)
Through June 27: "Nancy Goes to Rio," Jane Powell, Ann Sothern; and "Buccaneer's Girl," Yvonne De Carlo.
From June 28: **IN A LONELY PLACE**; and "Kill the Umpire," William Bendix.

TRANS-LUX 72ND ST., 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through June 24: **IF I HAD A MILLION**, revival.
June 25-26: **RIDING HIGH.**
June 27-28: "Francis," Donald O'Connor.

TRANS-LUX COLONY, 2nd Ave. at 79th. (BU 8-9468)
Through June 24: **RIDING HIGH**; and "Captain China," John Payne, Gail Russell.
June 25-26: "Ivy," revival, Joan Fontaine, Patric Knowles; and "Lost Honeymoon," revival, Franchot Tone.
June 27-28: "Passport to Pimlico," revival, Stanley Holloway, Margaret Rutherford; and "Saraband," revival, Stewart Granger, Françoise Rosay.

TRANS-LUX 85TH ST., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
Through June 24: "Bond Street," Jean Kent, Roland Young.
June 25-27: "I've Always Loved You," revival, Catherine McLeod.
From June 28: "A Woman of Distinction," Ray Milland, Rosalind Russell.

R.K.O. 86TH ST., Lexington at 86th. (AT 9-8900)
Through June 27: "Wabash Avenue," Betty Grable, Victor Mature; and "One Way Street," James Mason.
From June 28: **THREE CAME HOME**; and "The Kid from Texas," Audie Murphy, Gale Storm.

ORPHEUM, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
Through June 25: "Nancy Goes to Rio," Jane Powell, Ann Sothern; and "Buccaneer's Girl," Yvonne De Carlo.
June 26-27: "Fury at Sea," revival, Franchot Tone, Carol Bruce; and "Burma Convoy," revival, Charles Bickford, Frank Albertson.
From June 28: **IN A LONELY PLACE**; and "Kill the Umpire," William Bendix.

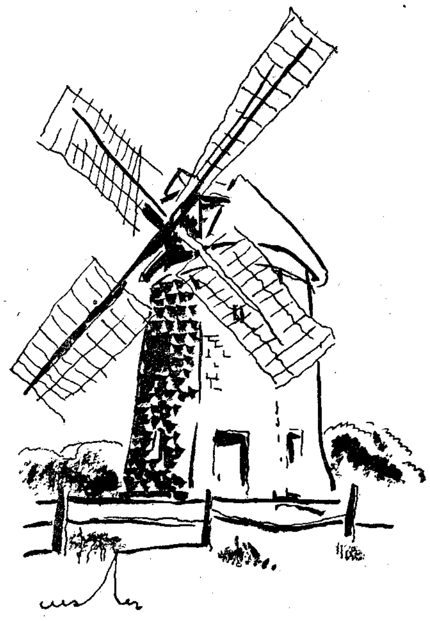
GRACIE SQUARE, 1st Ave. at 89th. (SA 2-2478)
Through June 23: **RIDING HIGH**; and "Captain China," John Payne, Gail Russell.
June 24: "Who Done It?" and "It Ain't Hay," both revivals, with Abbott and Costello.
June 25-27: "Cheaper by the Dozen," Clifton Webb, Myrna Loy; and "Roughshod," revival, Robert Sterling, Gloria Grahame.
From June 28: "A Woman of Distinction," Ray Milland, Rosalind Russell; and "The Nevadan," Randolph Scott.

WEST SIDE

WAVERLY, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8038)
Through June 24: "Francis," Donald O'Connor; and "Outside the Wall," Marilyn Maxwell, Richard Basehart.
June 25-26: "In the Good Old Summer Time," revival, Judy Garland, Van Johnson; and "Dishonored Lady," revival, Hedy Lamarr, Dennis O'Keefe.
June 27-28: "Edward, My Son," revival, Deborah Kerr, Spencer Tracy; and "The Facts of Love," revival, Gordon Harker, Betty Balfour.

8TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
Through June 26: "The Hidden Room," Robert Newton.
From June 27: "My Man Godfrey," revival, Carole Lombard, William Powell.

5TH AVE. PLAYHOUSE, 5th Ave. at 12th. (OR 5-9630)
Through June 26 (tentative): **OPEN CITY** (in Italian), revival; and **THE QUIET ONE**, revival.
From June 27: To be announced.



SHERIDAN, 7th Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-2166)
Through June 27: "Nancy Goes to Rio," Jane Powell, Ann Sothern; and "Buccaneer's Girl," Yvonne De Carlo.
From June 28: **IN A LONELY PLACE**; and "Kill the Umpire," William Bendix.

GREENWICH, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-3350)
Through June 24: "Francis," Donald O'Connor; and "Outside the Wall," Marilyn Maxwell, Richard Basehart.
June 25-27: **HIS GIRL FRIDAY**, revival; and "The Web," revival, Ella Raines, Edmond O'Brien.
From June 28: "Bond Street," Jean Kent, Roland Young; and "No Room at the Inn," Freda Jackson.

R.K.O. 23RD ST., 8th Ave. at 23rd. (CH 2-3440)
Through June 27: "Wabash Avenue," Betty Grable, Victor Mature; and "One Way Street," James Mason.
From June 28: **THREE CAME HOME**; and "The Kid from Texas," Audie Murphy, Gale Storm.

TERRACE, 9th Ave. at 23rd. (CH 2-9280)
Through June 24: "A Woman of Distinction," Ray Milland, Rosalind Russell; and "The Nevadan," Randolph Scott.
June 25-26: "Fighting Command," revival, Robert Mitchum; and "Fury in the Sky," revival, Loretta Young, Geraldine Fitzgerald.
From June 27: "Conspirator," Robert Taylor, Elizabeth Taylor; and "Comanche Territory," Maureen O'Hara, Macdonald Carey.

55TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 154 W. 55th. (CO 5-9438)
June 22: **CARNIVAL IN FLANDERS** (in French), revival; and **GRAND ILLUSION** (in French), revival.
From June 23: "The Great Mr. Handel," revival, Wilfrid Lawson.

LITTLE CARNEGIE, 146 W. 57th. (CI 6-1365)
"Faust and the Devil" (in Italian), Italo Tajo.

PARIS, 4 W. 58th. (MU 8-0134)
CITY LIGHTS, revival.

LOEW'S 83RD ST., B'way at 83rd. (TR 7-3190)
Through June 27: "Nancy Goes to Rio," Jane Powell, Ann Sothern; and "Buccaneer's Girl," Yvonne De Carlo.
From June 28: **IN A LONELY PLACE**; and "Kill the Umpire," William Bendix.

YORKTOWN, B'way at 89th. (SC 4-4700)
Through June 28: "The Daughter of Rosie O'Grady," June Haver, Gordon MacRae; and "Borderline," Fred MacMurray, Claire Trevor.

THALIA, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
June 22: "City of Torment" (in German), Hans Albers.
From June 23: "Monelle" (in French), Louis Jouvet; and "Woman" (in Italian).

RIVERSIDE, B'way at 96th. (RI 9-9861)
Through June 27: "Wabash Avenue," Betty Grable, Victor Mature; and "One Way Street," James Mason.
From June 28: **THREE CAME HOME**; and "The Kid from Texas," Audie Murphy, Gale Storm.

CARLTON, B'way at 100th. (AC 2-3862)
Through June 23: "Captain Carey, U.S.A.," Alan Ladd, Wanda Hendrix; and "Paid in Full," Lizabeth Scott, Robert Cummings.
June 24-27: "Francis," Donald O'Connor; and "Outside the Wall," Marilyn Maxwell, Richard Basehart.
From June 28: "Stairway to Heaven," revival, David Niven, Kim Hunter; and "The Web," revival, Ella Raines, Edmond O'Brien.

OLYMPIA, B'way at 107th. (AC 2-1019)
Through June 27: "Nancy Goes to Rio," Jane Powell, Ann Sothern; and "Buccaneer's Girl," Yvonne De Carlo.
From June 28: **IN A LONELY PLACE**; and "Kill the Umpire," William Bendix.

NEMO, B'way at 110th. (AC 2-9406)
Through June 27: "Wabash Avenue," Betty Grable, Victor Mature; and "One Way Street," James Mason.
From June 28: **THREE CAME HOME**; and "The Kid from Texas," Audie Murphy, Gale Storm.

COLISEUM, B'way at 181st. (WA 7-7
Through June 27: "Wabash Aver
Grable, Victor Mature; and
Street," James Mason.
From June 28: **THREE CAME HOME**
Kid from Texas," Audie M
Storm.

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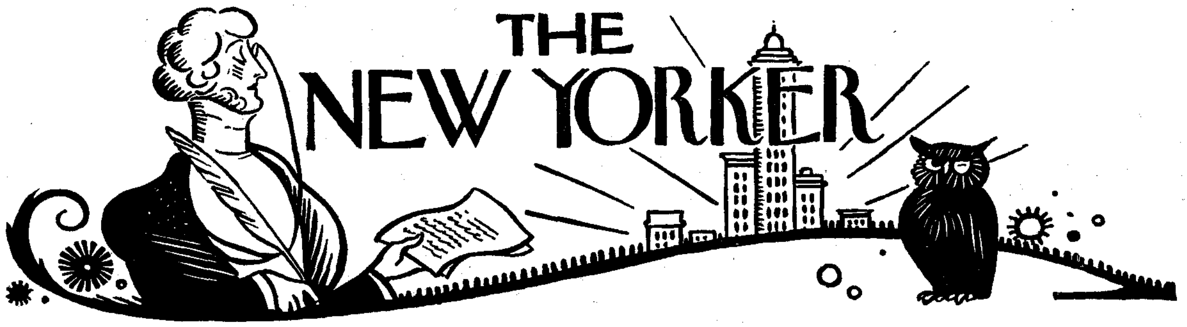


THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

THE League of Women Voters convened in the East Ballroom of the Hotel Commodore a few afternoons ago, while scarcely a stone's throw away there was a concurrent session of the Committee on Human Reproduction of the National Committee on Maternal Health, which is largely male. This juxtaposition was perhaps illustrative of the awful confusion of our era—in the one chamber determined ladies conferring about what not so long ago was an exclusively masculine pastime, in the adjoining chamber solemn men loudly and publicly discussing an intimate feminine topic. We've been told that the Maternal Health crew included a professor whose wife, by an odd coincidence, was at the League conclave, and we imagine that there must have been a spirited exchange of ideas when they joined forces that evening at the dinner table and reported on their day's activities.

WE were watching a television show the other night when a girl's face suddenly leered up out of the screen. "Do your eyes feel tired?" she asked. The same girl was then shown on a television set in a darkened room, talking from the screen to a young man who had been watching the show and was now rubbing his eyes in pain. The solution to his problem, and ours, turned out to be a few drops of that fine old eyewash Murine. Television has already reached its inevitable apogee—a sponsor paying for a show designed to give you eyeache, then offering a product to cure the eyeache and set you back where you were in the first place. From now on, we shall assume that television is a closed and self-contained system, the great world snake called Ouroboros, whose tail rests in his mouth.

Royal Rug

LAST week, we spent an instructive half hour with Colonel the Honourable Angus McDonnell and Miss Patricia Hardie, who had just returned to New York after a two-and-a-half-month coast-to-coast tour with Queen Mary's Rug. The Colonel, a mountain of a man with twinkling eyes and falling-down socks, arrived in New York from England on March 2nd to plan the tour. Twenty days later, by which time he had arranged for the exhibition of the Rug in twenty-four cities, mostly at museums, in this country and Canada, he was joined by Miss Hardie, who came over with the Rug. Miss H., a tall, beautiful young woman who was wearing elbow-length green gloves, is connected with the Women's Voluntary Services, as personal assistant to its founder and head, the Dowager Marchioness of Reading. "Lady Reading was asked by Queen Mary to make arrangements to sell the Rug in America," she said, "and I was asked to take charge of it—and, of course, of Colonel McDonnell." The Colonel, who is sixty-nine, bowed gallantly. All told, he estimated, four hundred thousand people on this continent had seen the Rug, which at the time of our talk was on exhibit at Theodore Roosevelt House, on East Twentieth Street. Bids on it were sent to the Colonel in care of J. P. Morgan & Co. in this country and to the High Commissioner in Canada. The sum realized will go to the British nation—specifically, into what is known as the Dollar Exchange Fund. The Colonel declined to reveal the number of bids or their terms. This information, he said, will be forthcoming at the end of the month. "Queen Mary wanted to bring home to the workingman the importance of getting dollars from abroad," he explained. "She made this rug and then, instead of putting it in Windsor Castle, said to herself, 'Maybe I can turn it into dollars.' Great example to the nation."

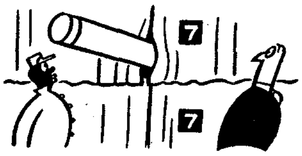
"I think the message behind her gesture is that we must stand on our own feet, and that women can do useful work in their own homes in their spare time," said Miss Hardie.

"It drew many people to museums here who wouldn't ordinarily have gone," said the Colonel. "You know, elderly women who've taken to needlework, and people attracted by the mother motif."

"One lady in Wisconsin wrote in asking whether we would send it to her on approval," said Miss H., "and a lady in Kansas drove three hundred miles from her farm to see it. She said she'd just finished her hog-killing. People were terribly hospitable to us everywhere."

"Oh, the chicken lunches we've had!" said the Colonel.

The Rug, we learned, travelled in a steel cylinder and weighed, packed, sixty-four pounds. On trains, it occupied an upper berth, and on planes it was stowed one place or another. No insurance was carried on it, but neither of the custodians was disturbed by this. "We'd just leave it with a redcap while we had a cup of coffee," the Colonel said.



We asked Colonel McDonnell for an autobiographical word, and he told us that he was born in Glenarm, County Antrim, in Northern Ireland. "My father was an old farmer who just lay around and read all day," he said. "He sent me to school but didn't have enough money to send me to college, so I went into business at seventeen." "He went to Eton," Miss Hardie observed to us. "His father was the sixth Earl of Antrim." We asked the Colonel what business he'd gone into, and, apparently seeing that the game was up, he replied Morgan Grenfell. "I went to dances all night," he said, "and at nineteen I was fired for sitting on a stool all day and sleeping like a parrot. The partners were very nice. They got me a job on a ranch in Texas. 'He can't dance in Texas,' they said. Well, they were wrong." The Colonel eventually gravitated to Canada, where he became a railroad contractor and, during the First World War, a colonel in the Canadian Army. He served in the Engineers, and helped build railroads leading up to gun positions in France. Afterward he returned to England, and became a partner in a London contracting firm and a Conservative M.P., representing the Dartford Division of Kent. The Second World War found him with the British Embassy in Washington. "I escorted Lord Halifax, who's a second cousin of mine, to forty states, as a kind of public-relations officer," he said. "I was an attaché with the rank of minister, which annoyed a good many people."

The Colonel advised us that he was about to go down to Morgan's to see if he could talk Junius Morgan into letting him store the Rug in a vault there, free of charge. "I'm on good terms with the firm, despite my disgraceful career with its English branch, of which my brother-in-law, Lord Bicester, is now chairman," he said. "He's eighty-two, and he's still trying to win the Derby. In a few days we'll be sailing home, where we'll make a report to Queen Mary, and then I'll retire to my little cottage in Sussex. I think I'll take up all the rugs and put in linoleum."

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INCIDENTAL INTELLIGENCE: The Fifth Avenue Protective Association is at 142 Lexington Avenue.

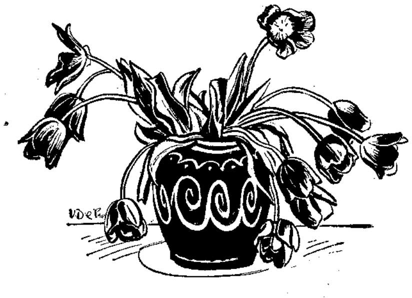
The Big Scoop, an ice-cream parlor in the theatrical district, lists a line of "Dramatic Ice-Cream Sundaes," among which are Fiesta, Awful Awful, the Bride's Delight, and the Suicide Frappé.

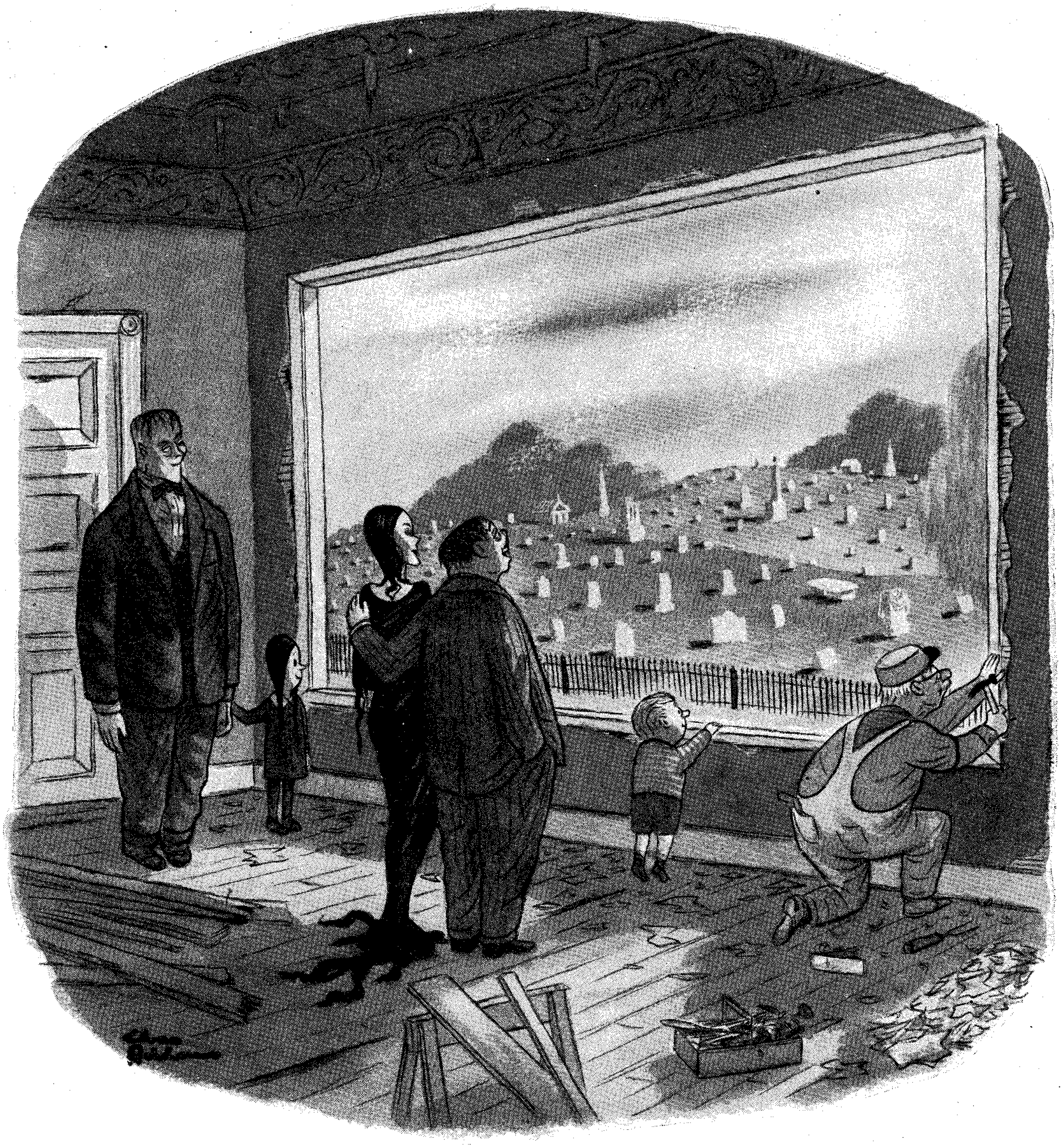
Home for the Kings

ON a day made miserable by either nature or the local cloud-seeder, we went up to the Bronx Zoo to have a look at the new seventy-five-thousand-dollar Penguin House, slightly in advance of its public opening. At the administration offices of the Zoo, we fell in with Mr. William Bridges, publicity director, who remarked, "Fine weather for penguins," smiled wanly, and steered us through the rain toward the birds' headquarters. On the way, he told us that the building was constructed chiefly to permit summertime visitors to see the four king penguins, two of which were acquired last fall from the Edinburgh Zoo. "Warm weather plays hell with these kings. Ordinarily they live in a temperature of about fifty. It's customary to take them off exhibition in the summer and keep them indoors in refrigerated tanks. In the past, our tanks have been opaque, but the one in the new house is transparent—has a window twenty-four feet wide and eight feet high. The difference in temperature between the air in the tank and the air outside would normally cause the window to cloud, but we've got around that by making the window of three sheets of glass, separated by cushions of air."

At this point, we arrived at the Penguin House, a small, semicircular red brick structure resembling a miniature planetarium. Inside, to the left, behind the big window, were ten penguins, six of them about the size of ducks, four of them about the size of turkeys, standing motionless on a ledge above their pool, which rises a couple of feet above the bottom of the window. Nine of them were staring impassively out through the glass; the other, one of the larger ones, was facing the wall. "He's molting," Mr. Bridges announced, "and he's embarrassed by his appearance." He went on to say that the big birds were kings, the most formidable penguins in existence except the emperor penguins, which are a few inches taller. The kings looked very handsome to us, in pearl-gray coats and white shirt fronts trimmed with yellow. While we gazed at them, a pair began to waddle about, evidently in a state of some agitation. Mr. Bridges promptly got into a state of some agitation, too. "That could be a mating dance!" he cried. "We have no idea, you know, which of these birds are male and which are female." We were reflecting on this peculiar state of affairs when three men joined us at the window. Mr. Bridges introduced them as Dr. Goss, a veterinarian; Mr. Coates, curator of the Aquarium; and Mr. Solanto, keeper of the penguins. "I think there's a chance we have a mating dance going on," said Mr. Bridges. "Most unlikely," said Dr. Goss. The penguins stopped waddling, and Mr. Bridges muttered to himself. "It might interest you to know that the air these penguins are breathing is completely free of aspergilli," Dr. Goss said. "How's that?" we inquired. "The aspergillus is a spore that is death to penguins," explained Dr. Goss. "When a penguin gets aspergillosis, he stops eating and takes to sneezing, wheezing, and whistling, and then he dies." "He stops eating when he molts, also," Mr. Solanto volunteered. "A penguin getting set to molt puts on a lot of weight by overeating. Then he's got fat enough to carry him even if he don't touch food, which he don't. He don't swim, either. He feels lousy." "A penguin will likewise suspend eating and swimming when hatching eggs," observed Mr. Coates. "Both the male and the female share in the incubation of an egg, which is why there is some difficulty in determining the sex of the birds. The kings hatch their eggs by placing them on top of their feet and then squatting, a rather odd procedure, even for penguins." "Remember Canarsie Annie?" asked Mr. Bridges. "Passed as a female for years. Didn't know she was a he until she died." "It's strange about the skeleton of these birds," said Mr. Coates. "Built more or less like a chicken. Just folds of skin and fat give them their distinctive appearance." "They're a nice bird," said Mr. Solanto, "as long as you respect their privacy. They're all the time staking out little claims to territory, and they don't like anybody, bird or man, to shove in on their property." "Five of the smaller birds in the tank are young hybrids—a combination of Humboldt and black-footed penguin," said Mr. Bridges. "The other is a gentoo, the only one, I'm sorry to say, that we have."

"You like to see these birds go in swimming?" Mr. Solanto asked us. We said we would. He disappeared through a door to the right of the tank, and presently turned up inside. By patting them gently on the back, he urged all the penguins but the kings, who didn't budge, into the water, where they suddenly transformed themselves from lumbering pedestrians into creatures as graceful as swallows. "They do their flying underwater," said Mr. Coates. "The





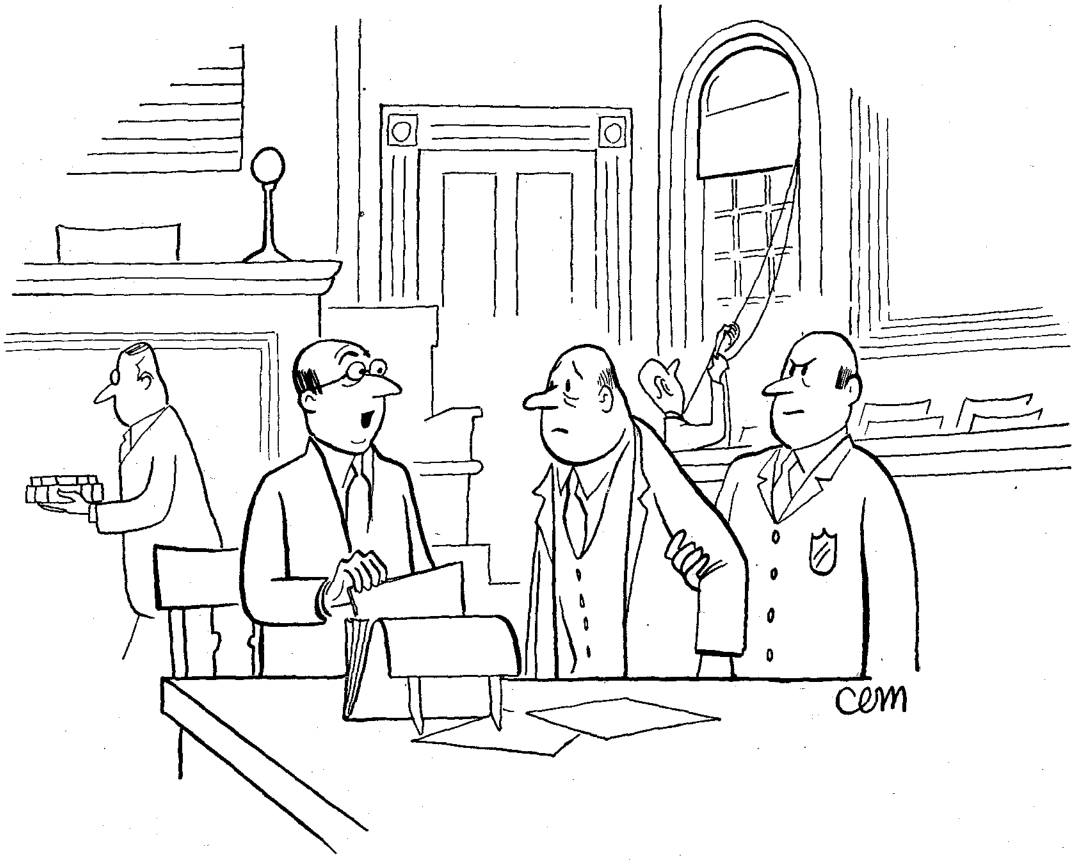
only thing that can surpass them in swimming, outside of fish, is the leopard seal, and he makes a business of killing them." He held a finger against the glass of the tank, and one of the penguins swooped toward it hungrily. "Lord!" he said. "I love these birds!"

Intimidation

LADY having trouble with her lighter took it back to Dunhill's, and it worked for a clerk on the first try. She sighed, and he said, "Don't give it a thought, Madam. The little fellows always straighten out when they think they might be sent back to the factory."

Twenty a Year

IT was noted in an article in this magazine a few issues back that Toscanini's batons are made for him by his physician, Dr. Hubert S. Howe. To crack the case of the baton-making medico, we went to visit Dr. Howe at his office, on East Sixty-first Street, where we found him, a serene man in late middle age, seated at a desk in a richly panelled room, contemplatively fingering a letter opener. On being told the reason for our call, he pondered for a minute or two before speaking; when he finally *did* speak, it was to give us the whole story, complete to the last date, and even, it seemed to us, to the last implied comma. "Toscanini began conducting at the New York Metropolitan Opera House in 1908," Dr. Howe said carefully. "That was the year I graduated from Denver University, where my father was dean of the Liberal Arts College. I knew little of Toscanini's greatness as a conductor then, and I learned little in the succeeding years,



"I wouldn't feel too bad about it if I were you. After all, you were guilty."

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because I was occupied in getting my medical degree from the College of Physicians and Surgeons, at Columbia. It was after this that I learned of his greatness. In 1915, a year after I went into practice here, Toscanini had a disagreement with Gatti-Casazza, director of the Metropolitan, and returned to Italy." Dr. Howe drew a breath, eyed the letter opener, and said, "The issue might seem comic to some. Toscanini wished for impeccable performances from both voices and orchestra and was unable to reconcile himself to anything less. Gatti-Casazza could only point out that the supply of great vocalists was insufficient to make every opera a thing of perfection. To an artist like Toscanini, who possesses the sweet unreasonableness of genius, music, in all its phases, should be indefectible or not rendered, and so he went home in bitterness."

Dr. Howe explained that he did not learn of Toscanini's disagreement with Gatti-Casazza until 1927, when Toscanini came here as guest conductor of the New York Philharmonic. Some of the concerts were to be given at the Met. Twelve years had passed, but the Met remained for Toscanini what Dr. Howe termed the site and symbol of a professional defeat. "Perhaps this alone stripped him of his sureness," Dr. Howe said. "In any event, he was unable to conduct. A member of the Philharmonic board asked me to try to help the man. I was essentially a neurologist, but I consented to see Toscanini. He was in a blue funk. He had forgotten whatever English he had previously accumulated and I spoke no Italian, so we communicated through an interpreter. Thanks to the trust that I suppose the nature of my profession invites, I learned of the fears that were obstructing him in the performance of his duties. Two weeks later, he was able to conduct a concert at the Met, and we have been friends ever since."

Dr. Howe became the official Toscanini baton-maker in 1944. A colleague had urged him to take up woodworking for mental relaxation, and he had done so, installing a buzz saw, scroll saw, band saw, and drill press in an unused maid's room in his apartment. "A hobby is not a good one unless it produces useful objects for the benefit of others, as well as oneself," Dr. Howe said. "In 1944, Toscanini was called on to conduct a Red Cross benefit concert in Madison Square Garden, and he feared that a chorus of six hundred voices would not be able to follow a standard-size baton. The Canadian firm that had always made his batons failed to understand what he wanted in the way of an extra-long one, so he asked me to make him one. I turned out about two dozen batons, of different kinds of wood, before I was satisfied that he was satisfied. The baton he finally chose was of birch, thirty and three-sixteenths inches long, and I gave it nearly fifty coats of white plastic paint. It looked like pure ivory. It was auctioned off afterward for eleven thousand dollars."

From that day to this, Dr. Howe has been steadily turning out batons—useful objects that benefit another. Toscanini likes his batons to be nineteen and seven-eighths inches long. Dr. Howe sandpapers the wood until it weighs approximately seventeen grams on his pharmaceutical scales. It takes him three hours to make a baton, and every summer, at his home on Fire Island, he finishes off thirty or forty, which he delivers to Toscanini as needed. Toscanini breaks about twenty batons a year, generally in exasperation during rehearsals. For Toscanini's recent tour, Dr. Howe supplied twenty-five batons, because Toscanini wanted one to be auctioned off for charity in each city he visited. "Once in a while," Dr. Howe told us, "somebody asks me if I think my batons influence Toscanini's technique as a conductor. I reply that he has always been a perfect technician and would prove to be so if he had only a curtain rod to wave. Walfredo, Toscanini's grandson, picks up pocket money by selling the handles of batons that Toscanini has broken. I often wonder how much he gets for them."

Pose

A FATHER of our acquaintance looked up from his paper last Sunday morning to find his small son poised a few feet away, aiming a Donald Duck camera at him. "I'm going to take your picture, Daddy," the boy said. "Pretend you're smiling."

Reprise

LAST September, after the return of Shirley May France to this country from her unsuccessful assault upon the English Channel, we had an enlightening audience with Ted Worner, the press agent who promoted, and suffered through, her high adventure, and last week, a few hours before her departure on the Queen Elizabeth for another shot at the Channel, we went over to his office, at 1650 Broadway, and got briefed on the current expedition, of which he is, as before, the entrepreneur and a prominent member. He received us in a room with a tank of tropical fish embedded in one wall, and we had barely brought out our pencil when he began to talk:

"Irving Straus, president of the Westchester Aquarium, White Plains, is a client of mine, and he makes these things. I had a big fish that I called Shirley May, but it ate up all the little ones, so I had to get rid of it. I handled the opening of the Westchester Aquarium, in May, and I brought Shirley around for it, naturally. Well, here we are starting our second annual tour. Shirley's seventeen now, be eighteen August 11th, and if she makes it this time, she'll still be the youngest person ever to do it. She weighs one-sixty-one and she's feeling great. I had her tonsils taken out at New York Hospital. Cost me $124.85, but it was worth it. She's a great kid, and determined. I weigh one-ninety-three, and I expect to lose twenty-five pounds before we're through, just like last year. We didn't have much backing then, but this time the Newspaper Enterprise Association syndicate is paying all expenses, including mine. The kid's done a swimming series for N.E.A.—'Improve Your Swimming with Shirley May France'—and they've got exclusive byline-story and posed-picture rights. And Mutual Broadcasting has bought the exclusive rights to the actual swim, and a stroke-by-stroke description will be given to the American people, two or three minutes on the hour, every hour she's in the water.

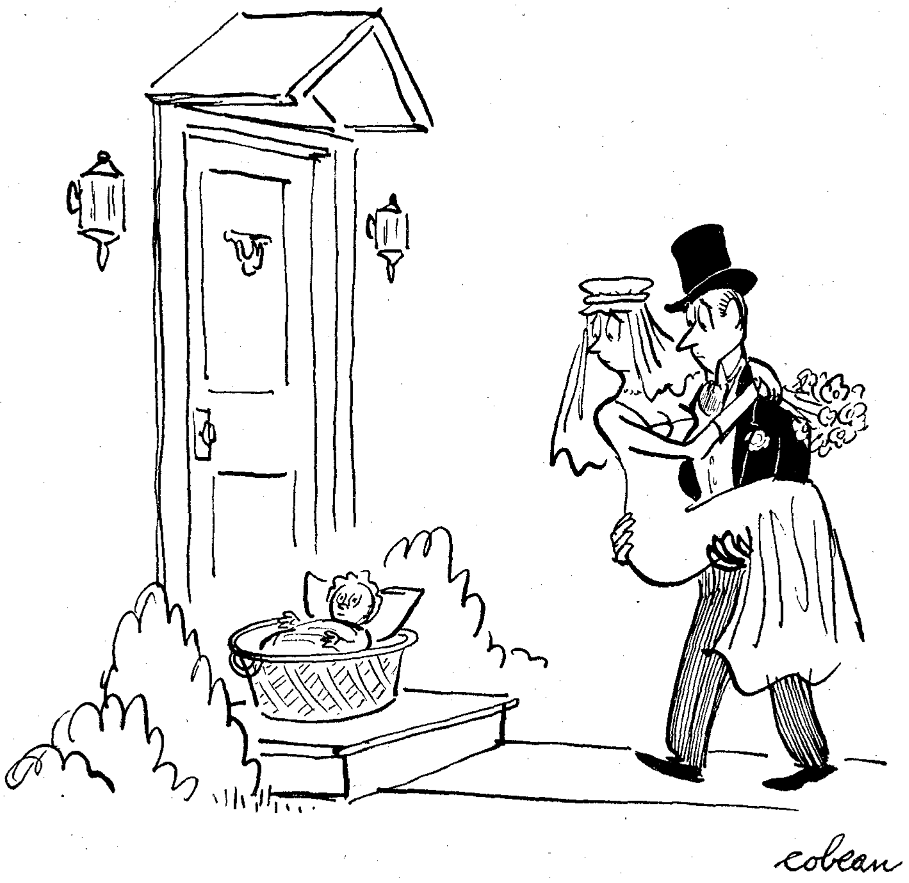
"I'm going mad with endorsements this year. The Brewster Hat Company is coming out with four Shirley May hats. And there are Shirley May dresses, by Citation Frocks, a very high-class firm, and Shirley May balloons, by the Barr Rubber Company, of Sandusky, Ohio, and the Kingston Watch Company has come through again with an outright payment. Shirley'll wear a Kingston underwater watch during her swim, like she did last year. It won't be the same watch; they're pretty sturdy, Kingstons, but, after all, the Channel two years in a row . . . We get a five-per-cent royalty on sales of all Shirley May merchandise. I'm taking along fifteen Kingstons to give to my influential friends in England, and seven boxes of cigars. Cigars are very scarce over there. I have mine made in Brooklyn, and they cost me twenty-five cents apiece. When I remember how I had to scrounge around for money last time!

"I've been very busy since September, with this African explorer I'm going to Africa with in January, and the Yonkers Ferry, and a flock of other clients. I had it fixed for a ferryboat to come alongside the Queen Elizabeth with a big sign on it saying 'Good luck, Shirley May France,' but then I found out the Queen sails at midnight. We're travelling cabin class—Shirley, her father, her swimming coach, and me. It's the average-American way to travel, you know. The Cunard Line called me two days ago and said, 'Mr. Worner, would you like to have the cabin-class pool filled while the Elizabeth's in port, for pictures or anything?' I said no, that wouldn't be necessary. The British are awfully excited about Channel swimming nowadays. You know how they used to be—swim the Channel, have a spot of tea, and that would be the end of it. Now the London *Daily Mail* is offering the equivalent of four thousand dollars in prizes for a race across the Channel on August 15th or the first good day thereafter. Shirley May France will *not* be in the race. If she makes it across, four thousand will be a drop in the bucket. I get ten per cent of whatever she gets.

"Shirley's been busy, too. I went up to Fall River, where she lives, for Thanksgiving and Christmas dinner. I gave her a good, warm robe for Christmas. She left school in January and appeared at a lot of Sportsmen's Shows. Milwaukee; Omaha; Denison, Texas; somewhere in Vermont—I forget where all. I would have preferred that she stay in school. The Cinderella angle, you know. I figure she'll be ready to take to the water around the middle of July. We've got eight or ten bathing suits for her to choose from, but I have a hunch she'll wear an old green cotton number that's a favorite of hers. I approached all the bathing-suit manufacturers for a deal, but none of them will come through until they see if she makes it. If she doesn't this time, I dunno. Who wants to commute to the English Channel all his life?"

First Step

"ISN'T that fine?" a Boston Brooks Brothers salesman said to a young customer who remarked that he'd just graduated from Williams. "And now, I suppose, you'll go to Harvard."



THE MASCULINE PRINCIPLE

THE Ryans had a small house on the avenue. The old man was a building contractor in a tiny way of business in Cork; his wife had died ten years before and left him with three daughters, Moll, Fanny, and Brigid—three goddesses! Old Ryan never knew how lucky he was and continued to lament the son he had three times aimed at, but there was hardly a romantic adolescent boy in the neighborhood who didn't raise his cap to old Ryan as to the priest, partly in reverence, partly in hopes of impressing his spotty visage on the old man's memory, so that one day Ryan would say "Who is that charming chap from St. Joseph's Terrace?" and insist on having him in to tea. The adolescent boys' mothers were far from sharing that view. If they didn't actually imply that the girls were fast, they made no bones about saying that they were flighty and that old Ryan had only himself to blame, for not having married again—some respectable, horny-handed widow, who would have beaten manners into them. There were too many young fellows around the house altogether for their taste, and, really, the cut of it was a disgrace.

The adolescent boys were horrified and their mothers disillusioned when young Jim Piper got into the clutches of Fanny, the second goddess, or she got into his, according to the way you view it. Neither view would be strictly accurate, for though Fanny shared the family irresponsibility, she had virtues that neither party would have respected, and though Jim might be no Adonis, he was a lad in a thousand.

Father Murphy, our parish priest, was a decent, poor man, but he had one great weakness. Whatever pretty girls he had banished from his conscious mind had come back to him in his dreams, all disguised as pound notes, and the plainer, coarser types took the form of ten-shilling notes. His little weakness was known and laughed at.

Once, when Jim was out of his time, Father Murphy thought it would be much better to come to him for the Easter dues rather than to his mother, who would fight a coal man for sixpence.

Jim took out his wallet and produced a ten-shilling note, which, as I say, was associated in Father Murphy's mind with the plainer type of female and caused fastidious shudders to go through him.

"Mr. Piper," he said in a manly tone, "I *think* you could afford a pound."

"I'm afraid I couldn't, Father," said Jim steadily.

"Well, I'm sorry," said Father Murphy, leaving him to God and his conscience, "but I'm afraid I could not accept that from a tradesman earning good money, as you are, Mr. Piper."

"Very well, Father," said Jim, going a bit red but still behaving with perfect respect. "I won't press it on you."

So Father Murphy went away and brooded on that plain-looking ten-shilling note till it was invested with all the mysterious grace and charm that Ryan's daughters had for an adolescent boy.

After a week, he couldn't stand it any more and came back. "I called for the dues, Mr. Piper," he said with a lofty air. "I suppose I shall only have to accept your offer, such as it is."

"At Christmas you will, Father," said Jim stubbornly. "The Easter dues were offered and refused."

Father Murphy flushed and almost struck him. "I beg your pardon," he said. "I was under the impression that I was addressing a Christian."

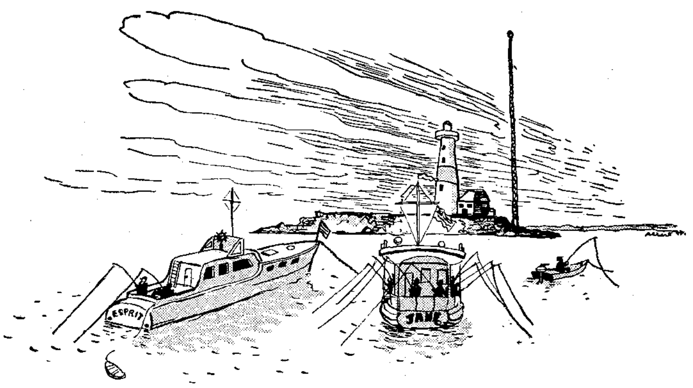
It was more than an old man should be asked to bear. He had been too hasty, too hasty! He went off to brood on it, and the more he brooded, the wilder his schemes became. He thought of having a special collection for the presbytery roof, but he knew the bishop would scarcely countenance it. Bishops weren't what they used to be in his young days. Finally, he lighted on the plan of a charity concert and asked Jim to sing. Now, Jim wasn't much of a singer—only one in the throes of passion would have thought him a singer at all—and better than Jim would have regarded the request as an honor, but not Jim. Right or wrong, he felt that it was only a roundabout way of getting the dues out of him, and he refused to sing without a fee. The idea of the fee nearly gave Father Murphy a stroke. It was the nearest thing to actual freethinking he had come across, and he felt he understood at last the sort of man Voltaire must have been. A fee!

Still, it took character to do what Jim had done, and Fanny couldn't help respecting character. Neither could old Ryan. As a tradesman, he was alarmed at the goings on of his daughters with all sorts of counterjumpers in sports coats and flannel bags, and it was a real ease to his mind to have one man around the place with whom he could discuss the bonding of brick and the seasoning of timber. Every week of Jim's life, he brought ten shillings of his wages for Fanny to lodge in her post-office account—another old trades custom that Ryan approved of. The other young fellows who came to the house would have been more likely to touch the girls for ten bob. When Jim and Fanny had two hundred, they were going to start building a house of their own—a real masterpiece, according to old Ryan, who would build it for them.

"You don't know what you're letting yourself in for," Fanny said to Jim. "You may be engaged to me, but you're going to marry my da."

"I might do worse," replied Jim in his stolid way.

"Wait till he comes to live with us," said Fanny. "He's too interested in that house to be healthy."



THEN, one Christmas, Fanny went out to do the shopping with the week's household allowance in her purse, ran into some of the lads in town, and started drinking gin. She kept on saying she had all the money in the house, and she really must go off and do the shopping, but all the Ryans had a great capacity for discussing what they ought to do without doing it. Coming on to six, Moll, in despair, had to go out and buy what she could locally, on tick. When Fanny came back without the shopping done, Moll screamed at her. Fanny gave her lip, and then Moll smacked her face.

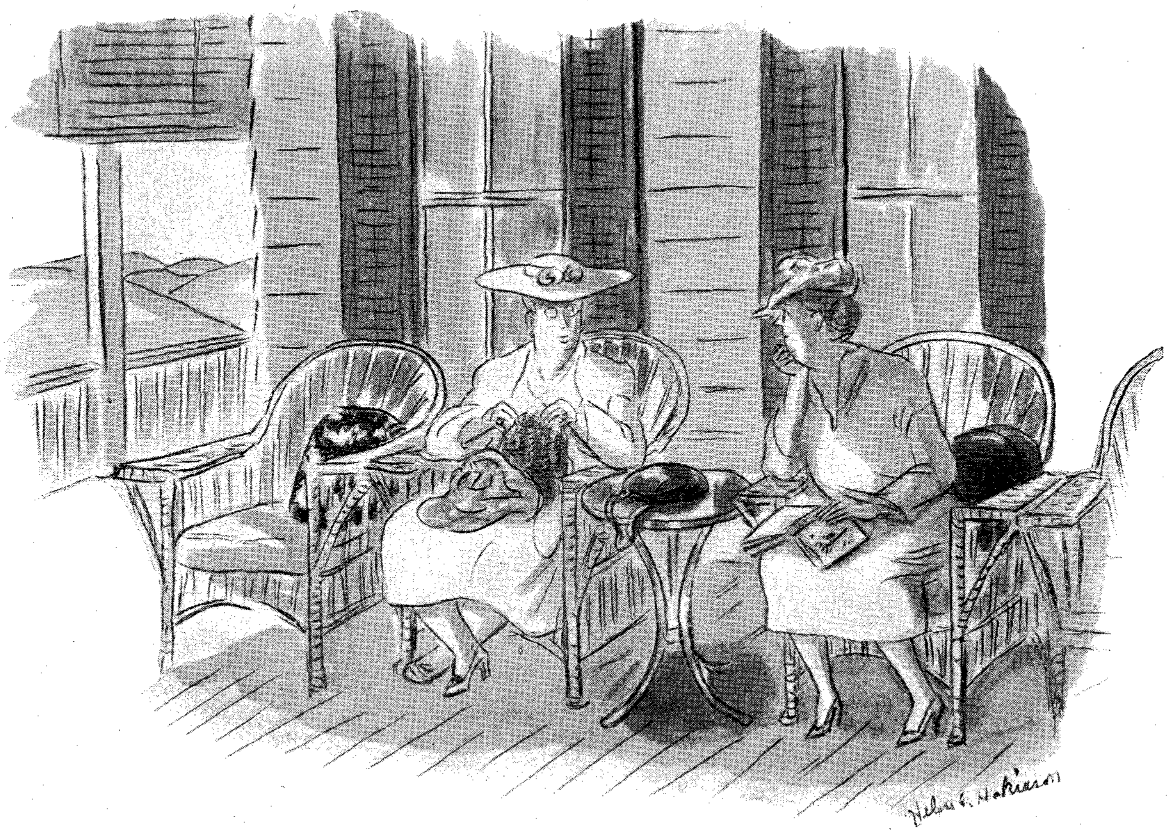
Fanny was a brooding, emotional sort of girl, and she went up to her room and wept floods. Jim came up later that evening, a little bit lit up, but, the sort of fellow Jim was, the more he had taken, the more his sense of justice was roused, and when Fanny tried to make him take sides against Moll, he refused.

“God damn it, girl,” he drawled, “be reasonable! Moll has all the responsibility of the house on her, and you, sitting down there drinking with Mick Leary and Ted Kavanagh, didn't give a curse about her. Sure, of course the girl was mad!”

Now, character is all very well in its own place, but Jim didn't always know when it was out of place.

“As you're so fond of her, you'd better stick to her,” snapped Fanny, getting up to go.

“Oh,” said Jim, refusing to be put down by mere temperament, “he'd be a lucky man that'd get her.”



“I like General Motors. One Christmas they sent me twelve dollars, and last Christmas they sent me thirty-four.”

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“You're not interested in me at all, Jim Piper,” said Fanny bitterly. “You're interested in my family, and you're welcome to them.”

There was more truth in that than Jim would have been willing to admit, for his own home wasn't all it might have been. Fanny brooded over the quarrel, and the day after the holidays, in the mood of disillusionment that always follows on the Christmas holidays, feeling that there was no one in the world who loved her, she went to the post office, drew out all Jim's savings—ninety pounds—and took the night boat to London.

TALK about scandal! The general view of the mothers was that Jim had got out of it cheap at ninety pounds. The adolescent boys felt that there was probably another side to the story. The Ryans talked and talked but did nothing, though everyone knew that Fanny had gone to stay with a family called Ronan, who had lived up the road when she was a kid. When her name was mentioned, old Ryan would close his eyes and spread his hands in the attitude of a Christian martyr. His only consolation was Jim Piper, who behaved like a son to him. One evening, shortly after Fanny's flight, Jim took him out for a drink, and the old man's mind turned to the thought of what had happened to him; he spread his hands like claws and closed them around the place he imagined Fanny's neck to be.

“Have another drink,” said Jim with an uneasy laugh.

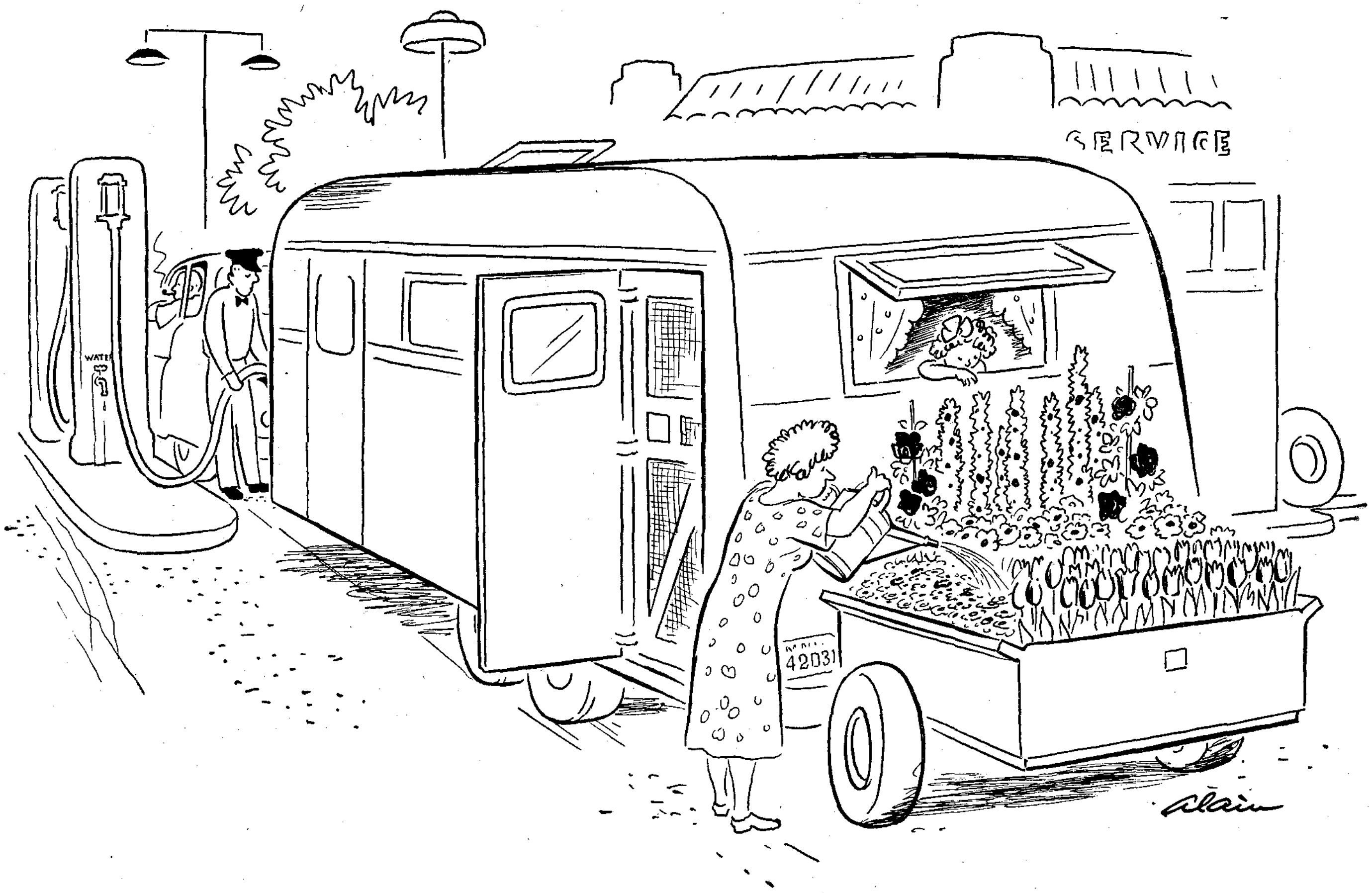
“Oh, you'll be paid back!” old Ryan said excitedly, slapping his knee. “I'll see you're paid back!”

“Ah, you'll do nothing of the sort,” growled Jim. “You had no responsibility at all for it.”

Ryan scowled and drew a deep breath at the very idea that he could possibly consider it anything but a debt of honor. After a few weeks, it boiled down to credit that Jim would receive on the house he'd build when he found another girl in place of Fanny. But Jim felt he had had enough of girls. For months after, he was drinking more than he should have been.

THEN, to everyone's astonishment, Fanny came home, in a brand-new tailor-made, with a hat like a hoop on her. Apparently, the ninety quid was spent. The mothers, quivering with indignation, said the girl had no shame, and even the boys felt uneasily that though a goddess might walk out into the night with someone else's savings, it was something approaching anticlimax for her to return without it.

Her father threatened to kill her with his own two hands, but this was largely propaganda for Moll's benefit, because the truth is he was a little bit tired of Moll's high moral tone, which was rather too like that of her mother, without any of the conjugal qualifications. Brigid was glad to see her, too, because she was doing a strong line with a bank clerk, and Moll chaperoned them ferociously. The reason was that Moll had contracted a regular—a sedate fellow called Considine, who worked in the drapery—and, drapers being the devil and all for respectability, Moll was taking no chances. For a month, she wouldn't leave Brigid alone with Fanny for fear Fanny might corrupt her, and whatever confidences Brigid got from her sister she had to get in other people's houses. Brigid felt this was uncalled for, considering some of Moll's



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goings on with her previous bloke, which she thought nobody knew about except the bloke himself.

Then, one spring evening, at the Cross, just as Fanny was getting onto the tram, who should get off it but Jim Piper. He raised his hat, and Fanny, taken aback, stood and stared at him defiantly, waiting for him to begin hostilities.

"Hullo, Fan," he said awkwardly.

"Hullo," replied Fanny in a choking voice.

"Home for a holiday?" he asked.

"No, for good," she replied.

"Go on," said Jim, trying to make conversation. "Homesick?"

"For God's sake," she whispered in an exasperated tone, "come on away somewhere we won't be watched."

They went off together up Montenotte, a suburban road they had often taken on their courting nights. They went up Lovers' Lane, a long, dark, winding lane with high walls and convenient gateways. It was coming on to night, and behind the young leaves the lamp at the lane's end had been lighted. Then Fanny began to storm hysterically. She said it was all Jim's fault for not standing up for her, that he knew she was heart-scalded at home and sided with her family against her. From the way she went on, it seemed that Jim was the one who had gone off with the savings. He listened with a foolish smile until she had talked herself out.

"Well, anyway," he said, "I hope you enjoyed yourself."

"I did not enjoy myself," she replied quietly and bitterly. "I only meant to take my fare, and send you back the whole thing when I got a job, but they kept cadging and cadging till it all went on me. I all but threw myself into the river."

"Well," he said, "what's done is done, and we can be thankful 't wasn't worse."

After that, they continued to walk out together, only, as things turned out later, they didn't confine themselves to walking, for one evening Fanny broke the news to him that she was going to have a baby. She sounded awfully tough about it. They were lying in a field overlooking the valley of the city, with the long shadows of the trees all around them.

Jim was embarrassed and laughed. "That's a shock, all right," he said soberly. "What can you do?"

"Oh, I suppose I'll go back to Ronans' till it's over," she replied lightly.

"I suppose you'll have to," Jim said broodingly. "We couldn't afford to rush into anything now."

They said nothing more for a while, and then Fanny got up and brushed herself, and they crossed the fence into the lane.

"I suppose that was why you led me up the garden path like this," she said, at last.

"Oh, begod, Fan!" Jim said warmly. "I led you up no path."

"You wanted to get your own back on me for pinching the money," she went on in the same tone of chagrin. "We're quits now, if that's any satisfaction to you."

"I didn't want to get my own back at all," he said indignantly. "You had more experience of that than I ever had, Fan."

"Who told you that?" she asked quickly.

"No one told me," he said gloomily. "I knew."

Things grew a little clearer in her mind. Never once had it occurred to her that Jim would know that what had sent her flying back to Cork was not the loss of the money but a silly love affair begun in a mood of braggadocio and continued till it got on her nerves. Her only satisfaction now was that, whatever advantage Jim had taken of it, he had been deeply hurt.

"I had," she said bitterly, "but never with a cowardly scut that threw it in my face after." Then she went off, half walking, half running down the lane in the twilight.

When her father knew, he covered his face with his hands. If it had been anyone else, he would have gone out and killed him—so he said, anyway—but how could he attack a boy who had already been robbed? Moll had no such compunction. She was now engaged to the draper's clerk, and though he was broad-minded enough, as drapers' clerks go, she didn't want to give him anything to be broad-minded about.

She called at Jim's and had it out with his mother, an old trooper whose only comment was that Fanny should think herself lucky not to have got pneumonia as well. Encourage her son to marry a trollop who had already made away with ninety pounds that should have come to her—did Moll think she was mad? Jim came in while the argument raged, and hung up his hat in embarrassment.

"You know what I came about, Jim," said Moll.

"If I don't, I can guess," Jim said with a smile.

"The girl has no mother," said Moll.

"If she hasn't, she has a damn good substitute," said Jim. "I never said otherwise."

"You will marry her, won't you, Jim?" Moll said.

"I can't, Moll," he replied, raising his voice. "I might be able to afford it in a year or two, but I can't do it now."

"A year or two will be too late, Jim!" cried Moll. "A girl in her state can well afford to do without a house, but she can't do without a husband."

"And start off in furnished rooms with a kid?" said Jim, scowling. "I saw too many do it, Moll, and I'm not going to do it. That's all about it. She said she'd go to London."

"But how can we afford to send her to London, Jim?" Moll said with exasperation. "You know how much we have coming in."

"I'll pay my fair share of that," said Jim.

"And more fool you are!" bawled his mother. "A girl like that, that it might be anyone's!"

"Now, Mother," Jim said, "I'm not denying anything about myself and Fan, and I'm not trying to shift the blame, either. I'm responsible, and I'll pay what's fair, but I will not get married. That's all about it."

After that, Moll saw Father Murphy, and he promised to get Jim's employer to put the screw on. But it turned out that the employer wasn't so sanguine about his ability to do so.

"Begor, Father," he said candidly, "I wouldn't mind anyone else, only Jim is the sort of lad, if he got it into his head that he was being threatened, might walk out on me, and I'd be a long time before I got as good a man. I might talk to him in a friendly way."

But Father Murphy knew that to talk in a friendly way to a young fellow who wanted a fee for singing at a church concert was only waste of breath.

THE next time, Fanny came back from London without any display of finery; the baby was put out to nurse in Rochestown and not referred to again by the family, and things went on much as before, except that Moll married the draper and Brigid got engaged to the bank clerk.

But then a funny thing happened. One autumn evening, Fanny was coming out of a teashop in Patrick Street when she almost bumped into Jim. It was one of those occasions when anyone is at a disadvantage—when it depends on the weather or the state of your digestion or even, going back farther, what sort of people your parents were, whether or not you salute a person, and the decision of a lifetime has to be taken on the razor's edge, without a moment's consideration. Maybe these are the only true decisions.

"Hullo, Jim," she said.

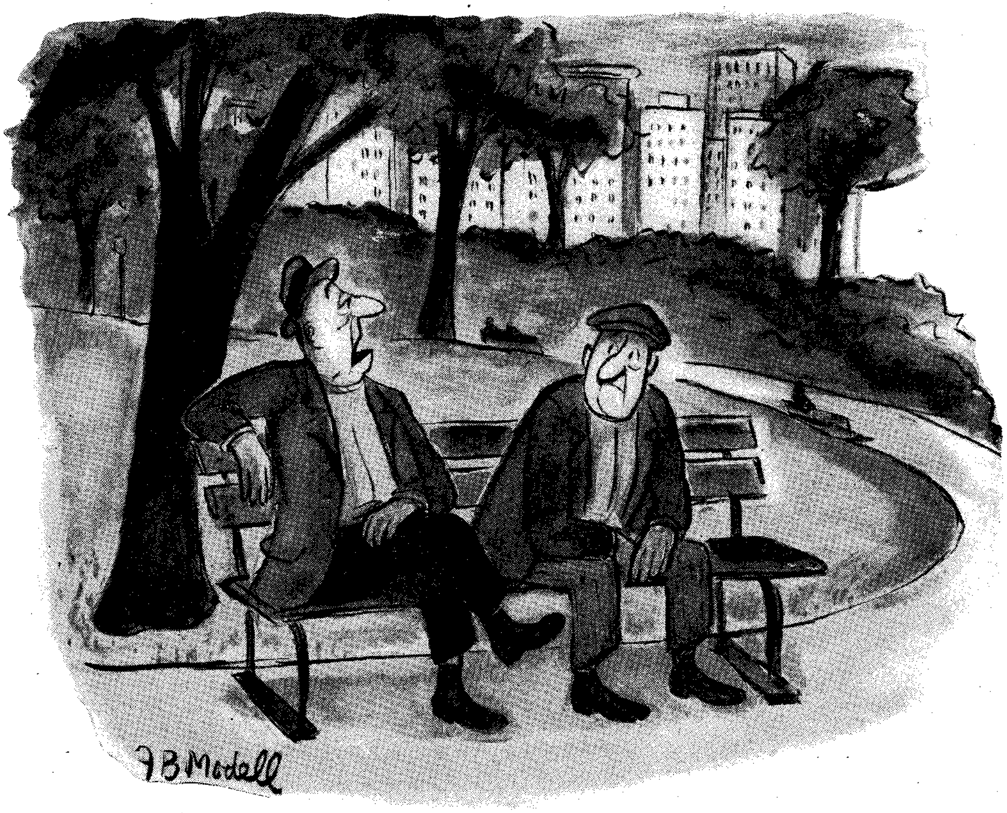
"Hullo, Fan," drawled Jim, raising his hat. "How are you getting on?"

"Oh, all right," said Fanny, with the sinking of the heart she would have felt anyway on realizing that the decision had been made, for better or worse.

"Going anywhere in particular?" he asked doubtfully.

"No," she replied uneasily, realizing the enormous effort of will it would have needed to restore the situation to what it had been a minute before.

Next evening, without telling a soul, she met him at the Cross, and they went out walking again, as though nothing had happened. It was several days before it became known, and this time there was nobody who was not scandalized. The Ryans were the most scandalized of all. It was all very well



"I suppose you might say mine is a sort of Horatio Alger story in reverse."

for Moll, who had her draper's clerk where he couldn't escape her, but Brigid's bank clerk was still a bit of a tossup, and everyone knew the unmannerly way the banks had of going into their officials' private business.

"A fellow that let you down like that!" said Brigid in disgust. "You should be ashamed of yourself!"

"Well," said Fanny, on the verge of tears, "I suppose I let him down, too."

"And damn well he made you pay for it," snapped Brigid.

"I'm only doing it for little Michael's sake," said Fanny, trying to find some reason for conduct that even she realized was unreasonable.

"Yes," said Brigid, "to make sure he's not an only child."

"I'm not such a fool," said Fanny.

"I hope not," said Brigid.

Even that much the family didn't dare to hope. Her father refused to speak to her. He was disappointed in her but he was far more disappointed in Jim, a boy who had once shown signs of character. Up to this, he had believed that it was only daughters who could make one's peace of mind so precarious, but now he began to think that a son might be as bad.

WHEN Brigid married, it made things harder for Fanny. It is a lonesome feeling for a girl when the last of her sisters has gone off and their prams have begun to come back. In one way only, it made things easier. Gradually it began to dawn on old Ryan that this was a very suitable arrangement—a daughter to keep house for him in his old age who, unlike Moll, could never take a high moral line with him. What would not do at all for a young fellow might do very well for himself. It might be God's holy will to reward him in this way for the trials of the past.

Then, one evening, while himself and Fanny were having supper, Jim Piper walked in. Ryan looked up and turned his head away. Even Fanny was embarrassed. It wasn't at all like Jim.

"Won't you sit down?" she said.

"Begor, I don't mind," replied Jim. "Good evening, Mr. Ryan," he added ceremoniously, but Ryan ignored him. "I don't know what the hell is coming over Irish hospitality," said Jim good-naturedly. "You say 'Good evening' to a man and he won't say 'Good evening' back to you. They'll sit there drinking tea, with the pot on the hob, and not even ask have you a mouth on you."

Fanny suddenly realized what was wrong. Jim was as drunk as a lord. She had never seen him like that before.

"Will you have a cup?" she asked, laughing in spite of herself.

"I had to ask for it," said Jim.

The old man drew a deep breath through his nose and then got up and went upstairs, banging the bedroom door behind him. No doubt he was resisting the temptation to kill Jim with his own hands.

Jim laughed. Apparently, he wasn't aware of the danger he was in. "Tell that man come back," he said. "I want to invite him to my wedding. When would you say we ought to get married, Fan?"

"I don't know," said Fanny, humoring him. "When do you think yourself?"

"I don't give a damn," said Jim, rising. "I banked the last of two hundred quid today. You can go down to Rochestown tomorrow and bring up little Mike. I can't say fairer."

Fanny stood looking at him for a few moments, unable to tell whether it was earnestness or drink, and then she suddenly gave a low moan and ran up the stairs, sobbing. Jim looked after her and

UNDER GREAT SUMMER TREES

Fling wide the gates to garden-party days.
We stroll with friends or from a distance gaze,
One moment sociable, the next withdrawn,
Moving from group to group across the lawn.
All winter, vowing it should be the last time,
We wasted months in work, unwholesome pastime!
Or, racked with chills, gave way to indignation
At planets not designed for habitation.
Ah, but the fevers and the chills disperse,
The convalescent speeds the parting nurse,
And, born anew to aromatic air,
Walks without crutches or long underwear.

The trees, like hostesses of practiced mien,
Incline their heads and set the styles in green;
In fading innocence the heliotrope
Expires amid the fragrance of its hope,
And, loud with bees, the hedge of roses forms
A background for the buzzing human swarms,
Enacting to the meditative mind
The summer pride and pathos of mankind,
Shy youths whose wits become discreetly bolstered,
Sweet girls in frocks, pink dowagers upholstered—
A living Grecian urn, if one deletes
The urn, the Grecians, and the poet Keats.

I bask amid the modest fête champêtre.
This is my chosen part, my raison d'être,
My summer self that sings in youthful tones
Through calcium of my astonished bones.
Here, if I leave no group too long without me,
Nothing but nice things will be said about me.
Angelic radiance as the day goes down
Circles the clear horizon with a crown;
The whole earth, haloed, seems a glowing saint
Waiting for medieval brush and paint—
For Fra Angelico, who pictured Heaven
As one vast garden party (four to seven).

—ROBERT HILLYER

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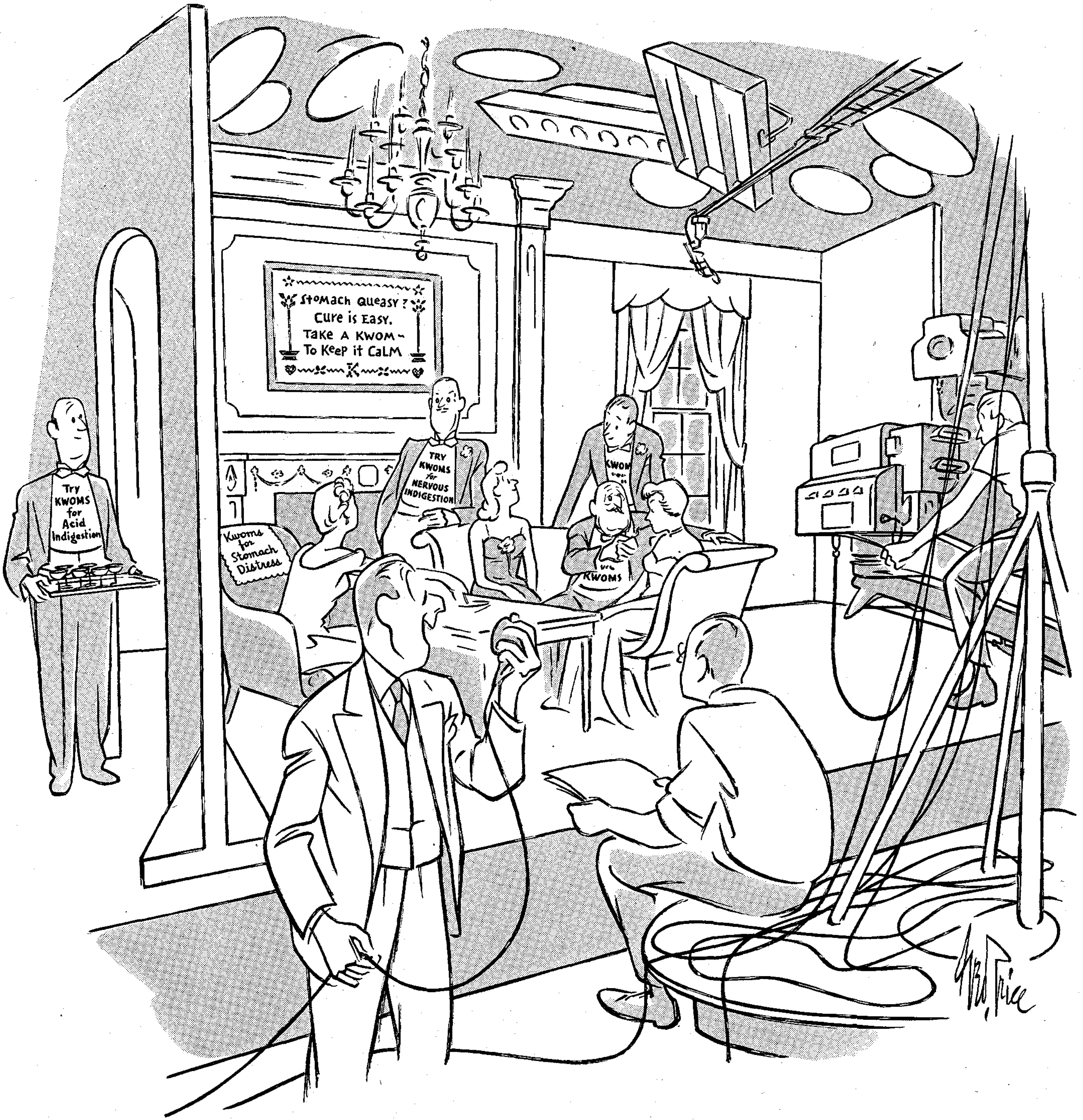
Stomach Queasy?
Cure is Easy.
Take a KWOM –
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"And now Kwoms brings you a full hour of exciting drama, uninterrupted by commercials."

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collapsed back into his chair and covered his face with his hands. Her father stamped heavily down the stairs and stood at the foot, like the hero of a melodrama.

"What ails her?" he snapped.

Jim looked up. "The same thing that ails me," he said glumly. " 'Hope deferred maketh the heart sick.' You can start on the house whenever you like. The money is there now."

Ryan digested this for several minutes before the beauty of it began to dawn on him. He nodded several times. Then he winked. "I think we'd be justified in celebrating the happy event," he said archly. "Fanny!" he called up the stairs.

There was no reply.

"Fanny!" he said peremptorily. "We'll let her alone," he whispered after a moment's pause. "I suppose it came as a bit of a shock. You ruffian!" he added, with another wink at Jim. "If I'd have done it thirty years ago, I'd have been master in my own house."

—FRANK O'CONNOR

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Drop hot cooked rice into hot soap by spoonfuls and you will have rice dumplings.—*Fort Wayne (Ind.) News-Sentinel.*

Thank you. We'll bear it in mind.

A COLD POTATO

SITTING in a lawn chair, tinkering with a broken bed lamp, Tom Bristol listened with half an ear to an account his wife, Alice, was giving of some neighbors with whom they'd recently become acquainted. "Guess what the Twinings do," she said. She was sitting across a parasol table from him. "When Bob is in the house, say, and Julia's back in that studio barn where she does her clay modelling, they write each other notes. And guess how they get them to one another." She paused, waiting for his response, but he was engrossed in his puttering. He chewed his tongue and pulled faces as he worked. "Do you know what they do?" Alice asked. Tom grunted inquiringly, poking an electric cord through the back of the lamp base. "They give them to Clementine—that cocker they have, you know—and Clementine delivers them. And waits for answers!" Alice laughed. "Isn't that darling?"

"If I'm not mistaken—" Tom murmured abstractedly.

Alice leaned forward and smacked the tabletop with her palm. "I *wish* you'd listen *once* in a while!" she said.

He dropped everything in his lap, including his hands, and grinned guiltily.

"You're getting worse instead of better," she said.

Tom mopped his brow harassedly with his sleeve, as though to plead concentration rather than disregard. "I listen more than you think," he said. "I get more than you think."

"Let's see what you got this time," she said. "In what way do the Twinings communicate with one another?"

"By writing notes," he answered.

"Who delivers these notes?"

"Clytemnestra."

"And who is that?"

"The cook."

"Who trots around with them in her teeth, I suppose." Alice fell back in her chair with a puff of despair. "*Really*, I don't know."

But she knew one thing. She knew that what called forth such a reaction from her was not alone Tom's inattention to the story but his lack of capacity for the kind of matrimonial fun it illustrated. She envied wives whose husbands wrote cute notes and put them in the mouths of dogs, or, failing that, slipped them under doors or the bottoms of cosmetic jars; whose husbands gave presents rich in imagination, such as the swarm of bees Mary Fresenius had received from Fred one birthday, with a sentimental message about his Queen, or presents rich in whim, such as the Afghan pup a man she knew of had given his wife, with a note pinned to the collar reading, "If we're ever going to have one, I guess I'll have to buy it"—an allusion to the afghan she had already been three years knitting for their bed.

Alice often rather ornately fancied her own married life as a trellis on which no vine flourished, or, at best, as a vine on which no flowers bloomed. When it came to gags or devised endearments, Tom guessed he wasn't built that way and amiably wrote himself off as an Anglo-Saxon. Now, watching him under the parasol as he resumed his rapt tinkering, Alice formally traced her discontent to this source. He had negotiated his way from first acquaintance to marriage and through four years of that without having said "I love you"—three words the very thought of which admittedly palsied his tongue. Because of this deficiency in structure, he had to be dragged to movies. During the last picture they'd gone to, a mucilaginous love scene had caused him to stop his ears with his fingers and shut his eyes in a spasm of protest. Before marriage, Alice had had him figured for a reserved chap who simply didn't *show* his feelings, and he had seen in her a pretty, electric girl who could be coached away from highball glasses with humorous inscriptions and from whose speech could be edited, in time, such expressions as "Goodbye now."

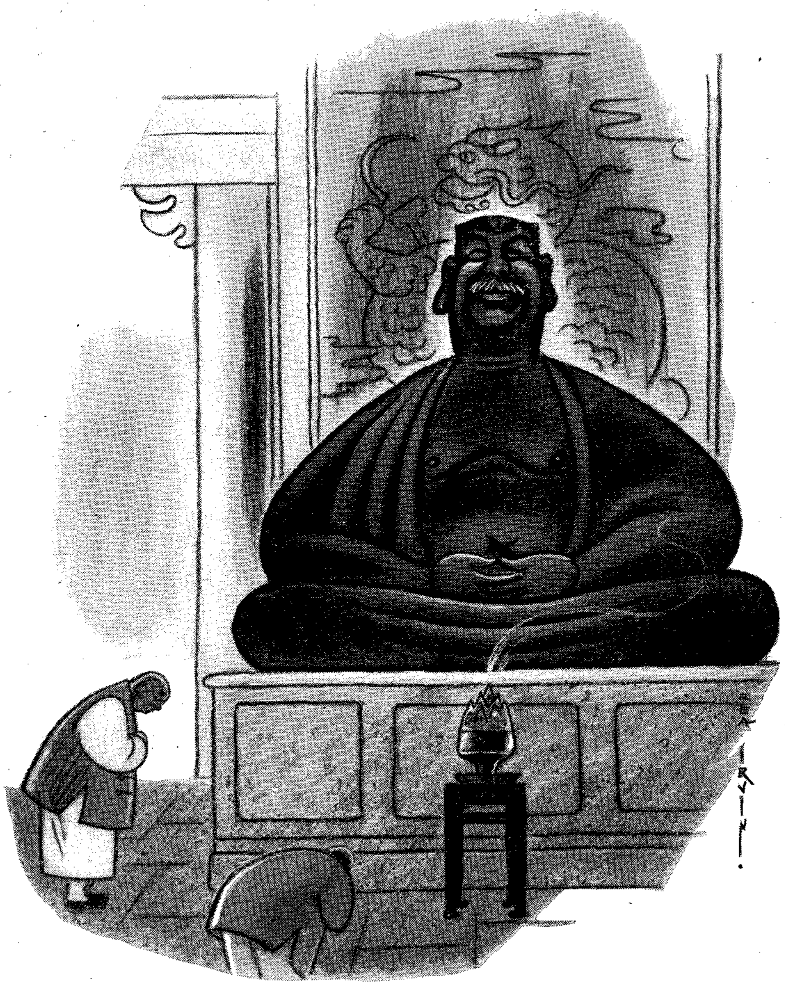
Abruptly, Alice picked up a newspaper from the grass beside her chair and opened it to a Broadway column. She ran her eye down it till she found the squib she was looking for. "Listen to this," she said. " 'Bruce Pembroke, the producer, has planned a nifty to surprise his wife,' " she read, extracting the utmost in felicity from the item by pitching her voice musically upward. " 'Said Frau, Kay Lillstrom, sailed for Cherbourg yesterday on the Queen Mary. He was there to see her off. Well, unknown to her but not to you and me, Pembroke will hop a plane for France and be on hand to greet her when she steps *off* the boat.' " Alice raised her head. "Could you do that?" she inquired.

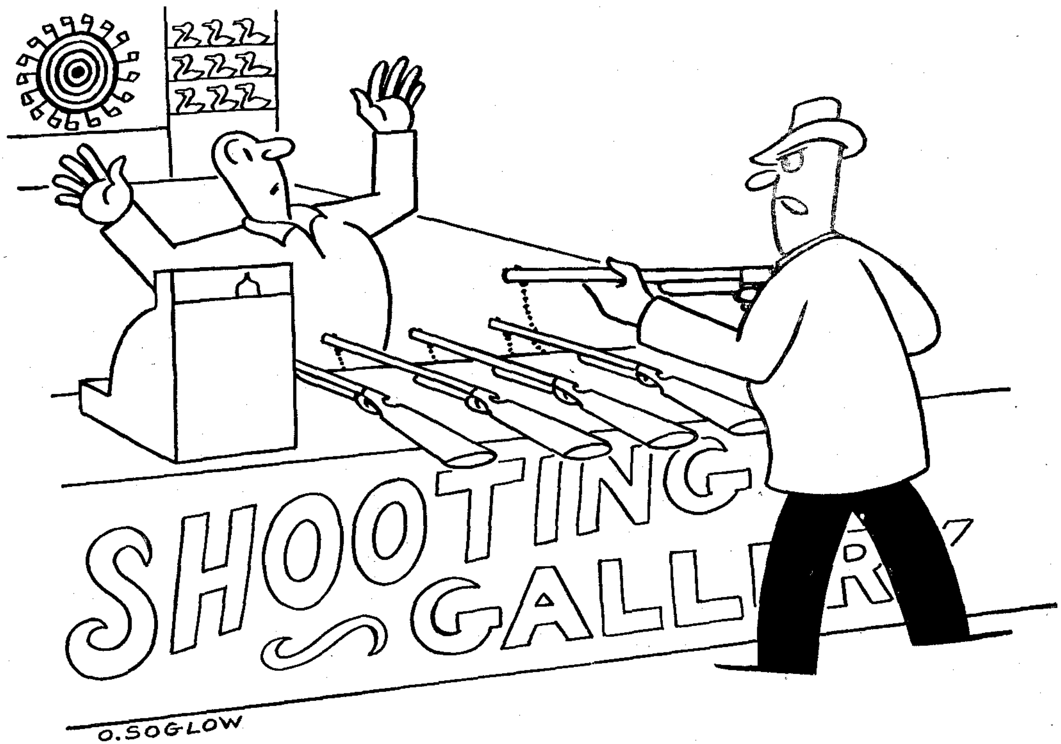
"If I had the money," said Tom, who was now listening closely.

Alice slapped the paper down on the grass and rose. "You're a cold potato," she said, and crossed the lawn toward the house with great dignity.

ONE Saturday afternoon several weeks later, the Bristols were sitting on the back porch. Tom was watching a hummingbird cruise among the blooms of a strip of hollyhocks beside the house. "The Twinings are going away for two weeks," Alice said.

"That so?" Tom's





"Stick 'em up."

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interest in the Twinings' whereabouts was more than cursory; he had, in the course of several evenings spent with them, seen a foursome crystallizing against his will. He cared for neither of them. Bob was a waitress-kidder whose conversation was studded with phrases like "from where I sit," and Julia was one of those over-expressive women who frown when they laugh. "When are they leaving?" he asked.

"Next week. Julia will visit her mother in New Hampshire, and Bob, of course, has to go to that dental-equipment convention in Chicago. So-o-o, the Twinings take separate vacations for the first time. Tough, the way they are about each other." Alice reached down to pick up a magazine and tossed it onto a chair. "But the thing is what will they do with Clementine?"

"Board him at a kennel." Tom leaned forward to scrutinize the hummingbird more intently.

"Her! Board *her* at a kennel! Well, yes, but it's cruel to do that to some pets— if you can possibly find friends to take them," Alice said. "Besides which, it's an ideal opportunity for the friends if they happen to have been thinking of getting a dog and might like to give having one a try. And it's only for two weeks."

Tom became aware of the tapping of Alice's foot, which, depending on how long she had been tapping it, she might at any moment stamp. Fearing another test quiz, he turned and responded heartily, "You're absolutely right!"

CLEMENTINE was in the house when Tom got home from work the next Friday. She sat, alert but dubious, in a corner of the living room, watching Tom as he came in. "How come?" asked Tom, whom office vexations had already left in dishevelled spirits.

"We talked about it," Alice said. "You remember. Make her feel at home, because she doesn't know what to make of it yet. Julia dropped her off the last thing before she left this afternoon." Alice ran to the kitchen, where she had a tin of cheese puffs in the oven. There were garlic olives in a large bowl on the coffee table, Tom noted as he sat down on the sofa, across from the still wary cocker. Appetizers on that scale usually meant the day was chronologically special. "Today's the anniversary of our first date—remember?" Alice called from the kitchen as he was rummaging his brain to place the occasion. Resenting the guilt her tone imputed, he glared at the dog and said, "Come here!" The cocker twitched attentively, and sat still. "Come here!" he repeated.

"Call her by her name," Alice said from the kitchen. "Don't just sit there and bark at her."

Tom got to his feet and stirred up a couple of Martinis, announcing to Alice that he thought he'd like one drink before he ran up for his shower. She bustled in with a few cheese puffs on a tray. They toasted the anniversary and then settled for a moment with their drinks. The dog sniffed open-mindedly at this and that, now and then pausing to regard one or the other of them, her tail wagging deliberately, like a metronome. Alice beamed down at her. "Orientation tour, Clementine?" she said. She drank, and licked her lips. "Different house? Everything strange? And no notes to deliver?" There was a silence. Tom saw a speculative light come into Alice's eye. "Let's us try it," she said.

"Oh, I don't think so," Tom said. "It wouldn't work."

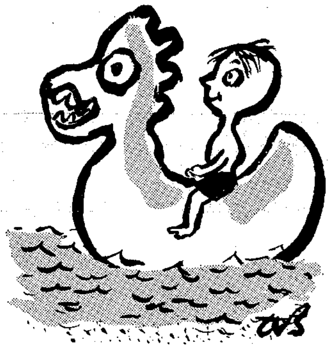
"Well, let's *see*. I think it would be fun." She set her drink on the coffee table. "I'll tell you what. When you go up to shower, why don't you take her with you, write something, and see if she'll bring it down to me? We'll find out how clever she is. And *you* are." Alice laughed and got up. She passed by him on her way to the kitchen. "Break down," she said, tousling his hair.

Tom scooped the dog up and took her upstairs, scratching her ear as he mounted the steps. He set her down on the bedroom floor. She stayed put. He sat down at a writing desk in a corner of the room, drew a sheet of paper to him, and picked up a pencil. He flourished it abortively over the paper, feeling foolish, then annoyed. "What hath God wrought?" came to his mind. He put the pencil down and tugged at a sock. The dog, he saw, had come closer and now was watching him with understanding. He picked up the pencil again and sat gnawing the butt of it. Was he in fact a cold potato? Rapidly he wrote, "Maybe the Twinings haven't anything better to do," scribbled his name, folded the paper once, and held it out. "Take this down," he said, pointing. The dog snapped it in her teeth, turned, and was off down the stairs.

Tom rose and had started to take off his coat when, glancing down the staircase, which was visible from the bedroom, he saw the dog at the front door, trying to nose the screen door open. It didn't catch very well unless you remembered to jerk it shut. "Hey, no!" Tom called, springing down the stairs. He reached the door just as the dog wriggled out. She scrambled down the porch steps, ran diagonally across the lawn, and lit up the road in the direction of home.

For a moment, Tom stood looking after her, swearing in gentle amazement. Then he recalled what he'd written. A fine thing for the Twinings to find lying around someplace when they got back. Not, he reminded himself with a sick swoop in his stomach, that he was sure Bob had actually left yet.

His car was parked in front of the house, and he ran out to it, got in, and shot off toward the Twinings', which was about a thousand feet up the road. He overtook Clementine at the house, but as he pulled in to the drive, he saw her streak not for the house itself but across the lawn to the barn, where Julia had her studio. Tom got out of the car and ran up in time to see her wriggle through a hole under the wall and disappear.



He tried the door, which was locked. He peered on tiptoe through a window, seeing nothing but a beam of the ceiling inside. The window was locked. He was debating whether to break a pane of glass when he spotted a doormat. He lifted it. Nothing under it. He looked along the jamb for nails on which a key might be hanging but found none. His eye went upward to the lintel. He reached up and felt along it. His fingers knocked a key down. He opened the door and went in.

The inside was a huge single room with a skylight. There were clay heads about, of the sort used in shopwindows to display hats on, and the like. Julia, as she repeatedly said, was not "a real artist." The dog was watching him from the far side of the room, her head cocked in what might be sport, mischief, anxiety, or just curiosity. The note was on the floor in front of her. With excessive stealth, Tom worked his way over and, in a sudden move, snatched it up. He put it in his pocket. "Nice dog," he said, and caught her up and tucked her under one arm. He had started back toward the door when something made him pause.

Alongside a writing table near a side window was a wastebasket with a suggestive wad of paper on the floor beside it. Tom stood looking at the paper, tempted. He glanced at the open door, hesitated, then, hitching the dog up, went over and picked up the wad. Squatting, he smoothed it out on his knee. "Princess," the note ran, in a bold, uninhibited hand, "you ought to come on over and take a breather with the Sunday paper. Besides, you always look good enough for a smack, even in a smock."

"Oh, God!" Tom said aloud. Fascinated, he plunged his hand into the wastebasket and fished up another wad of paper. Two notes were written on it. The first, in a delicate feminine script, went, "None of your lip, mister, except you know when." And the answer followed directly under it: "I guess I like to get in your hair because it's so soft and gold."

"Oh, God!" Tom groaned, and, imagining he had heard a footstep outside, popped erect and hurried out. There was no one around, and he hastily dumped the dog in the back seat of the car and drove home.

Tom carted the dog up the walk to his house, toward Alice, waiting on the porch.

"What on earth happened?" she asked, holding the screen door open for him.

"Goddam dog!" he said, dropping her on the vestibule carpet and spanking his hands. "He ran home with the damn note you made me write." Stopping only to make sure the screen door had been clapped securely to, he tramped on upstairs to the bedroom, pulling off his coat. He attacked his shirt and tie. Alice came up the stairs.

"What was in the note?" she asked gingerly, around the corner of the doorway.

"Plenty! I said how damn silly the Twinings are. And I didn't get it back," he called, feeling that some stretching of the facts served a justifiably punitive end. "The dog took it into the studio and left it there."

She subsided on the top step and burst into tears.

"Oh, God!" Tom groaned for the third time, whipping off his undershirt and firing it into an open hamper. He took a step toward the door and called out quickly, "All right—I did get it back. I really did. So now, for God's sake, stop sniffling. This childish business wasn't my idea."

Instantly, he was sorry. There were footsteps running rapidly down the stairs, an object, probably an ashtray, smacked down on top of something in the living room, and fresh wails arose. He walked into the hall with his hands in the air. As he paced there, wondering what to do, his eye lit on Clementine, who was churning confusedly around in the vestibule below, looking up at him and then into the living room and back again. He snapped his fingers and beckoned her urgently up. "Come here!" he whispered loudly, and, after waiting only long enough to make sure the dog obeyed, disappeared into the bedroom. He hurried to the desk, scribbled, "I guess I like to get in your hair because it's so soft and silky," and flourished it peremptorily at the dog, who had been standing beside the desk, panting and apparently a little bemused by the sequence of exertions, but ready. She snapped up the note and scurried down. Tom watched her push at the screen door for a few moments before Alice came out of the living room and took the note from her.

Tom went back to the bedroom and finished undressing with one ear cocked. On his way to the bathroom, he paused at the head of the stairs and listened. There was a concluding sniff below, then silence. He stepped back out of sight, hearing footsteps going toward the vestibule and, immediately afterward, the sound of a sheet of paper torn from the telephone pad there. He hurried into the bathroom, closed the door, and turned the shower on full force.

—Peter De Vries

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GRIEVE NO MORE

When we began
the mountains rang
in a clear light
and the deer sprang.

Now in a village
on the sea,
I hear the bell strike
two and three

but not for me
and not for you—
the miserably
cut in two.

Between the mountains
and the shore
there is a plain
before your door.

In that plain
we meet again—

Grieve no more.

—Vincent McHugh

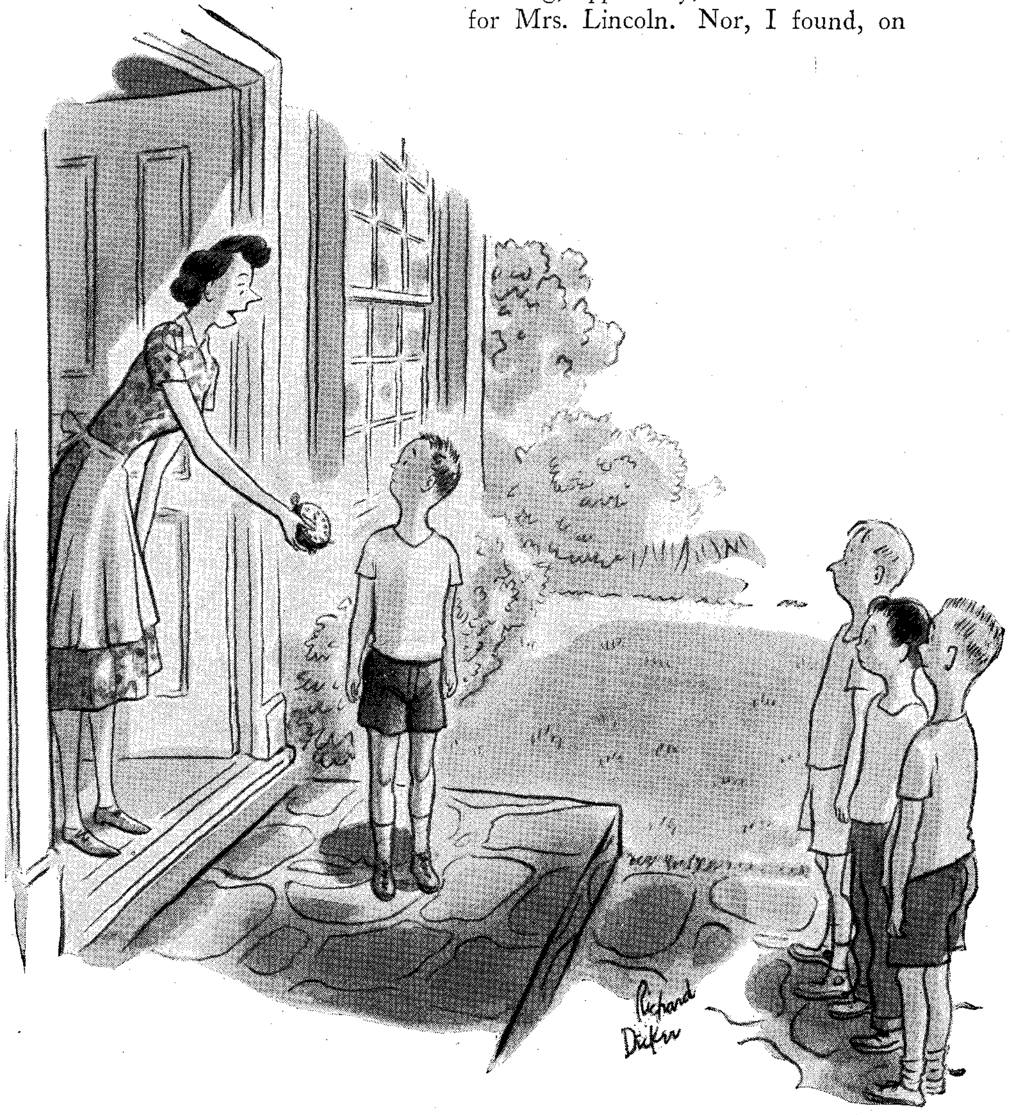
OUR FAR-FLUNG CORRESPONDENTS

ABE LINCOLN IN SPRINGFIELD

If you visit Springfield, the capital of Illinois, you are bound to get mixed up with Abraham Lincoln. This is not because Springfield looks as it did in Lincoln's time. It doesn't; not many buildings remain in the city that were standing then. One that does is the old state capitol, now the three-story-plus-a-cupola Sangamon County Courthouse, which seems to have grown up through the middle of the public square, since its lower portion is plainly newer than the rest of it. The upper part is a Greek Revival palace of buff stone, dating from 1837. A practical architect added a new ground floor fifty years ago by hoisting what was already there up into the air and making the original first floor the second and the second the third. How he did it, I do not know, but, whatever his method, he laid a trap for future archeologists, who are likely to assume, as archeologists usually do, that a lower stratum is older than an upper one. This architectural accomplishment was first called to my attention by the taxi-driver with whom I rode from the railroad station the day I arrived in Springfield. "Mr. Lincoln used to sit in the legislature there," the driver added. Across from one corner of the Courthouse lawn is a narrow, three-and-about-a-third-story building of brick painted gray, with a shoe store on the ground floor. The driver said, "Mr. Lincoln's law office is up there, over the shoe store." This jumble of past and present made Lincoln seem more alive than would have been the case if everything had been preserved exactly as he left it. I could fancy him walking out the side door of the narrow building, the top of his hat seven feet above the sidewalk. (I have read somewhere that he carried legal documents in the crown.) He might be on his way to Diller's Drugstore to have a sarsaparilla and a look at the newest generation of lobbyists. The Illinois lobbyists of his day were a sociable lot.

"We have a regular Lincoln tour," the driver said. "If you'd like to take it after you put your bag in the Abe, I'd be glad to wait for you. It costs twelve dollars, which is a price the drivers have set to stop chiselling. We allow you thirty minutes at the Home, thirty minutes at the Tomb, and then we drive you out to New Salem, twenty miles, and bring you back. Ann Rutledge's grave is extra. I never drove anybody yet on the tour that when he came back he didn't say it was worth it." I didn't take the driver up on his offer. I didn't want to think of Lincoln in his tomb. I preferred to imagine him in his law office, across the square, trying to make up his mind whether or not to go out for that glass of sarsaparilla. Besides, the driver's assumption that I was visiting Springfield because of Lincoln was a mistake, or so I thought at the time. I supposed that I had simply gone there to see a friend of mine who has a job in the state government.

When the driver mentioned the Abe, he meant the Abraham Lincoln, Springfield's largest and newest hotel. After I reached my room there, I picked up the telephone directory to look for my friend's number and right in the front of the book found the A. Lincoln Tourist Court, the Abe Lincoln Baggage Transfer, the Abraham Lincoln Association, the Ann Rutledge Apartment Hotel, and the Ann Rutledge Beauty Salon. After that, instead of looking up my man's name, I made my initial concession to curiosity about Lincoln. I turned to the "L"s and found listings for the Lincoln Advertising Agency, Lincoln Air Lines, Lincoln Automotive Mechanics School, Lincoln Baggage Transfer Company, Lincoln Cab Company, Lincoln Café, Lincoln Candy Company, Lincoln Cash Market, Lincoln College of Law, Lincoln Dental Laboratories, Lincoln Library, Lincoln National Life Insurance Company, Lincoln Park Fieldhouse and Pavilion, Lincoln Radiator and Auto Parts Company, Lincoln School, Lincoln Souvenir and Gift Shop, Lincoln Square Tavern, Lincoln Theatre, Lincoln's Home, and Lincoln's Monument. Nothing, apparently, had been named for Mrs. Lincoln. Nor, I found, on



"Now, take this with you, and when it goes off, I want you to leave the theatre at once and come straight home, no matter what Roy Rogers is up to."

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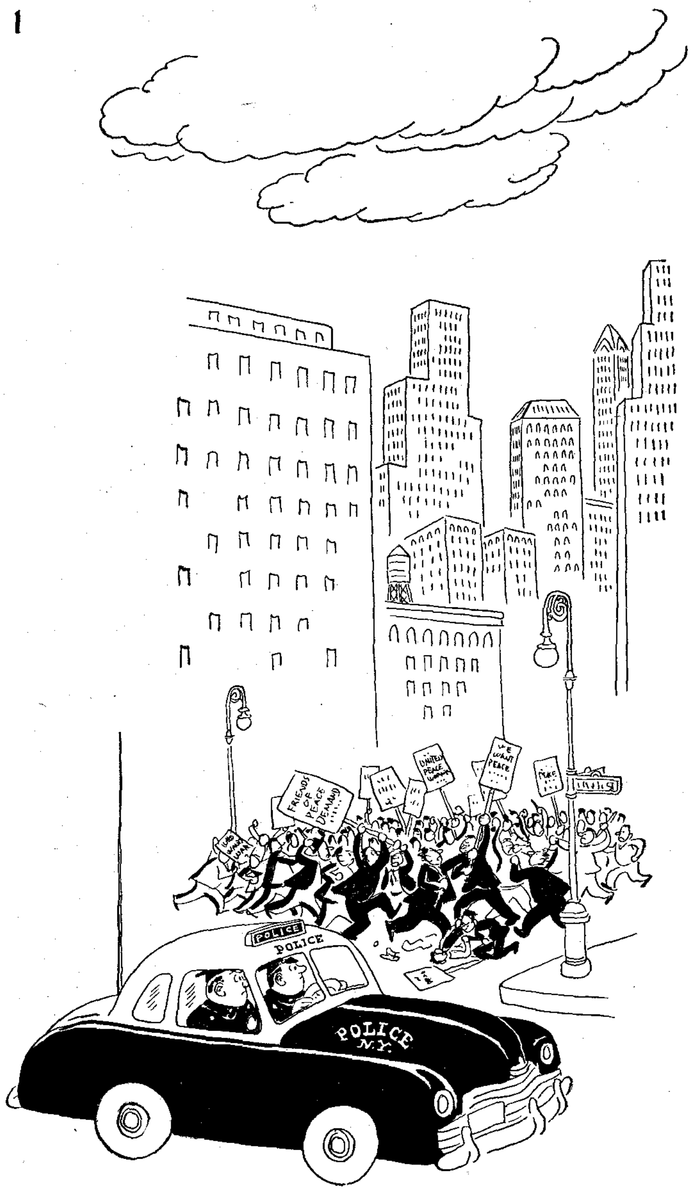

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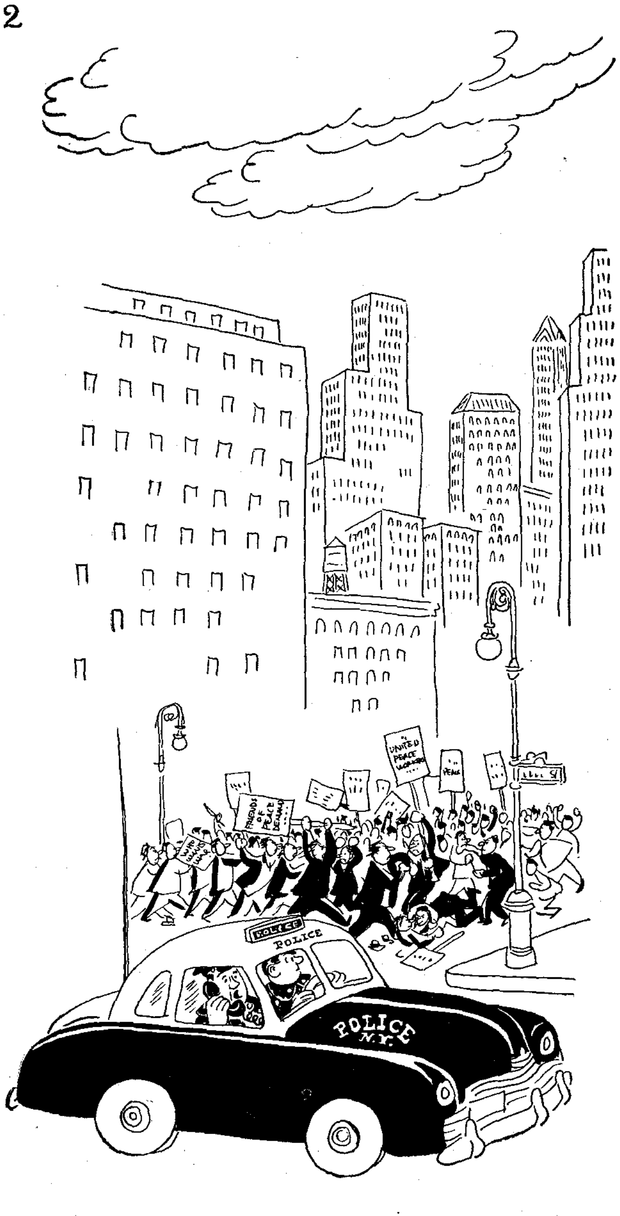

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turning to the "D"s, was there anything named after Stephen A. Douglas, although in 1860 Springfield's vote was almost evenly divided between the two Illinois Presidential candidates. Cults form around defeated generals and unhappy lovers, but the stature of wives and losing politicians evidently diminishes.

When I finally got around to calling my friend, I learned that he wouldn't be free until evening, so I went out to have a look at the town. After walking a couple of blocks, I stopped in front of a large bookstore called Coe's. Its windows were filled with copies of a book entitled "Here I Have Lived," by Paul Angle, a historian and, I remembered, the compiler of "The Lincoln Reader," which was a Book-of-the-Month Club choice a few years ago. "Here I Have Lived," its jacket announced, is a book about Springfield between its foundation, in 1821, and Lincoln's funeral, in 1865. I thought it looked like a good book—it is—and, entering, bought a copy. The man who waited on me—Mr. Coe, for all I know—told me that in Springfield a good Lincoln book outsells a good novel any day. "Once you get reading them, you haven't time for much else," he said. The Library of Congress, I have since been informed, lists the five men about whom the most books have been written as Jesus Christ, Shakespeare, Lincoln, Washington, and Napoleon, in that order, and while the first has a very large lead over the second, Shakespeare's bibliographical edge on Lincoln is not impressive, considering his two-century head start.

"The author of this book, Paul Angle, used to be secretary of the Abraham Lincoln Association, over in the First National Bank Building," the man in the bookstore said. "Roy Basler is now—Dr. Basler, I should say. Why don't you go over and see him?" He was assuming that I was a Lincoln amateur because I had bought the book and had told him I was from out of town. By that time, the suggestion seemed reasonable. Lincoln had taken me over.

CONTEMPORARY Springfield's preoccupation with its pre-Civil War self is not a sign of senescence. The city, which bears much the same relationship to Chicago that Albany does to New York, has a population of almost a hundred thousand, as against only nine thousand when Lincoln left for Washington; it also has more politicians and lobbyists than it had in Lincoln's day, because the population of the state has increased five times and there is at least five times as much to lobby for. It has a fairly active industrial life, several good-looking department stores, and a generous quota of pubs. The percentage of visible women who are pretty

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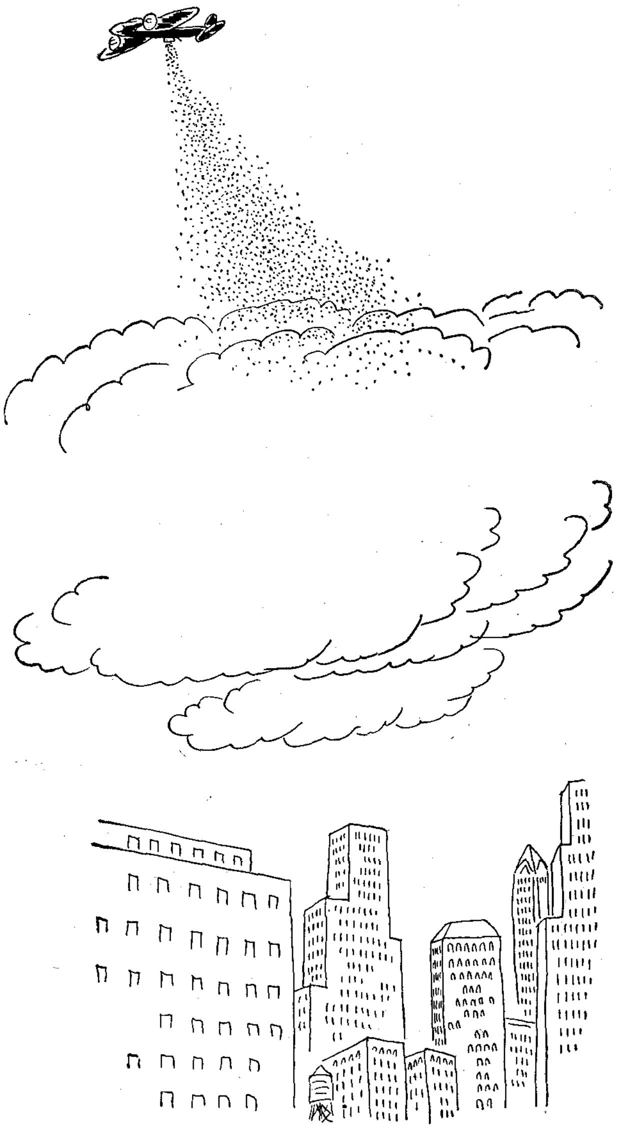

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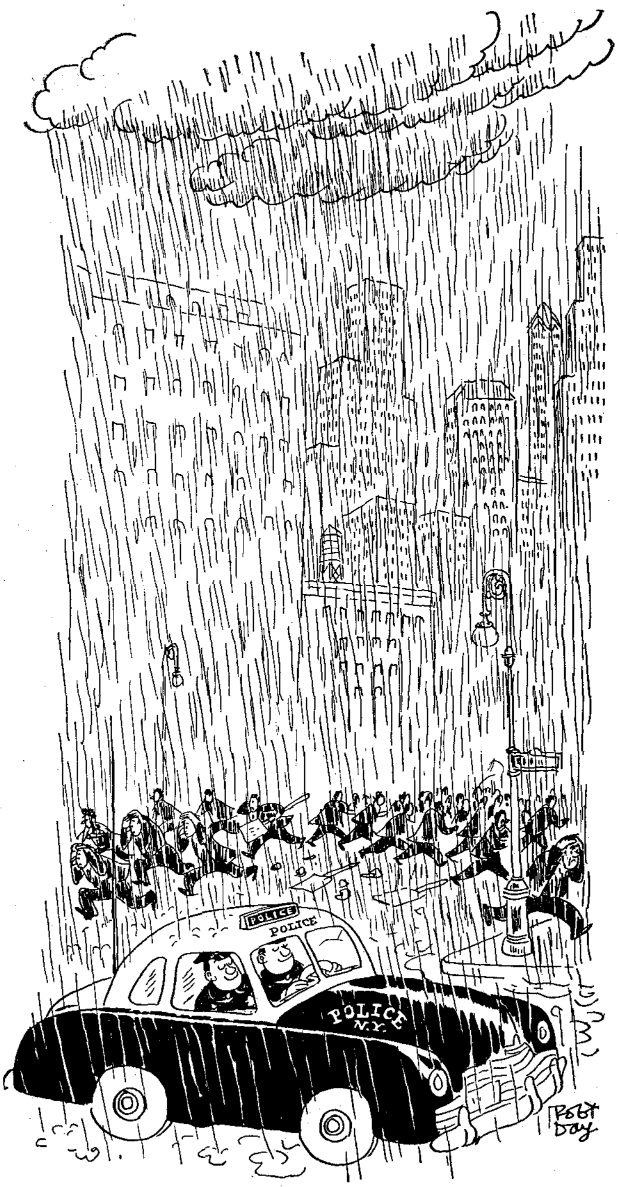

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is higher in Springfield than it is in Chicago; "Springfield's a Southern town," the women you meet there say when you mention this fact to them, as if that were sufficient explanation. Springfield is nearer to St. Louis and southern Indiana than to Chicago, and the eternal whitefish of Chicago restaurant menus loses the place of honor to catfish in Springfield, marking the change from a lacustrine to a river culture. (No great civilization has ever grown up around a lake.) The Springfield countryside is full of fat cattle being made fatter for market, and farmland there sells for more an acre than farmland almost anyplace else in the United States.

Still, the tall man casts a long shadow. With Lincoln as a competitor, it is hard for any present-day politician to make an impression in Springfield. There hasn't been a major-party Presidential candidate from Illinois since Lincoln was reëlected, in 1864. The current Governor, Adlai Stevenson, is the likeliest prospect in a long time. Democrats close to him act the way the hands around a racing stable do when a horse is working fast. The trick in the Presidential race, however, lies in getting the horse to the post.

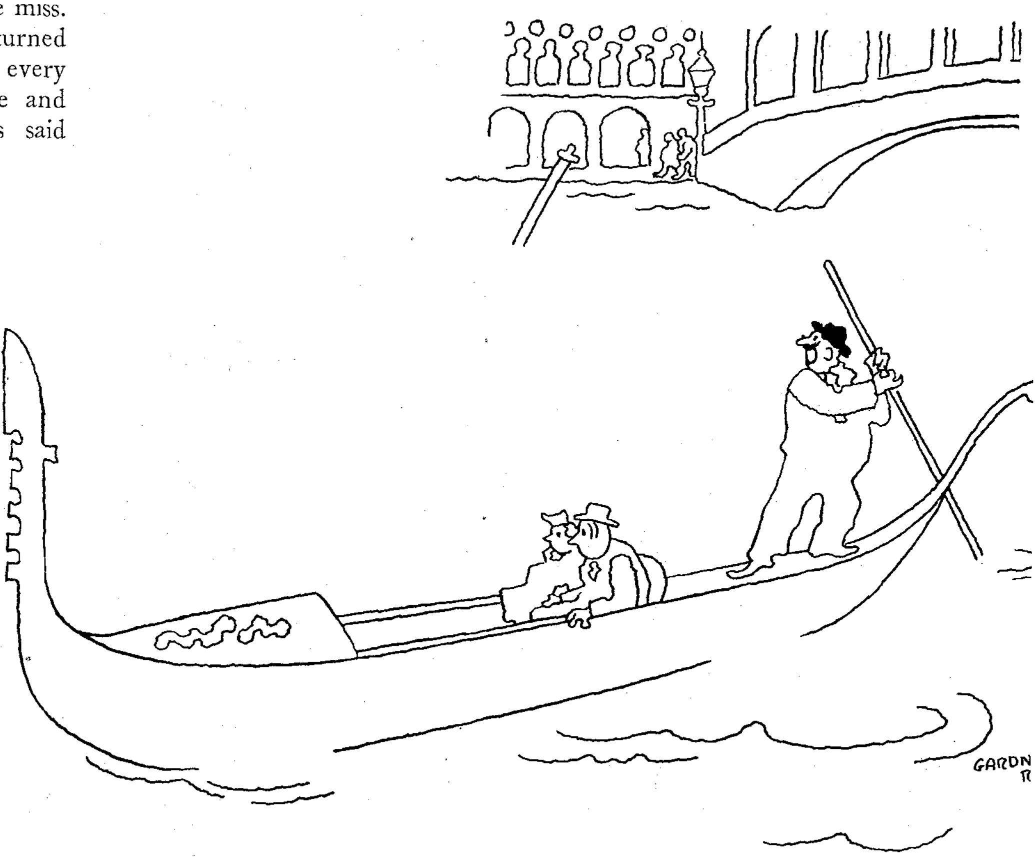
I stopped in at the bar of the Leland Hotel, which is older and more frequented by politicians than the Abraham Lincoln, for a glimpse of contemporary Springfield. While taking a rather harder drink than Lincoln favored, I listened to a couple of large, hearty men commiserating boisterously with a thin, sallow fellow because he had not succeeded in landing a state contract to build an airport in some downstate town. "You had the wrong bull by the horns," one of the large men said to him. "You should have come to me first." It was a congenial barroom. The two bartenders on duty looked as if their fathers might have poured for Lincoln's last law partner, William H. Herndon, who was a whiskey man and survived his senior partner by twenty-six years. I do not mean that it was the whiskey that made Herndon live longer. It was the brandy John Wilkes Booth drank that killed Lincoln.

From the Leland, I strolled back toward the square, to seek out Dr. Basler at the Abraham Lincoln Association. I had in the past seen one or two copies of the *Abraham Lincoln Quarterly*, which the Association publishes and which contains long papers on subjects like Lincoln's taste in music (sentimental songs and Italian opera) and his finances, including how much money he had in the bank when he was first elected (six hundred and one dollars and forty-four cents). The Association's offices, two cluttered rooms, are on the seventh floor of an undergrown skyscraper that has its equivalents in every prosperous American city the size of Springfield. But the windows of these offices look down on the cupola of the old Statehouse, which is a less banal view than such buildings usually command. Dr. Basler is a tall, red-haired man who taught American literature at Columbia and at the George Peabody College for Teachers, in Nashville, before moving to Springfield. He is a Southerner, as are many Lincolnists. Some of these, but not Dr. Basler, try to explain Lincoln as an aberrant Southerner, on the ground that he lived in Kentucky until he was seven years old. This is a recent notion. Mary Boykin Chesnut, a great Southern lady of Civil War days, referred to him in her diary as "old hard-common-sense Lincoln, the essence of a cute Yankee."

Dr. Basler talks about Lincoln as if the man might drop in for a chat at any minute. He said that living with Lincoln in Springfield is not so full of escape from the present as I might think. "The Association used to subscribe to a clipping service that sent us newspaper stories in which Lincoln was mentioned," he said. "We subscribed thinking we'd learn of new discoveries of Lincoln material that we might otherwise miss. Well, during the last election it turned out that Lincoln was running on every ticket, including the Progressive and the Dixiecrat. The Dixiecrats said they represented Lincoln's real thought on the race problem—let it work itself out. They quoted a line from one of his speeches: 'Why should there *not be a patient confidence in* the ultimate justice of the people?' Naturally, they didn't say that he lost his own patience later. The Progressives said they were the political heirs of Jefferson, Jackson, *and* Lincoln. The Republicans stood pat; Lincoln was *their* man, they said. Governor Warren, of California, came right down here to Springfield and said that Tom Dewey was a man in Lincoln's mold. Barkley said the nearest the Republicans had been to Lincoln in two generations was to quote him, and President Truman said that if Lincoln were alive, he would be a Democrat. We almost went bankrupt paying for the clippings. There was one kind of unanimity, though. Nobody was against him. He would have been amused."

I asked Dr. Basler if there is any anti-Lincoln feeling left in Springfield, where political passions once ran so high. (Lincoln carried the city by only sixty-nine votes in 1860, and by only ten in 1864.) He replied that there was not. "Nobody who knew Lincoln ever disliked him personally, even in those days when people got pretty rough about politics," he told me. "Right down in that square, Stephen Douglas bit through John T. Stuart's thumb," he went on, as if he were talking about something that had happened the day before yesterday. "Douglas was making a speech, and he said something Stuart didn't like. Douglas was a little man and Stuart was a big one. Stuart was Lincoln's first law partner. Stuart grabbed Douglas by the neck and lifted him down off the platform, and Douglas bit him. Brown, Hay & Stephens, the law firm next door to this office, traces back to John T. Stuart. He was a Whig and a Kentuckian, and the partnership with Lincoln broke up because Stuart was too interested in politics. Lincoln just wanted to practice law."

A lawyer named Logan Hay, a member of Brown, Hay & Stephens, started the Abraham Lincoln Association, in 1924, for the purpose of sorting out all the local information and hearsay about Lincoln, Dr. Basler said. Up to then, he told me, objective professional biographers had devoted little time to Lincoln, because they considered him either too recent or too controversial, and even in Springfield no two persons agreed on what kind of man he had been. Most of the early biographies were written by men who wanted to prove something. John G. Nicolay and John Hay, in their authorized biography of 1890, quite frankly set out to discredit the Democrats of their day as well as those of 1860. Old Billy Herndon, in writing about Lincoln, felt he understood his partner so well that he mixed all too much intuitive certainty with his reminiscences. Robert Todd Lincoln, the President's only child who lived to grow up, favored the Nicolay-and-Hay version and detested Herndon's. One section of local thought agreed with Herndon that Lincoln was a great, sad, essentially rustic man, driven into public life because his home was intolerable and breaking his chronic spells of depression with splurges of manic storytelling. This group accepted without reservation the Herndon view that Ann Rutledge was



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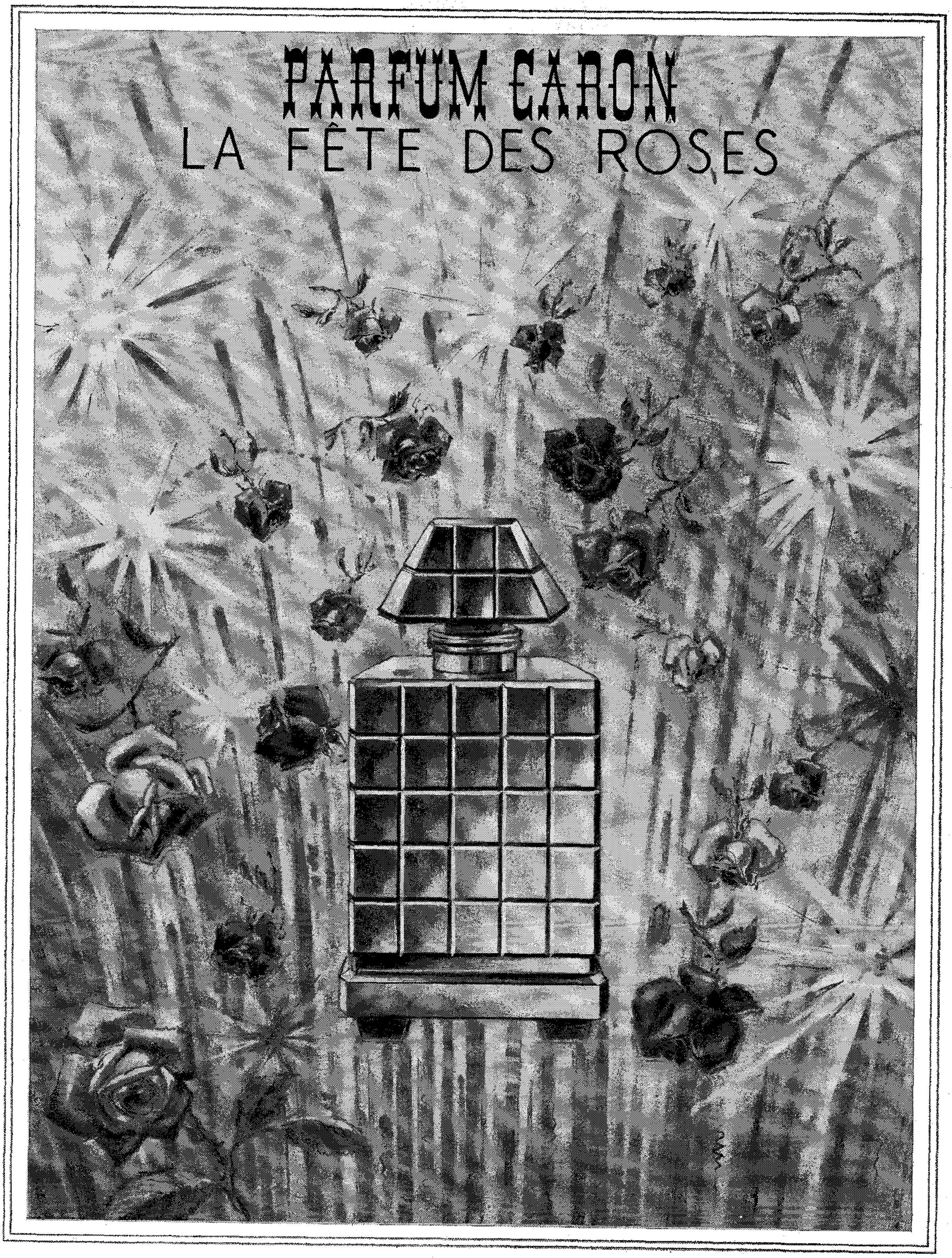
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LA FÊTE DES ROSES

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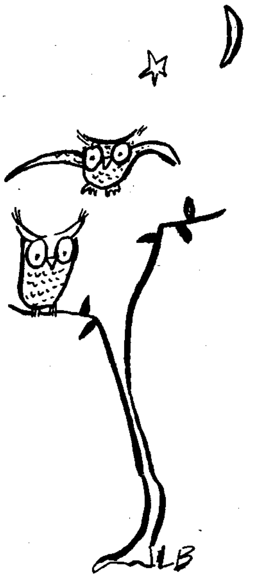
the true love of Lincoln's life and Mary Todd Lincoln a disaster. The other side, including most church people and nearly all married women, held that Lincoln was a fair representative of the cultured upper class of Springfield by the time he ran for President. They believed that if Lincoln ever liked Ann Rutledge, the girl was at most a transient sorrow, and that Mrs. Lincoln had, in fact, made something out of a man who without her would have remained a clodhopper.

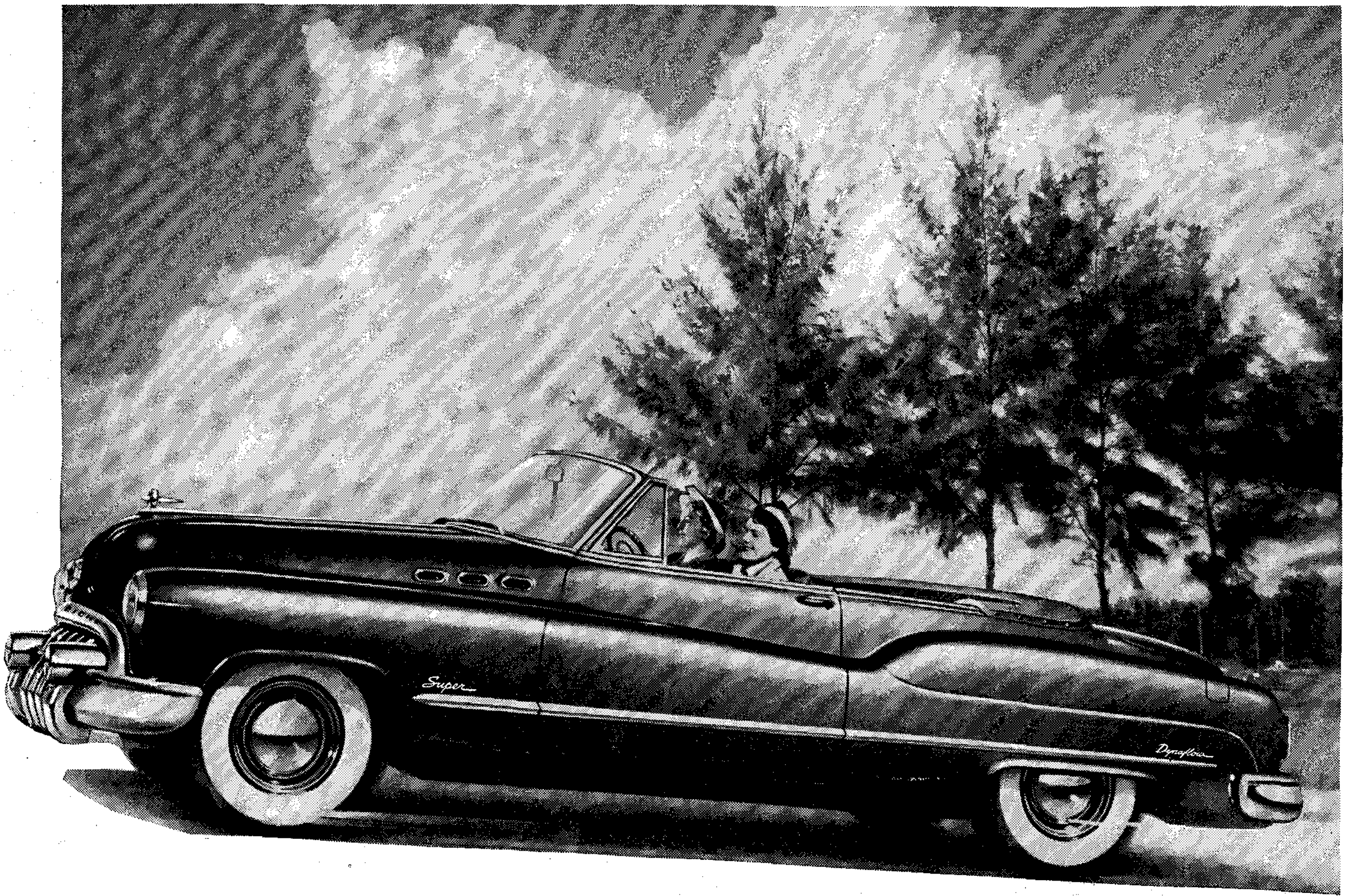
"Logan Hay was a first cousin of John Hay, the Nicolay-and-Hay man, but he didn't like John's method," Dr. Basler continued. "He wanted to collect all the ascertainable facts, as if he were preparing a lawsuit. He got eleven other Springfield men who thought as he did to put up a thousand dollars apiece and set aside a desk in the Sangamo Club, a social club, for the use of the Association. Then he got Paul Angle down from the University of Illinois as executive secretary—Paul had just received a master-of-arts degree in history—and sat him down at the desk and started giving him leads to follow up. Logan knew there were masses of original Lincoln material in the region to be had for the digging—letters and court papers and bank records and newspaper files. He thought they would furnish evidence about Lincoln, the kind that would stand up in court. Ben Thomas, who later became a cattle farmer, took the job after Paul left to be head of the State Historical Library, which has about the best collection of Lincoln material in the world, next to the Library of Congress. Harry Pratt followed Ben. Between the three of them, they compiled a day-by-day account of Lincoln's life from contemporary documents. There are gaps, but the total amount of information is amazing. It's even more amazing how many Lincoln stories fall down because on the day of the happening they are supposed to chronicle he was someplace else. Next year, we're getting out a ten-volume edition of his writings, which will add about forty per cent to his present published words. It will also eliminate a number of bits attributed to him that are simply fakes."



In addition to the *Quarterly*, the Association ordinarily publishes one Lincoln book a year, Dr. Basler told me. The membership now is national, but four of its five officers and about half of its directors live in Springfield. Logan Hay, who was the first president of the Association, died in 1942: The present president is George W. Bunn, Jr., who is also president of the city's oldest bank, the Springfield Marine. At my suggestion, Dr. Basler called up Mr. Bunn and made an appointment for me to meet him at the bank on the following morning.

While Dr. Basler was on the telephone, Mr. Thomas, who succeeded Angle as secretary, came in. He is a short, affable man in his forties who has written a half-dozen books on Lincoln and can identify Lincoln's handwriting on unsigned papers, a knack he picked up while digging through bins of legal documents in county courthouses on the old Eighth Illinois Circuit, which Lincoln rode as an attorney. Court sat for only a couple of weeks a year in each county in Lincoln's time, and judge and attorneys rode the circuit together, sleeping three to six in a room, and usually two in a bed. Nearly a century later, out of sentiment, Mr. Thomas rode the circuit in a Chevrolet. He explained that he had abandoned Lincolnism in 1936 to breed Polled Hereford cattle on a farm he owns near town. These, he said, are Herefords that grow no horns, and constitute the greatest agricultural innovation since seedless oranges. After the herd got well established, however, he had returned to his researches. "If you want to get away from Lincoln for good," he said, "you have to leave this part of the state."

AT dinner at my friend's home that evening, the conversation hovered briefly over contemporary politics (there was a primary election coming up) and then settled on Lincoln. One of the other guests—Mrs. Gertrude Masters, who has white bangs and is the widow of a Springfield physician—said with finality, "I don't know any of these men in the primaries, and three-quarters of them are no good anyway. What *I* want to know is when the state is going to get some decent furniture in the Lincoln house. It's a disgrace." The Lincolns, I learned from her, sold most of their furniture when they moved from Springfield, in 1861. Some of the



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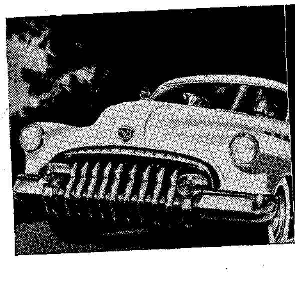

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pieces they took to the White House with them came into the possession of a female relative who lived in Springfield, but she took them with her when she moved to the East a number of decades ago. The Lincoln house, which was visited by three hundred thousand people last year, has in it only a few odds and ends of period furniture, and Mrs. Masters assured me, with obvious authority, that Mrs. Lincoln would have been ashamed to let anybody see them. "It should be furnished with beautiful Victorian pieces," she said. "Why, the man was a leading corporation attorney! And Mrs. Lincoln was a Kentucky aristocrat, and a good neighbor, too!" From the way Mrs. Masters said it, one might have thought that she had lived next door to the Lincolns. Another woman, whose name I didn't catch, nodded briskly and said that it always amused her when people referred to Lincoln as a rail splitter. Her tone implied that if Lincoln split any rails, it was during a summer vacation from Northwestern, to get himself into condition for football.

Later in the evening, Mrs. Masters told me that the late Edgar Lee Masters was a brother-in-law of hers. Her family comes from Petersburg, Illinois, where Ann Rutledge is buried. Mrs. Masters herself was born in Toledo, but, like everybody else in Springfield, she has decided opinions about the Lincolns. Her principal Lincolnistic interest, I gathered, is the preservation of the Benjamin Edwards place, a vast Springfield mansion in which Lincoln must often have been a guest, inasmuch as Benjamin was the brother of Ninian Edwards, who was married to Mrs. Lincoln's sister. The Edwards place now houses the Springfield Art Association, of which Mrs. Masters is a director. A woman descendant of Benjamin Edwards bequeathed the mansion to the Art Association about forty years ago, Mrs. Masters told me, but left no money for its maintenance. "You must come with me to see the house tomorrow afternoon," she said. "It will give you an idea of what life could be in Lincoln's Springfield." I promised to.

I MET Mr. Bunn at his bank next morning. He is a former New York *Sun* reporter (1912-14), whose grandfather, Jacob Bunn, was the merchant prince of Springfield in Lincoln's time and founded the bank and helped start the town's library; the intervening generation of Bunns established the local light-and-power company. The present

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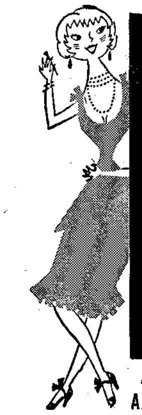

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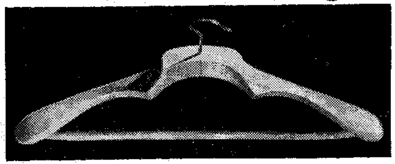

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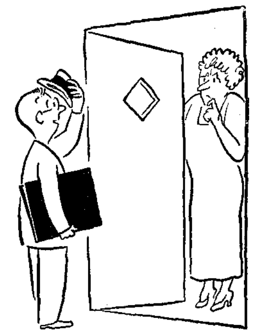

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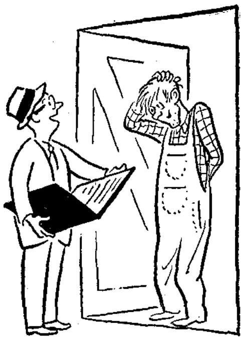

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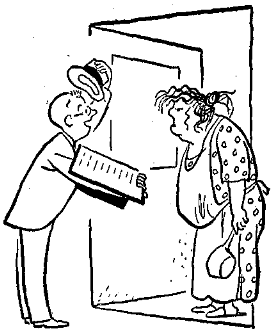

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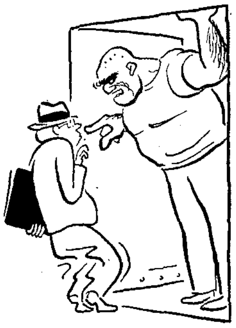

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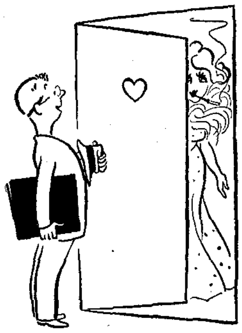

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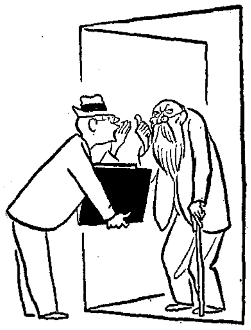

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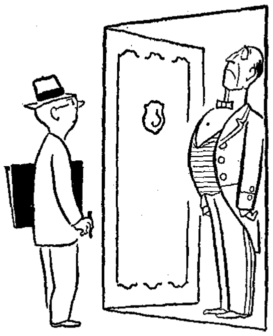

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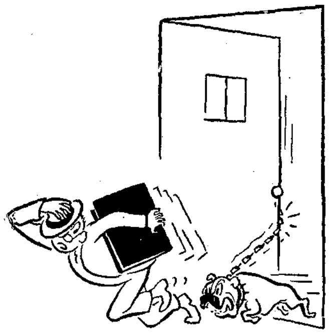

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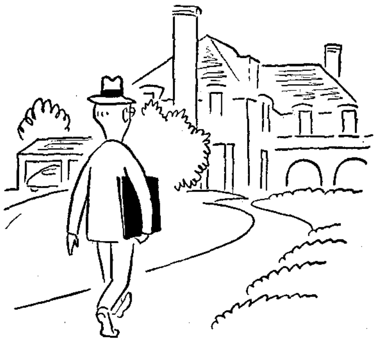

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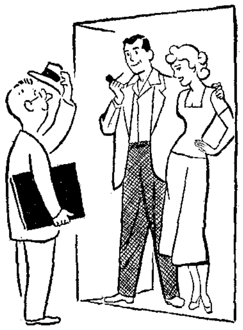

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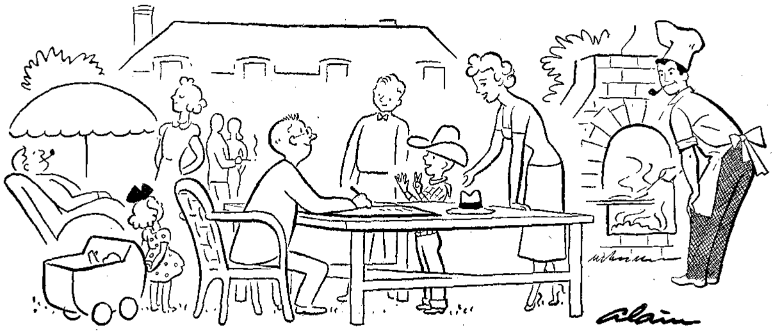

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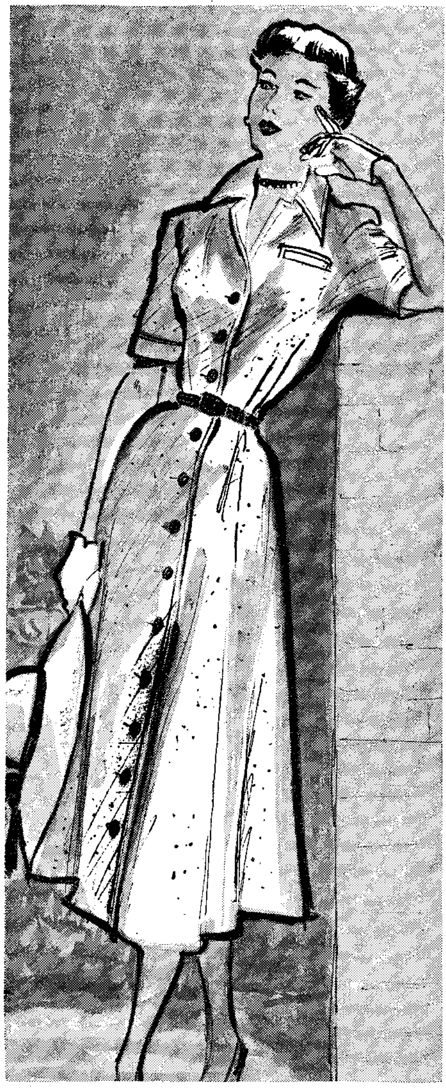

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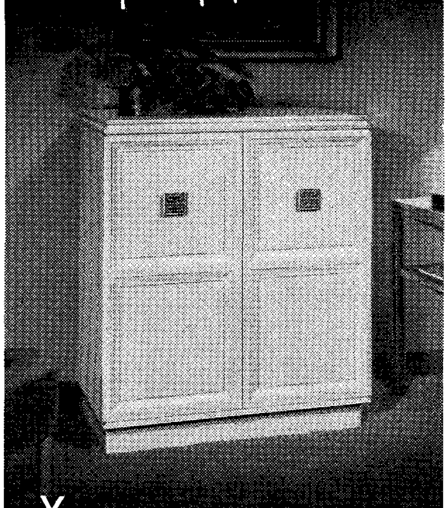
Mr. Bunn, whose attempt at escape ended when he was called back from New York to take a role in the family enterprises, is a compact man with a kind manner, a clipped mustache, and a rectangular profile. He led me to a desk in a corner of the banking room, as if we were going to discuss a small loan, and began to talk about Lincoln. He said he couldn't remember being so young that he hadn't heard about Lincoln. "Of course, there were any number of men and women around when I was a boy who remembered him," he said. I asked him if there had been any who had heard the famous debates and still held Douglas had been right, and he said no, adding, "Douglas was a man who would shift his course to get elected." Mr. Bunn told me that his grandfather had been a Lincoln man, and that he himself is a Republican, but a Lincoln Republican, having, for example, voted for Roosevelt in 1944 because the situation at the time reminded him of the one in 1864, when Lincoln warned against changing horses in the middle of the stream.

According to Mr. Bunn, there is only one person left in Springfield who claims to remember Lincoln—Mrs. R. F. Herndon (no relative of the old attorney), who is ninety-six now and was therefore only seven when Lincoln left Springfield for Washington. "She lived just a couple of blocks from the Lincoln house," Mr. Bunn said, "and she's sure that she remembers playing with Tad and Willie Lincoln and seeing their father when he called for them. It may be so, but I am inclined to think it's the excitement over Lincoln's *funeral*, in 1865, that she remembers. She was eleven then, and her parents might have asked her, when Lincoln died, whether she remembered how she used to play with Willie and Tad, and how Mr. Lincoln had called for them. Speaking of the funeral, the members of the Sangamon County Bar Association retrace the route of the hearse on foot every Lincoln's Birthday, from the old Statehouse, where the body lay, to the Tomb, in Oak Ridge Cemetery. They all wear their oldest clothes, to be humble and like Lincoln. It was the idea of a lawyer here named John Snigg, a great walker. By the way, you might drop in at his office and see him. He's a Herndon man."

I asked Mr. Bunn if the Bar Association's ritual wasn't somewhat like making the Stations of the Cross in sackcloth and ashes, and he said that there was an analogy, but that it



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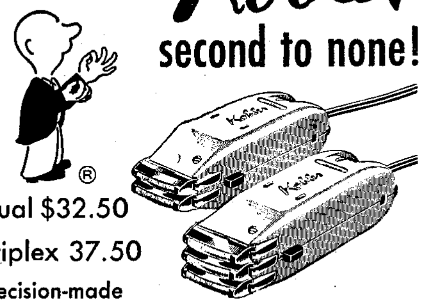

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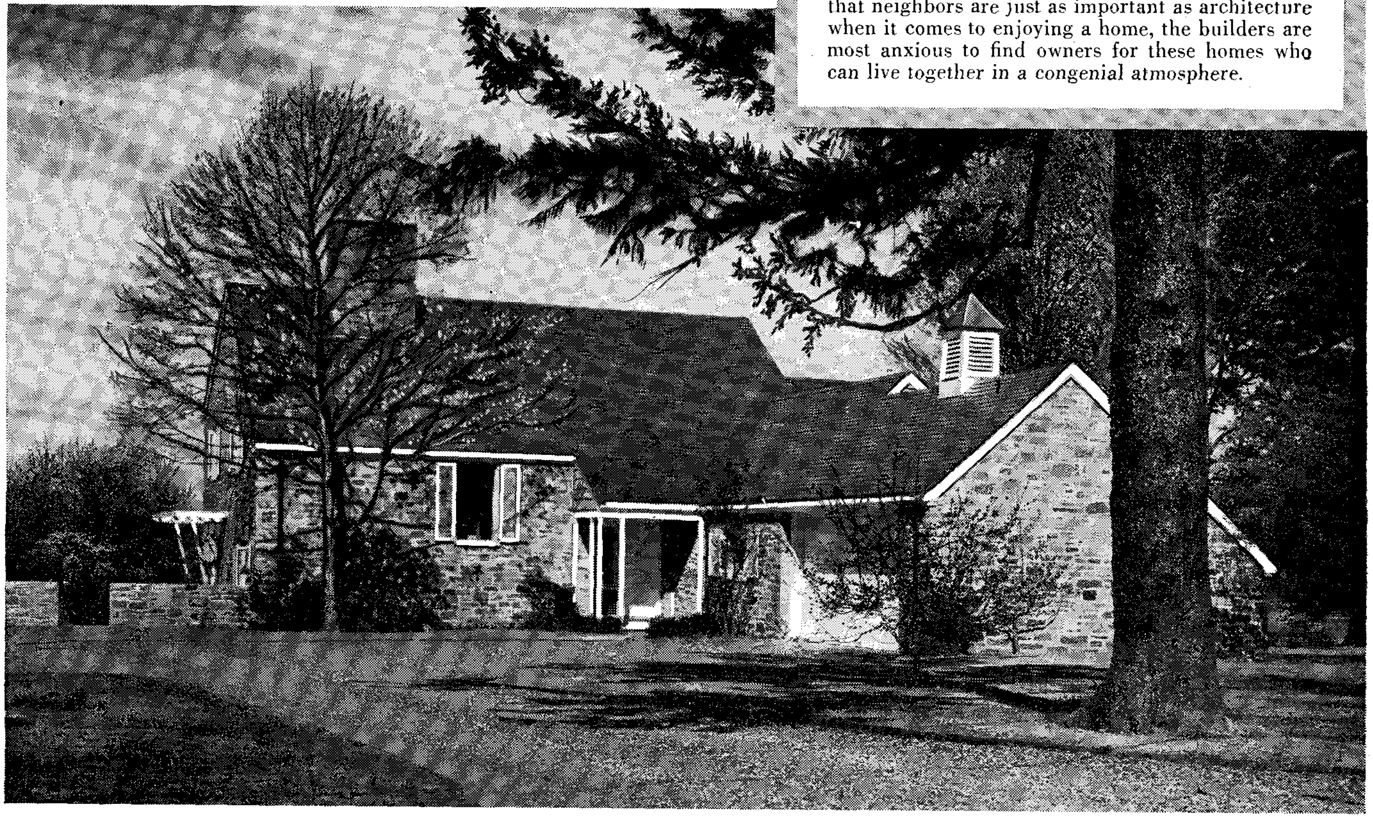

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shouldn't be carried too far. It isn't as though Lincoln had lived two thousand years ago, he pointed out. "Still, I suppose you might think we're developing something like a Passion Play, too," he said. "Every summer, the Abraham Lincoln Players, which is made up of people who live near the restored village of New Salem, puts on an outdoor performance of Robert Sherwood's 'Abe Lincoln in Illinois,' on the very hill where Lincoln lived from 1831 to 1837, when he was a young man hiring out as a boatman and keeping store and studying law, before he came to Springfield to set up in practice. New Salem was abandoned around 1839 and the people there moved to Petersburg, two miles away, but the cabins have been restored and it's a state park now. The cast of the play is made up of local people or else descendants of New Salem families. A couple of years ago, they had a great-grandniece of Ann Rutledge to play Ann. We have an assemblyman here in Springfield named William Horsley who looks a bit like Lincoln in his younger days, and he plays the title role. He has a slight inclination to play it between performances, too, but I guess that's natural. Horsley ought to last quite a few more years, with care, and then there'll be somebody else."

We went upstairs to the bank cafeteria for a cup of coffee. When we had seated ourselves at a table there, Mr. Bunn said that although Springfield people have always been ready to boast about Lincoln, they hadn't always kept Springfield the kind of city Lincoln would have been proud of. For some years before the election of 1948, he said, it was a wide-open gambling town, and the gamblers had been getting a grip on city and county politics. I consoled him with the reflection that this was nothing new; just the previous night, I had read in Angle's book that in 1834 Springfield had had a bad gambling situation. (I have since learned that Mr. Lincoln himself defended a number of gamblers in court.) "Well, in 1948 we elected a state's attorney [that would be a district attorney in New York] pledged to stop gambling," the banker said, "and he not only stopped the professionals but took the slot machines out of the Country Club and the Elks and the American Legion, and stopped the bingo games for the Catholic church. That may be going a little too far. I never play golf myself without having a small bet on every hole." He added that he had never heard whether or not Lincoln gambled,

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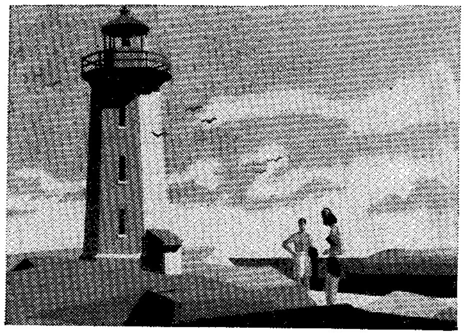

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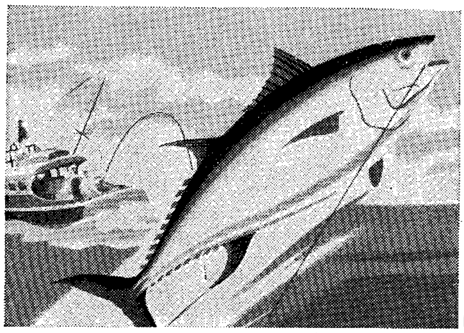

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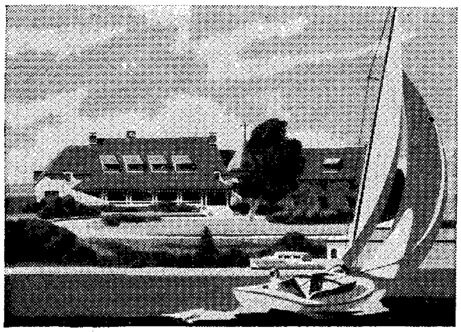

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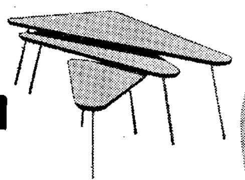

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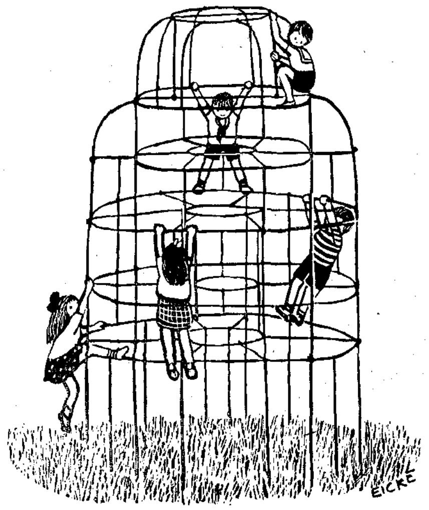
but that Lincoln had certainly been a cockfighter, and had wrestled Jack Armstrong to win a side bet for an employer. "It isn't so much the gambling as the bribery that goes with it that's bad," Mr. Bunn said. "I wonder what Lincoln would have thought of legalizing it."

After we had talked for a while about New York, a place in which, Mr. Bunn recalled, a young newcomer can get mighty lonely, he excused himself to keep a luncheon engagement, and I started back to my hotel. On the way, I decided that I might as well stop by to see Mr. Snigg, the Herndon man. His office, like that of the Abraham Lincoln Association, is in the First National Bank Building. I found him, a lean, limber man with the form and face of a determined pedestrian, seated at his desk in a determinedly plain room. "The important thing about Lincoln," he said when I had introduced myself, "is that he was a Springfield lawyer—a plain man. Thirty-five or forty years ago, they used to have a Lincoln Centennial Association here, and it would celebrate Lincoln's Birthday with a banquet in the Armory at twenty-five dollars a plate, and after the speeches everybody would get tight on champagne. Lincoln would have been ill at ease in such surroundings. They might have suited his wife, except that she would have been sore because only men were admitted to the banquet. She was a Todd with two 'd's. Abe used to say, 'One "d" is enough for God but not for the Todds.' Now, on Lincoln's Birthday, we make our pilgrimage wearing old clothes, in memory of his humility and early poverty, and do it walking, in memory of the many times he walked clean from New Salem to Springfield to borrow or return a lawbook of John Stuart's, his first teacher. Out at the cemetery, he lies among



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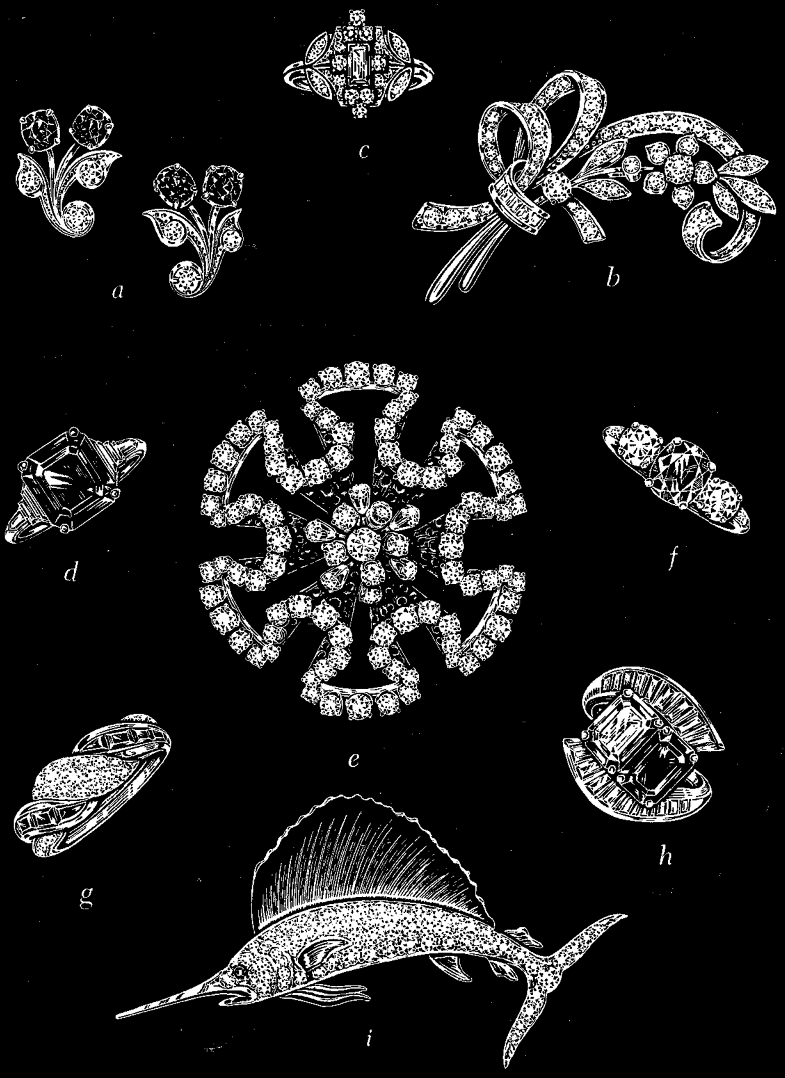

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the lawyers he knew—Stuart, Stephen T. Logan, and William H. Herndon, the Uncle Billy of beloved memory."

Mr. Snigg asked if I had been to see the Lincolns' home, and I replied that I had passed it but hadn't gone inside. "Bleak-looking place, isn't it?" he said. "Did you ever hear how she had an extra story put on it while he was away in Washington attending Congress?" No, I said, I really hadn't heard much about the domestic life of the Lincolns before I came to Springfield. The lawyer snickered. "Well," he said, "old Abe walked up to where he had left his house and didn't recognize it for a minute. Just then Mrs. Lincoln stuck her head out the window and yelled, 'What's the matter, you old fool? Don't you know your own house when you see it?' "

On leaving Mr. Snigg, I found that I had just about time to get back to the hotel and eat catfish before keeping my date with Mrs. Masters. She lives in a small, new house next to the home of a son and daughter-in-law, in the country-club part of the town. Her living-room walls are hung with vigorous, unacademic paintings, which their author introduced as "genuine Gertrude Masters." Mrs. Masters' painting is representational, but the abstractionists also interest her, she told me. Downstate Illinois as a whole, however, is not prepared for them, she said. Public response to a non-representational show put on by the Art Association a short time before in a one-story studio and gallery it has built onto the Edwards mansion had been unfortunate. "I could have strangled them," Mrs. Masters said. She also expressed a desire to strangle a man named Ivan Elliott, the Attorney General of Illinois, because five thousand dollars that somebody had bequeathed to the Art Association was tied up in such a way that the Association couldn't get the principal to spend on repairs. More than anybody else, however, Mrs. Masters said, she wanted to strangle the newspapermen who, on the occasion of Edgar Lee Masters' death, this spring, had revived in their obituaries the canard that he was destitute in his last years. "They said that he had been found starving in his room at the Hotel Chelsea, in New York, in 1944 and had been taken off to Bellevue Hospital," she told me. "Actually, he had pneumonia, and they took him to Bellevue because he had collapsed, and while he was there, they found he was suffering from malnutrition, too, be-

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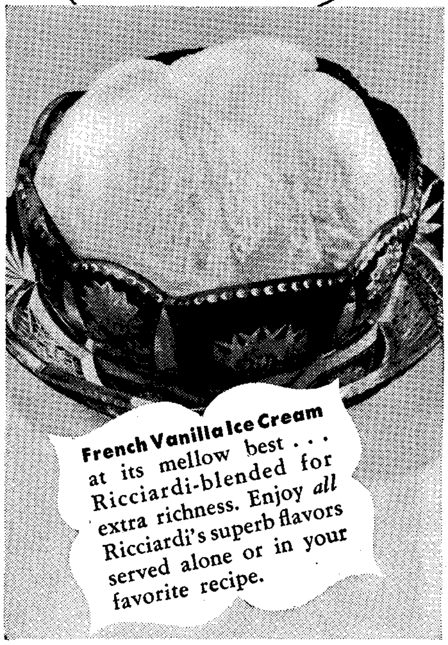
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cause he had been too cranky to eat regularly. He had money in the bank at the time and an uncashed check from Hollywood for the moving-picture rights to one of his old books. After he got out of the hospital, he wrote to all the papers and threatened to sue them, and they said they were very sorry for their mistake. And then, as soon as he died, they brought it up again. They just couldn't resist that picture of the starving poet abandoned in an attic."

We had a couple of drinks, and then Mrs. Masters drove me out to the Edwards mansion, which is in the northwest part of the city, now a region of railroad tracks and factories. As in most American cities, in Springfield a generation or so ago the fashionable people began moving out in all directions from the center of town to build their big new houses, and only a fraction of the area that was once smart has continued to be. The neighborhood in which Benjamin Edwards lived is not a part of that fraction, but, to judge from the size of his home, he must, in his day, have been a great swell. Mrs. Masters said that there was already a fairly large house on the property when Edwards and his wife moved there, in 1843, and that the couple had built on an addition that was much larger than the original. The result astonished me. It is a huge, angular structure of brick painted gray (sand brick, Mrs. Masters said, which had to be kept painted to preserve it), with four drawing rooms, which can be thrown into a single one, in a straight line through the center of the house. I had had no idea that anybody in downstate Illinois in the eighteen-forties lived so lavishly. Such a mansion would have surprised me less in nearby Missouri or Kentucky, where in those days there would have been household slaves to help maintain it. Successful attorney though Lincoln was, he never lived in Springfield on any such scale as his wife's brother-in-law's brother, and I pitied him for having an establishment of this kind in the family, to be held up to him as an example of what a husband might be expected to provide.

"Rosewood, Dresden china, family portraits by Healy," Mrs. Masters said. (Healy was a portraitist celebrated in the Middle West, where he arrived in a dead heat with the original first families.) "Quite a log cabin, isn't it?" She added that the members of the Art Association had been at work for forty years furnishing the place with appropriate Early Victorian pieces, and that the downstairs part probably looked as it

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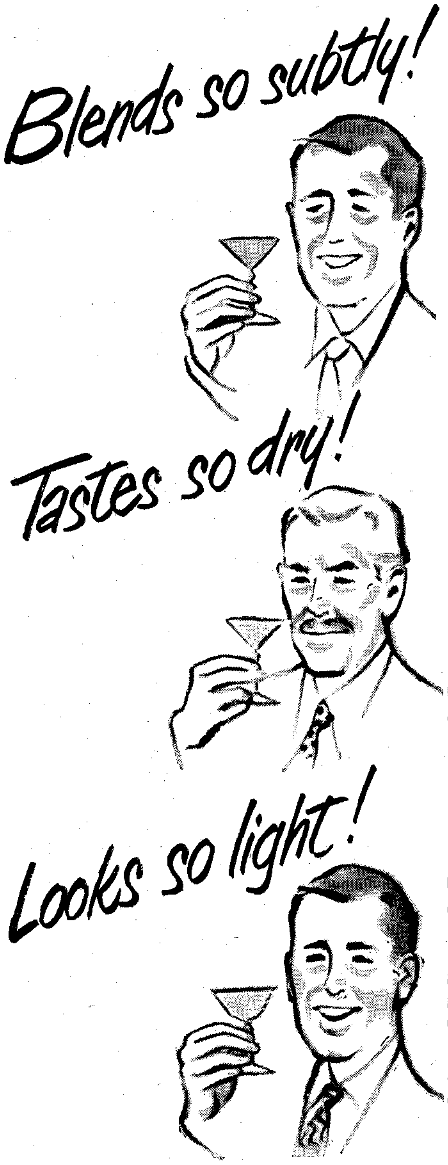
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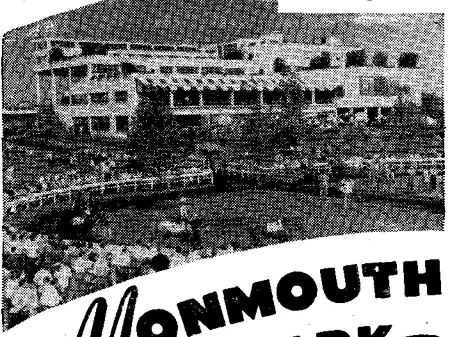
did in Edwards' day. "That haircloth with tufting is very hard to find," she said, pointing to a black sofa. "And those cathedral chairs! It's incredible. No wonder Mrs. Lincoln felt she had to guide him. He must have found all this hard to live up to." I said that I didn't think any man with legs as long as Lincoln's could be comfortable in a cathedral chair, especially in a house like this one, where, if he crossed them, he would probably knock over a glass bell full of stuffed hummingbirds. Mrs. Masters gave me a prefabricated smile and went on to show me a table with a marble top that was supported by a single black-mahogany pillar in the shape of a poodle before I had time to mention that Mr. Snigg had told me that Edwards had come out for Buchanan in 1856, and for Douglas in 1858 and again in 1860. Lincoln must have had a hard time at Sunday dinners at the Edwards place, listening to talk about not disturbing the sacred institution of slavery while his wife kicked at his too accessible ankles to keep him from starting a row.

Mrs. Masters said that her ambition is to complete the period-furnishing of the mansion. Nothing has been done upstairs as yet. "If we could get twenty-five thousand dollars from the state, we could do it," she said, "and then they could open it to the public for a small fee that would pay the cost of maintenance. It's a part of Lincoln's life in Springfield that outsiders don't think of, and it's just as much a part of him as a log cabin at New Salem." I said, and meant it, that I hoped she would get the money, remarking that it was a place that must have helped shape Lincoln's thinking. Naturally, I did not say how. After we had inspected another cord or two of rosewood, we went back to Mrs. Masters' and drank to the Edwards house as a *monument historique*.

THE next morning, before leaving Springfield, I went for a farewell stroll about the town. As I walked toward the square, I bethought myself of the building where Lincoln had had his law office, at the corner of Sixth Street and the square. Above the entrance on the Sixth Street side, leading to the offices over the store, I noticed a plaque stating that the firm of Logan & Lincoln had offices on the third floor from 1841 to 1843. Logan was Lincoln's second partner, I knew by this time. He was an able lawyer and, as the senior of the firm, a demanding partner; among the reasons Lin-



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coln quit him was that instead of preparing cases for someone else, Lincoln wanted to enjoy the luxury of having a junior prepare *his* cases. Lincoln had selected young Herndon for that role.

I walked up two flights of stairs and found myself in front of a door with a plate-glass window on which was inscribed the name of a firm of architects, S. J. Hanes & Son. The door was locked, but, looking through the glass, I could see an office at the far end of which a tall man wearing a green eyeshade was standing at a drawing board beside a window fronting on the square. There was a bell, and I rang it. The man didn't look up. I rang it again once or twice, and then, deciding that one so absorbed would resent being disturbed, I was about to go away. Just then the man raised his eyes and looked in my direction. He came to the door and opened it.

I judged that he was in his sixties and only an inch or two under Lincoln's six feet four. He had a long nose and a wide mouth, and his head and neck inclined forward slightly, as if from years spent standing at drawing boards. I introduced myself and told him that I had just walked up from the street to find out if there was anything of Lincoln's to be seen about the office. He didn't seem surprised; instead, he said that this was something that happened once a week, on an average, and that he always liked to chin about Lincoln. "But one thing I don't want you to do is consider me an authority," he said. "I'm no historical authority. All I know is what I've heard around here." I promised not to consider him an authority, and he shook my hand and asked me to be seated. "My name's Murray Hanes," he said. "My father moved into these offices in 1894, and I came along with him." I said I had hesitated to interrupt his work, and he replied, "Oh, I don't do much now—don't want any big jobs. I just came down here this morning to keep out of my wife's way. Didn't want to have breakfast with her. Don't want to see her until dinner." (It came out later that he meant noon dinner.)

I said that I had known other men who felt the same way at times, and that seemed to establish an understanding.

"Two fellows from *Life* magazine came in here a couple years ago to ask some questions, same as you're doing," Mr. Hanes said, "and I told them the same as I'm telling you—I'm no authority. 'What! You no authority?' one of the fellows says. 'Why, show

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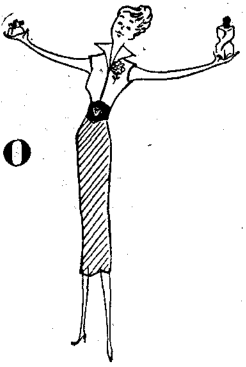

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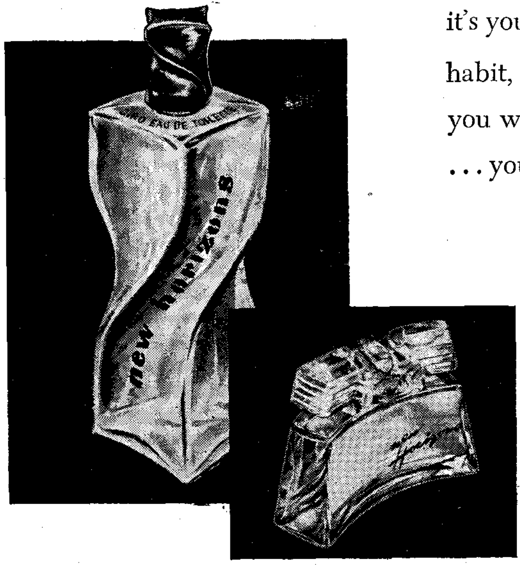

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him the books,' he says to the other fellow. He had the other fellow along just to carry books. The fellow puts six books down on the table and says, 'You're quoted as an authority in every one of these books.' 'Well,' I said, 'if they quoted me, they did it on their own responsibility.' *You're* not an authority, are you?" Mr. Hanes asked with sudden suspicion.

I assured him that I wasn't, and he looked relieved.

"One thing I don't like and Springfield don't like," he said, "is somebody to come in from the outside and tell us about Lincoln."

"Not me," I said.

"I'm trained as an architect," Mr. Hanes said, "and an architect don't put in a beam until he has worked out the structural formula of stress. It should be the same way with a historian. But I don't mind telling you what I've heard. My grandfather on my mother's side was old Judge Murray, who was Billy Herndon's last law partner, in the eighteen-eighties. So, naturally, I've heard a good deal. Old Billy and the old Judge used to talk about old Abe together, and then afterward my grandfather used to tell what Billy had told him. Some of the stories wouldn't bear repeating, but they were funny. The ladies didn't like old Abe, because he was always taking the men away to tell them dirty stories. He was a man that could always see the funny side of anything—and he had to, old Billy used to say. He had a cross to bear."

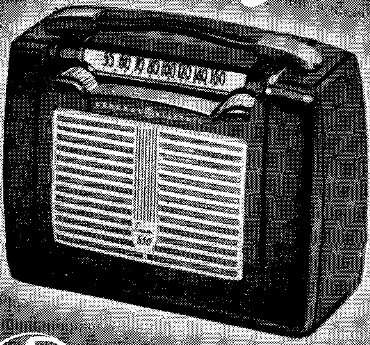
"You mean—"

Mr. Hanes nodded. "She was a wildcat," he said. "One of those Kentucky aristocrats, and I know how bad they can be. My grandmother was one of them—and oh, my!"

"There are people who think well of Mrs. Lincoln," I said.

"I know," Mr. Hanes conceded. "That was Robert Todd Lincoln's work. My grandfather had a presentation copy of Herndon's 'Lincoln'—the original edition, not the one they got out in 1891, after Robert had told them what to cut. I looked for the book in the old Judge's library after he died, and it was gone—and when my grandmother died, there was sixteen hundred dollars in one of her bankbooks that nobody could account for. What I always thought was Robert Lincoln bought it. He bought up every copy. You can't find a first edition of that book anywhere."

After a pause, Mr. Hanes continued, "When my father moved into this place, there was a staircase in about the same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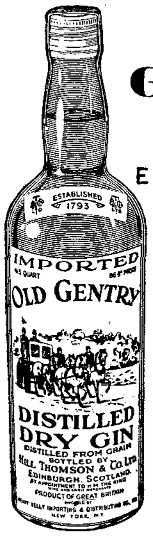

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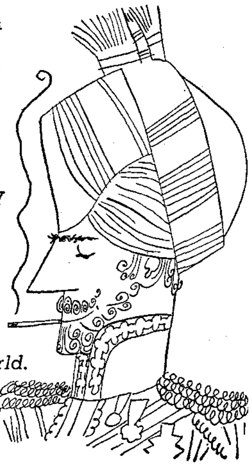
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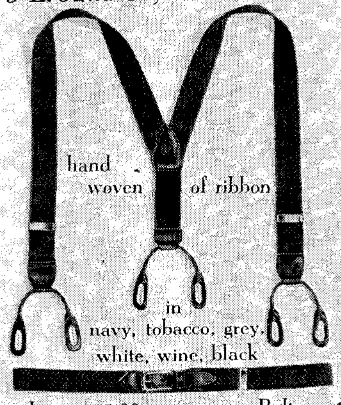

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position as the one you came up. The building has been altered several times since. It was built in 1839. There are only two others on the square, besides the Courthouse, that Lincoln could ever have seen—the one next door and the Robinson Building, at the corner of Fifth Street. Anyway, one time they tore out the old staircase and put in some front stairs. Then, when they changed the store floor, they tore out the front stairway and built a new one where the original one had been. Well, I remember the first staircase, and in back of it there was a little room with a bed and a washstand in it. There was an old colored man that took care of the building used to sleep there. He had been here a long time before we ever came, and he used to like to talk about how he had run errands for Mr. Lincoln and Mr. Logan and Mr. Herndon. That sign you see just says Logan & Lincoln. It doesn't say that after Logan moved out, Lincoln & Herndon stayed here, and nobody knows just when they moved away. Paul Angle used to be a neighbor of mine and he once tried to look it up for me. He sent me a letter saying that an advertisement in a newspaper showed Lincoln & Herndon were still here in 1849, but how much longer than that they stayed he never could find out. Well, you know how colored people and kids are—they like each other. So I got very friendly with this old man, and one day he said to me he had something to be proud of. 'I sleep in Mr. Lincoln's bed every night,' he said. 'My room is the room where Mr. Lincoln used to sleep on nights he didn't dast go home.' "

I asked Mr. Hanes what had happened to the bed, and he said he didn't know. "It was a long iron bed that looked awful old to me even then, and the mattress had a hollow in the middle," he said. "Now, maybe the old boy was just making it up, but it sounds logical old Abe had some place to hole up in. I used to like to imagine him sitting up at that front window, with his feet on the window sill, looking out at the square and telling those stories. Or out the side window, here, seeing who was going in and out of the American House, across the street. That was the swell hotel of Springfield in the forties, but it has been torn down since."

Mr. Hanes told me that most of the present office furniture had been in the place when his father moved in but that he didn't know for certain if any of the pieces had been there during Lincoln's tenancy. "But that table," he said,

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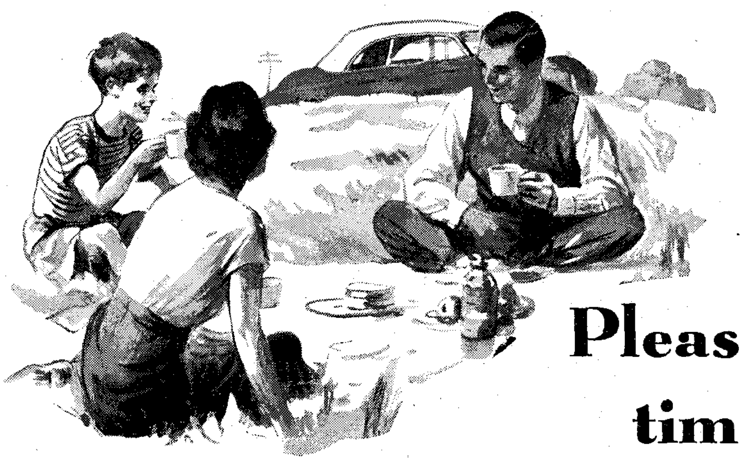

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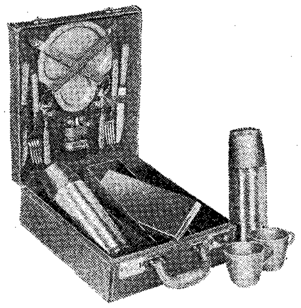

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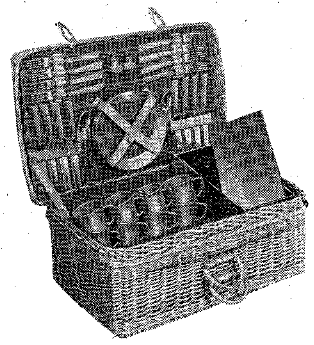

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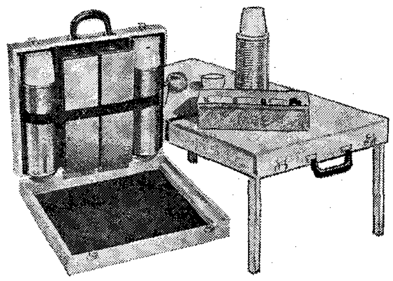

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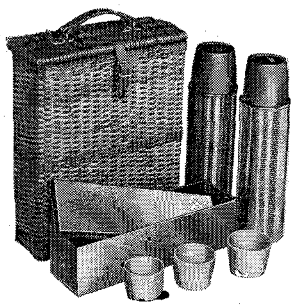

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pointing to a plain, narrow wooden one in the rear of the office, "is the table he wrote the speech on—'A house divided against itself cannot stand.' And that chair is one he used to sit on as he worked. I know because my father was the architect who raised up the old Statehouse and put the extra story in underneath. While he was doing that, they cleaned out a lot of the old offices there, including one Lincoln used to use, and anybody was welcome to the furniture, so Dad took the table and the chair."

I asked Mr. Hanes if he knew of any Rutledges around Springfield or Petersburg, and he said indeed he did. "I was engaged to a girl in college, and a fellow named Rutledge got her away from me," he told me. "That proves they're still a fascinating family."

Mr. Hanes called my attention to several portrait photographs of Lincoln on the walls of the office, all showing him beardless, as he was until he left Springfield. "That's the picture I like," he said, singling one out. "The Smiling Lincoln. That's the way he must have looked when he was thinking of one of those stories. I made a Lincoln Christmas card last year—make a card every year. I modelled it on the face of the Smiling Lincoln. But mine came out more like a satyr. The quotation I used was this: 'Our reliance is in the love of liberty which God has planted in our bosoms.' "

I said that it was a mighty fine quotation, and added that I must be going, for it was half past twelve.

"My God, is it?" said Mr. Hanes, jumping up and grabbing his hat. "I don't want to be late for dinner, or Mrs. Hanes will be angry."

This, it occurred to me as we walked down the stairs together, was a moment that might have made the Smiling Lincoln laugh.

—A. J. Liebling

•

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A treacherous partisan in strife
Of rooted with unrooted life,
I hold the hissing spray that throws
Upon the stained and riddled rose
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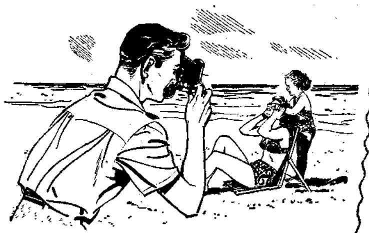

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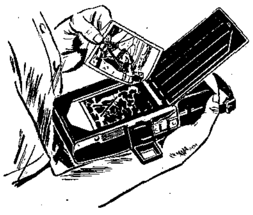

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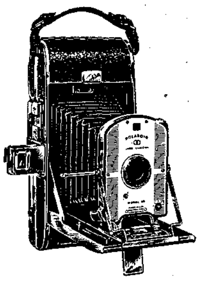

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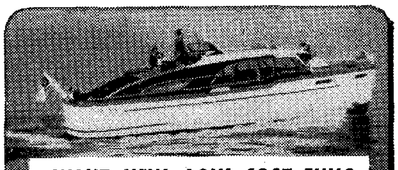

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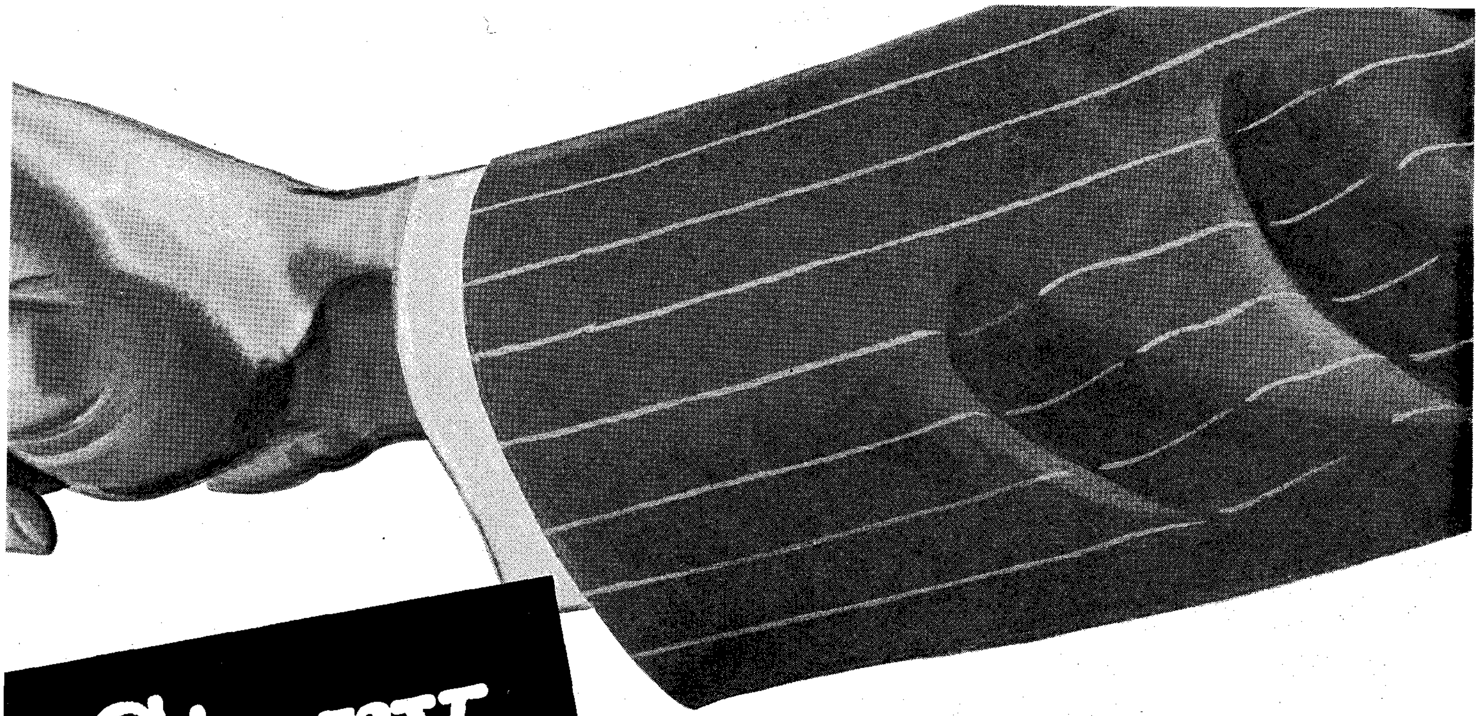
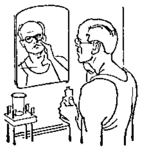


Story

BEHIND THE PRODUCT

DISCOVERY WHILE SHAVING

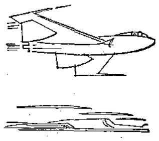


To a certain Alcoa metallurgist, the past few weeks' research seemed futile indeed as he faced his shaving mirror one morning in the late twenties. This problem was a sticker: Army and Navy planes demanded a new kind of aluminum; just as strong, but far more impervious to salt spray and weather . . . Suddenly, as he squeezed the last bit of shaving cream from the tube, a message flashed. Of course! This was it! He wrapped the empty tube around his finger. Yes . . . a core of strong aircraft alloy . . . like this. An outer layer of pure, highly corrosion-resistant aluminum . . . like this!

Hastening to the laboratory, he tried out his new idea in the experimental mill. It worked! Tests proved it to be everything he hoped it would be. Then he collared the big boss roller in Alcoa's sheet mill. Quickly, he explained how this new, more useful form of aluminum was to be made.

"Can you roll it, Dan?" the metallurgist asked anxiously.

"Sure we can roll it!" grinned the big, capable man in overalls. Soon a sheet ingot of high-strength alloy, sandwiched between two thinner slabs of almost pure aluminum, was slamming through the shining rolls. It grew wider, thinner at every pass—a sandwich, welded by the tons of pressure into a single unit. Finally, there emerged a new, protected kind of aluminum sheet.



We called it "Alclad" Aluminum. And it came to be a mighty factor in America's air power. Most military and civil planes wear this strong shining skin.

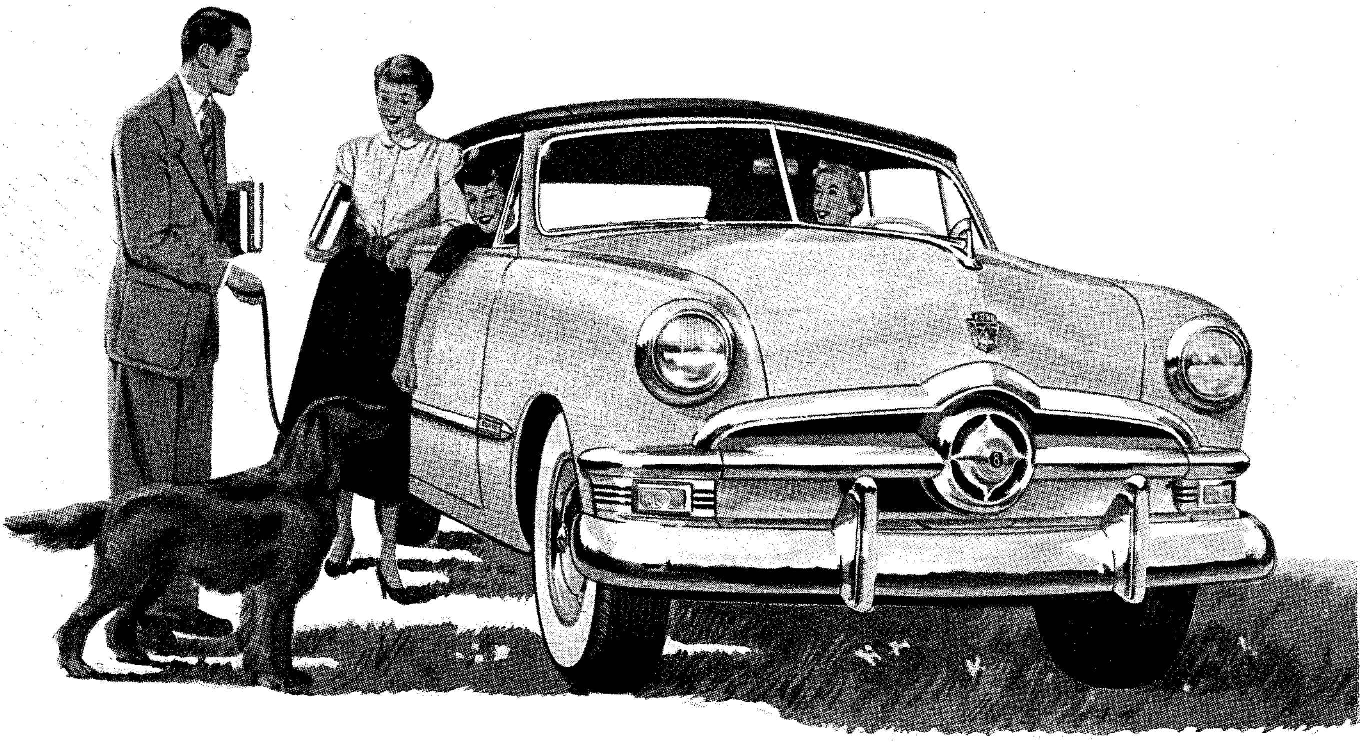
We learned to make it into rods and tubing, even to draw it into fine wire. And thus, among many other things, a better kind of screening was born.

Moral

FOR THINKING PEOPLE

KIND OF A CAPSULE *lesson in our way of life, this story of Alcoa. Because free competition demands constant improvement, Alcoa stockholders backed this metallurgist and his fellow researchers, until their perseverance found the answer. Others stood ready, in plants, sales offices and management, to introduce the new Alclad products. After 18 years, this better product is still creating new jobs, and helping America toward better living, in home, farm, and industry. Seems like a good system for all concerned.* ALUMINUM COMPANY OF AMERICA, *1797F Gulf Building, Pittsburgh 19, Pa.*

ALCOA



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WHEN over a quarter-million families are two-Ford families, there must be a reason! And there are many! They are sold on the convenience of two cars in general and the economy of the Ford in particular!

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"Test Drive" a '50 Ford at your Dealer's today. The car you now own may well provide the down payment on two new '50 Fords!

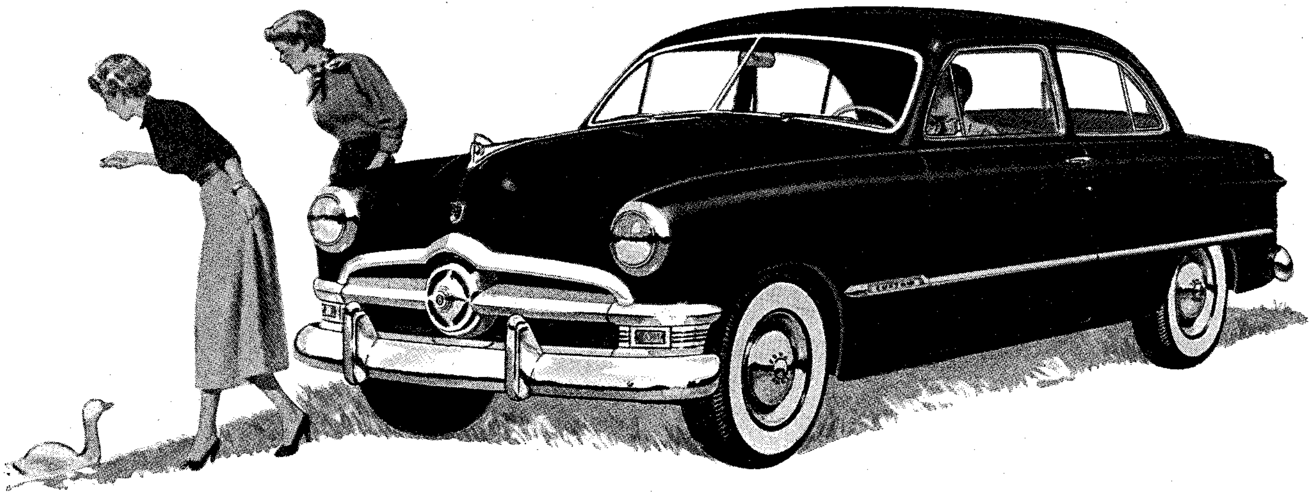
The '50 FORD Convertible

Nothing is smarter, nothing more fun to drive. Your choice of fabric-and-leather or all-leather upholstery and 11 different body colors. And the top goes up or down in seconds, automatically.

There's a Ford in your future...with a future built in

The '50 FORD Tudor Sedan

A "personal" car with all Ford quality features! Mid Ship Ride! Lifeguard Body! 35% easier-acting King-Size Brakes! And a Deep Deck Luggage Locker that holds all the bags and baggage!



OF ALL THINGS

GOVERNOR WARREN's promising showing in the California primaries has started people saying that he will be a strong contender for the Republican Presidential nomination in 1952. He may prove to be one of those quadrennial kill-joys who always spoil conventions for Robert A. Taft.

•

The Committee for Economic Development predicts that the buying power of the American people will double in the next thirty years. It seems odd that these cheerful economists are not long-haired professors but short-haired businessmen.

•

G.O.P. members of Congress failed in their attempt to put an end to rent control. They made a good try, however, as the Democrats will generously point out in the fall campaign.

•

A strange post-mortem fame has come to the magazine *Amerasia*. Everybody is talking about it now, although it was on practically nobody's tongue while it was alive.

•

Senate investigators have rediscovered the old truth that you can't beat the horse races. The bettor is always caught between dumb animals and smart humans.

•

New York's much-publicized reservoirs at this writing hold about ninety-four per cent of capacity. Credit for this improved situation is shared by rain-makers, coöperative citizens, and Old Man Pluvius.

•

After a long holdout, the Netherlands government has bowed to the Mary Mapes Dodge story of the Dutch boy who plugged the dike with his finger. A statue of the brave lad has been erected in Haarlem at the spot where it would have happened if it had.

•

A flagrant case of cruelty to children was recently disclosed in the town of Teaneck, New Jersey. Teen-age kids were barred from the local movie theatre for a while merely because the little fellows kept trying to burn the place down. —HOWARD BRUBAKER

(*Advertisement*)

memo on vacations

Remember O. Henry's story of the U. S. consul in one of the rainy banana-republics who needed footwear? He telegraphed the State Department for a pair of gum boots. A week or so later, two gunboats steamed belligerently into the harbor, decks cleared for action.

Mistakes will happen. But if you should get to your vacation spot this summer and find yourself without some essential piece of clothing, you can rely on Wallachs to fill your order accurately as well as rapidly.

Last year, one customer set off for a lakeside cabin and somehow ended up at a rather swanky hotel where dressing for dinner was *de rigueur*. Unabashed, he wired us his measurements and we had a complete summer formal outfit on the way to him that night. Told us later that everything fitted perfectly and that he had the time of his life.

We don't recommend living that dangerously, you understand. Far better, drop in at Wallachs well ahead of time. You'll find a really fine selection and the prices, as always, are very reasonable.

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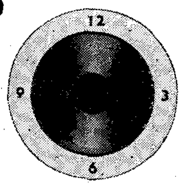

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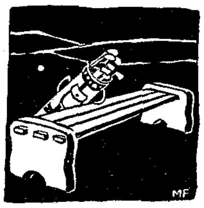
TEE AND GREEN

Numbers Game



FOR those who enjoy watching good golf and fiddling with problems in simple arithmetic, the Palm Beach Round Robin Golf Tournament, which took place last weekend over the Wykagyl Country Club course, in New Rochelle, is a peculiarly happy affair. Strictly speaking, the Palm Beach show (until this year, it was called the Goodall Round Robin; the name was changed because the clothes-manufacturing concern that stages it changed *its* name from G. to P.B.) is, as you may know, neither match nor medal play but a mélange of the two, in which sixteen invited professionals compete in five foursomes so arranged that by the end each man in the field has played eighteen holes against every other contestant. Results are figured not in strokes but in points, plus or minus: If a given foursome comes in with a 70 and three 72s, the player with the 70 is given a plus 6 and the 72s are each marked minus 2. Obviously, under such a scheme, the player with the best medal score doesn't necessarily finish at or near the top. Jimmy Demaret, the Ojai, California, fashion plate, for instance, had a three-under-par 69 on Friday afternoon and was minus 3 for the round, because his foursome included Lloyd Mangrum, of Niles, Illinois, with a 65; Arthur Bell, Jr., of San Francisco, with a 68; and Fred Haas, Jr., of New Orleans, with a 71. On the other hand, Cary Middlecoff, the quondam dentist from Memphis, had a 72 on Saturday and wound up plus 6, because his opponents for the afternoon were Haas, 76; Herman Barron, of White Plains, 70; and Jack Burke, Jr., also of White Plains, 76. In the final standings, Lawson Little, of Del Monte, California, took second place, with a score of plus 20, although his ninety-hole medal-play total was bettered by four others.

Mangrum, who won handily, with thirty-seven points to his credit, thoroughly deserved the three-thousand-dollar first-prize money. He was the only one in the field to play each of his five rounds in sub-par figures, and his 65 in Saturday's near-gale winds was a fine performance indeed. His driving, the only part of his game that is ever uncer-

COOL SUMMER PLANNING for your city life… crisp and dashing checked cotton piqué! Scooped-out neckline, nice full skirt, all the social attributes. Black with white, red or green. Sizes 10-16. And imagine, it's a mere…………… **17.95**

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tain, was long and straight throughout, and his putting was as shrewd and nerveless as always. Whirring movie cameras, friends calling boisterously to one another across the green while he's putting, gallery marshals shouting at the noisemakers to be quiet—all occurrences of inordinate frequency at Wykagyl last week—don't seem to disturb him in the least. Such concentration is a big asset in an event in which a lot of money sometimes depends on the sinking of a two-foot putt. If Mangrum can keep his game at its present high pitch, I'd say he has close to an even chance to win the Professional Golfers Association Championship at Columbus, Ohio, due to wind up early next week. At any rate, with Ben Hogan passing up the P.G.A. in favor of a rest, Mangrum will be the man to beat.

ON the whole, Hogan's play at Wykagyl was good. After two lackadaisical rounds of 76 and 77, during which he appeared more tired than he had during the playoff that resulted in his great victory in the National Open Championship, at Ardmore, Pennsylvania, the week before, he turned in a creditable 211, five under par, for his final three tours of the course. He came to the wise conclusion, or so it seems to me, that the Columbus grind, coming so soon after the Open, was not for him. The Open requires as exhausting an expenditure of physical and nervous energy as anything in modern sport, and the P.G.A. isn't much easier. In the Open, Hogan demonstrated to everyone's satisfaction that he is almost completely recovered from the automobile accident that nearly cost him his life seventeen months ago and is once more the best golfer in the world. He can afford very well to sit the Columbus tournament out. The Palm Beach tournament was really a vacation for him. Since all the entrants were assured of a share of the prize money, and the kudos involved in winning it is comparatively slight, the pressure was almost nil.

Hogan's idea of what constitutes a rest is perhaps not everybody's. Asked if he'd do a little gardening, or read, or just sit around, he looked quite shocked. "Why, no," he said. "I'll practice, of course, and I'll play—but just friendly matches." —P. W. W., JR.

•

A THOUGHT FOR THIS WEEK
[*Headline in the Decatur (Ill.) Herald & Review*]

SOME MARRIED
PEOPLE HAPPY

AQUEDUCT
THE TRACK THAT'S NEAREST TO TOWN
AQUEDUCT
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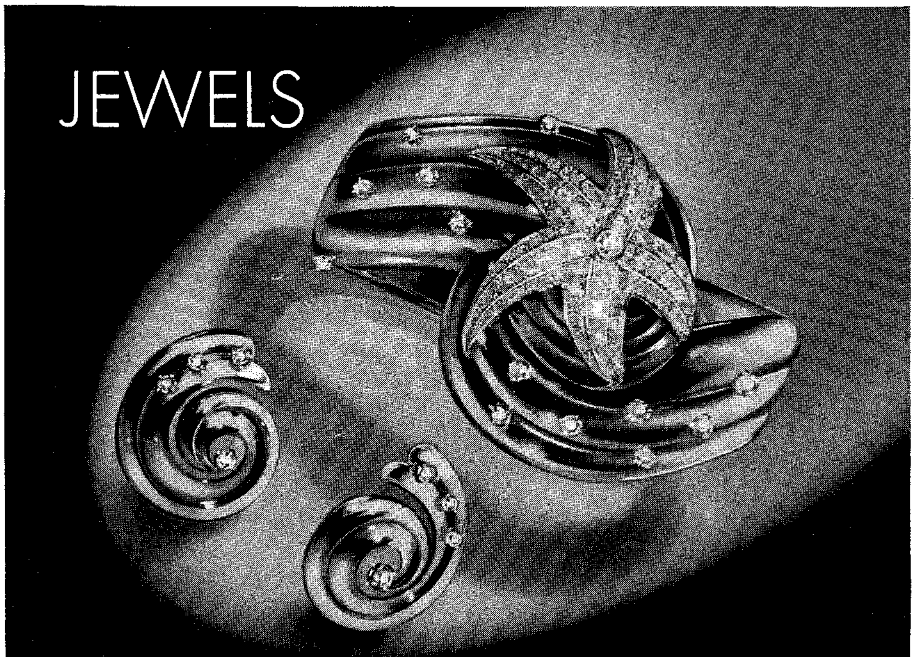
THROUGH JULY 4
Sat., June 24, **The $40,000 Dwyer**
Sat., July 1, **The $20,000 Carter H'cap**
JULY 4, **The $50,000 Brooklyn H'cap**
Special trains: Lv. Penna. Station at short intervals from 11:10 A.M. & Flatbush Ave., Bklyn. from 10:45. SAT. ONLY: from 10:45 both stations.
Daily Double Closes 12:55 P.M.

First Race
1:15 P.M.
Grandstand
$1.60
(tax incl.)
Children Not Admitted



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BRACELET, a diamond starfish on a wave-like swirl of yellow gold, diamond-studded, $2040 including Federal Tax

EARCLIPS, flattering shell-inspired swirls of yellow gold, also studded with diamonds, $540 including Federal Tax

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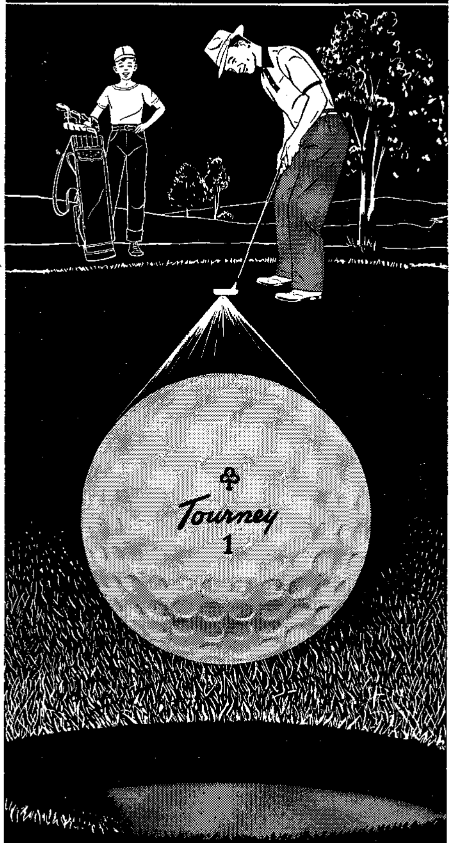

GET YOUR GOLF GAME ON THE HIT PAR-ade

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THE GOLF BALL BUILT FOR DISTANCE, ACCURACY, DURABILITY

Next time you play, buy some MacGregor TOURNEYS from your pro. You'll never play any other ball with as much confidence. You'll be on golf's Hit PAR-ade!

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For more than half a century, makers of America's finest golf equipment.

NOTIONS

WHEN I was a boy, there were six general stores in my small northern Louisiana home town, which could barely support half that number. They sat in a bleak row along a wide, unpaved street opposite the Missouri Pacific Railroad tracks. All except one had false fronts, which deceived no one into believing they were two-story structures. The forthright exception was the first in the row, a long and narrow whitewashed one-story frame building with a gable roof, which squatted against a gentle hillside like a dog on its haunches. It was owned and operated by a kindly, stooped old man named C. C. Roark. The initials stood for Christopher Columbus.

There were two peculiar things about Mr. Roark. One was that he and Mrs. Roark had been married for many years and had no children. At that time (I was about ten), I did not know it was possible to be old and married and childless, and I assumed that their children had grown up, married, and moved away. Later on, my grandfather told me different, and some time after that I heard the older boys of the town lewdly speculating on the reason for the old couple's childlessness. The other peculiar thing was that Mr. and Mrs. Roark lived in the rear of the store. All the other merchants and their families lived in houses well apart from their place of business.

Actually, the Roark living quarters were quite separate from the store, except that the same roof covered both. There was not even a connecting door. Each weekday morning, rain or shine, Mr. Roark emerged from his home at the rear and walked around to the front of the store, climbed a steep flight of stairs to a high porch, and unlocked the double doors with a large, fat key. Near the back end of the long building, and at one side, there was a narrow porch recessed under the eave. That was the entrance to the "house." Inside, it was like any other one-story dwelling, with a living room, bedroom, dining room, and kitchen, and it was hard to realize that just beyond a wall was a general store.

One reached the porch through a picket gate and a yard full of flowers. The porch itself and the swing that was its only furnishing were almost entirely obscured in summer by a screen of broad-leafed vines. One of my chores as a boy was to deliver twice a week to Mrs. Roark a pound of butter and a dozen eggs from my grandparents' farm. In the hot months, I timed my

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VICHYSSOISE
CREAM SOUP
It's Captivating Everyone
Never before has a soup become so quickly the rage. Its intriguing, delightfully different flavor is the inspired answer to summer dining. Garnish with chives or parsley and serve chilled.
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WARD and ROME
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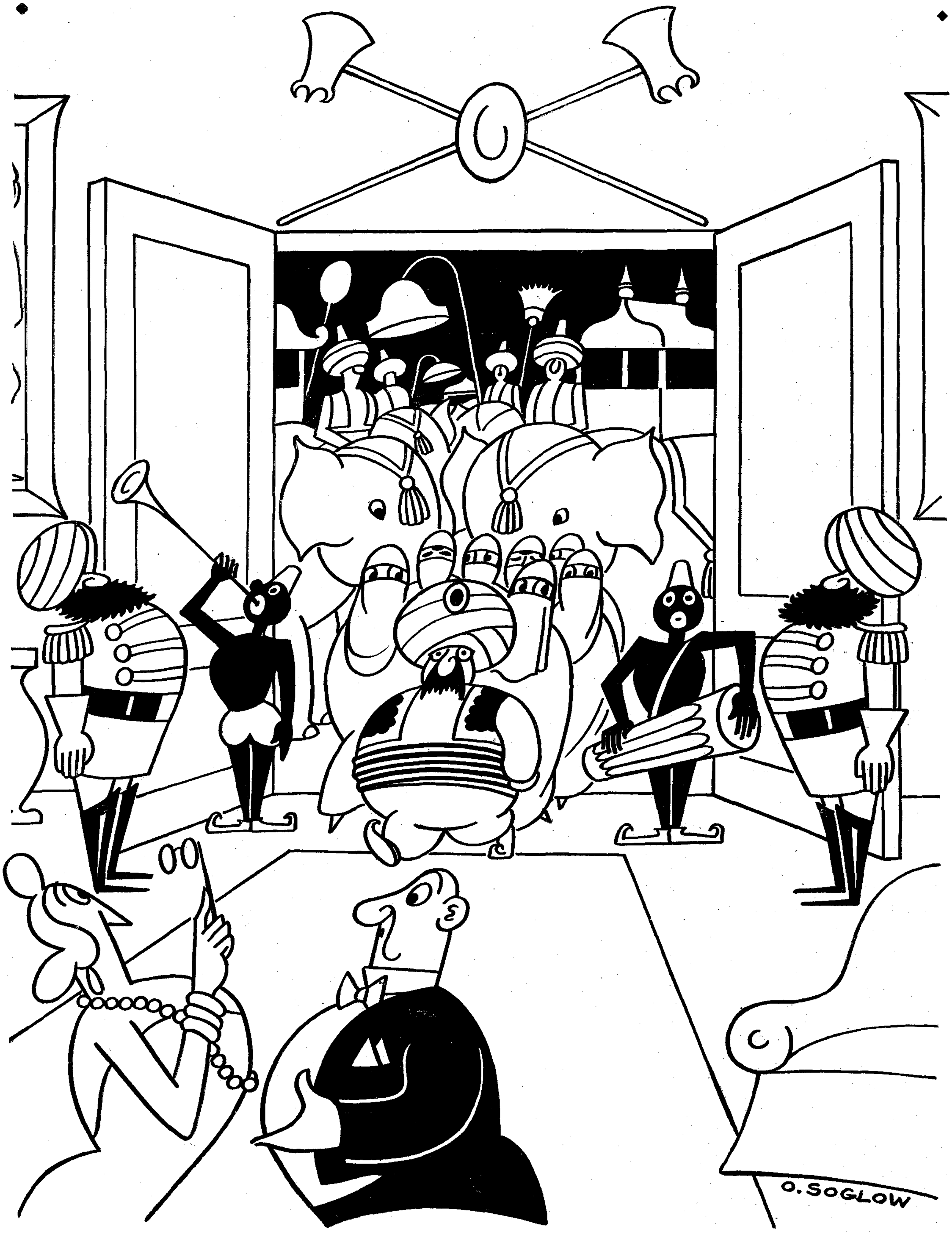

"But my dear, all I told him was to bring his wife around for a Gin-and-Tonic with Schweppes Quinine Water next time he was in town."

(Advertisement)

Someone lovely has just passed by!

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PARFUM AND EAU DE TOILETTE FROM $3.00

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delivery to coincide with Mrs. Roark's afternoon nap, so that I would have an excuse to sit for a while on the cool, quiet porch, where yellow sunlight was tinted by the green leaves.

After her nap, Mrs. Roark usually found me daydreaming there and exclaimed, "Why, Marion, you naughty child, you've let my butter get all runny." I did not take her scolding seriously, because she was a grandmotherly soul, a fact I considered odd when I learned she had never been even a mother, much less a grandmother. She always asked me in for refreshments, most often teacakes and milk. Occasionally, there would be a bottle of pop from the store, and I liked that better, because milk was no treat to a farm boy. After my repast I would go around to the store with Grandmother's shopping list to take out in trade the amount due for the eggs and butter.

On the high porch, at the left of the entrance, there was a window on which was painted

C. C. ROARK
DRY GOODS

with the strip of wood that held the windowpanes in place running down the middle and separating the words into two groups. To the right of the entrance, on a similar window, was the lettering

C. C. ROARK
NO TIONS

That second window puzzled me for a long time. I didn't know what "tions" were, and, whatever they might be, I couldn't understand why Mr. Roark felt obliged to advertise that he had none. I was ashamed to ask anyone, because nobody else remarked upon the curious sign, and I didn't want to appear ignorant. I looked the word up in a dictionary, but all I found was "-tion," a suffix pronounced "(-shŭn)." And though I examined the sign anew each time I went to the store, it remained the profoundest of mysteries.

ONE day, after I had been making deliveries to Roark's for more than a year, my grandmother sent me there for a spool of No. 60 black cotton thread. Mr. Roark shook his head and said, "Sorry, sonny, I'm all out of Number Sixty. Do you suppose your grandmother could make do with the Fifty?"

I said I didn't know. The fact was I didn't know the difference between 50 and 60, but I wasn't letting on that I didn't.

"Well, take her the Fifty," he said, "and if she can't use it, you can bring

Bermuda Shorts for Men. These popular shorts, cut on the British pattern, are ideal for sports and country wear. Made of crease-resistant Moygashel linen (from Ireland), in a choice of colors: white, navy, natural or gray. Sizes 28 to 42. $16.95.

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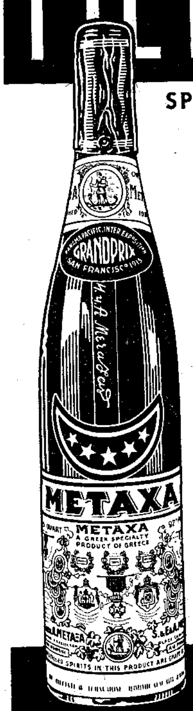

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BROOKLYN—NEW YORK

it back." He put the spool in a paper bag and, by way of apology or prepayment for the extra trip I might have to make, handed me a striped stick of peppermint candy from the bottom of a glass jar. As he did so, he looked forlornly around the store, and I became aware for the first time that its shelves and counters were half empty. He seemed so sad and resigned that at last I found courage to ask the question that had long bothered me.

"Mr. Roark, why do you advertise that you have no tions?"

He looked at me vaguely. "What did you say?"

I pointed to the window. "No tions. It says so there on the window."

He stared at the sign. From inside the store the second line read

SNOIT ON

and I examined it backward and forward. Suddenly, I saw in my mind's eye the dictionary line "-tion (-shŭn)," and I understood. I felt so foolish that I wanted to run out of the store, but Mr. Roark's continued puzzlement gave me a chance to recover. I managed to laugh.

"I was just joking, Mr. Roark," I said. "The way that word is separated, when I was little I used to think it said 'No tions,' and I wondered why you had no tions."

Mr. Roark smiled and nodded. "I can see how a little fellow might get mixed up," he said. He became sad again. "I guess I ought to fix that sign to read, 'No Notions.' I haven't had any notions in stock for a long time—or much of anything else. In fact, I guess maybe I better fix the other one to say, 'No Dry Goods.' "

He never did anything about the signs, of course, or about the merchandise, either. As I have said, the town couldn't support all of its stores, and the childless Mr. Roark was old and had scarcely any incentive to continue the competition. The dwindling of his stock was timed nicely. When, a month or so later, Mr. and Mrs. Roark died, within a couple of weeks of each other, the store shelves contained only a few sacks of flour and two or three bolts of calico. I don't know what became of them. —M. C. BLACKMAN

•

BURKE'S PEERINGS

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Burke picks *Quick's* books,
Then takes *Look's* looks.

—CAP

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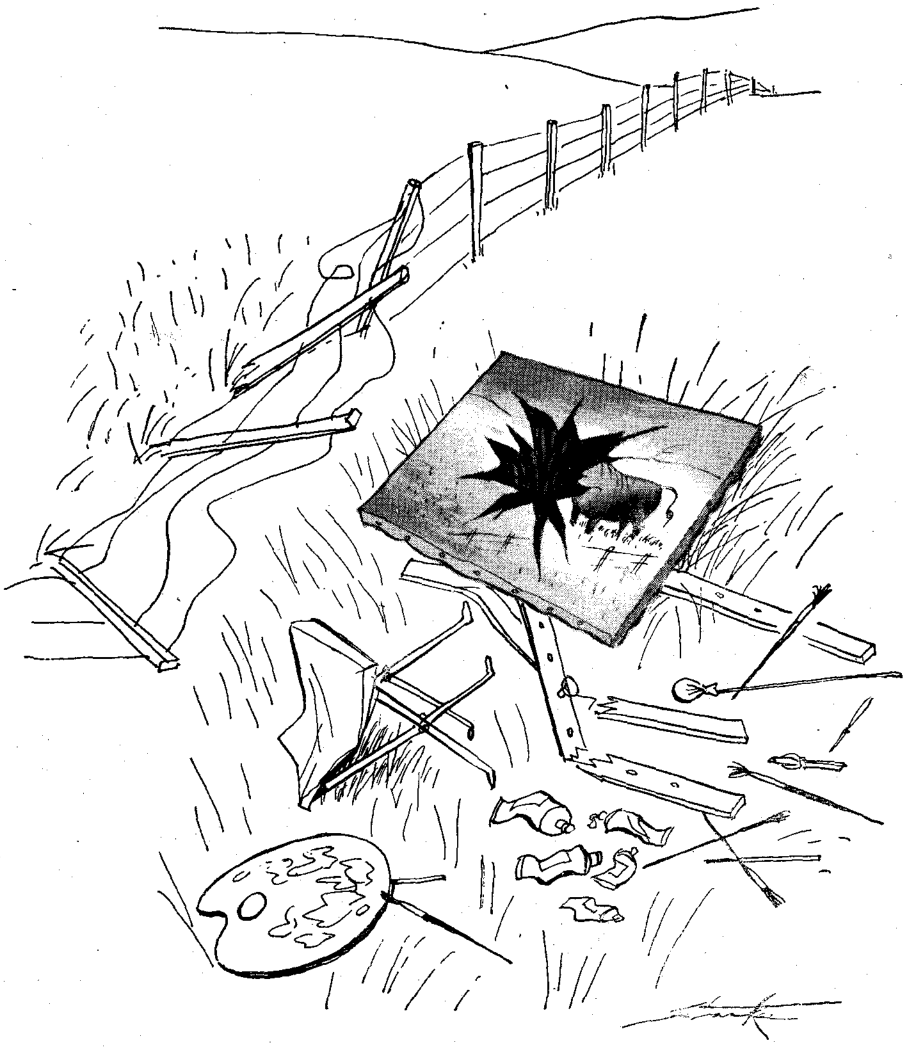
A REPORTER AT LARGE

MINGLE!

ONE evening not long ago, I sat with about eighty other people in a large, dim Greenwich Village loft, listening to Dr. Murray Banks lecture on "How to Turn Your Dreams Into Reality." Most of the people in the audience had arrived alone. Their ages, I should say, ranged from the late twenties to the middle forties, and there were more women than men. They had come together, in the words of the man who introduced Dr. Banks, to add to their general knowledge of life and to use this knowledge to add to their personal happiness by mingling with the right kind of people in a pleasant and cultured atmosphere. Dr. Banks is a tubby young man, but a dynamic one; he resembles a youthful Dr. Dolittle. He added to everyone's general knowledge of life with an hour-and-a-quarter speech consisting of jokes interlarded with stern, if not very specific, psychiatric advice. The audience was delighted by the jokes and impressed by the advice, and afterward asked many questions. Dr. Banks answered these in the spirit in which they were asked. "Can I give myself a Rorschach test?" one man inquired anxiously. "There is no one here who cannot improve himself," Dr. Banks answered. After the questions, the audience repaired to a refreshment stand at one end of the room for cookies and orange juice while the chairs were cleared away. Most of the women flocked around Dr. Banks, and the men stationed themselves expectantly nearby. As soon as the refreshments had disappeared, dance music started up over a public-address system, and the real business of the evening began. Directly or sidewise, depending on the degree of desperation, the men advanced upon the women to ask them to dance. And the women, eager and overdressed, posed hopefully around the room, awaiting the chance to prove that here, in a pleasant and cultured atmosphere, they could at last begin to add to their personal happiness.

Every night of the week, there is a lecture-dance somewhere in New York. Most such events are one-shot affairs, given by some fraternal or religious organization, but a few are run as businesses, on a once- or twice-a-week schedule. The biggest nights are the weekend ones, in preparation for which the pages of the *Post* and the *Compass* are filled with advertisements of lecture-dances. Altogether, on an average Saturday night there are at least a dozen lecture-dances in the city, with a total attendance of more than three thousand. The attendance has been growing ever since the war, and the reason may lie in the fact that most of the lectures deal with various ways to change one's personality, a topic that has become increasingly popular in the five troubled years just past. The topic is also closely related to the main objective of the people attending these lectures, which is to find a mate. A talk on how to achieve this goal by changing one's personality has a magical appeal to those who long ago despaired of changing anything else. The occasional lectures that do not deal specifically with the tactics of finding a mate often review the basic strategy of how to become so well adjusted that even if one doesn't succeed in getting married, the frustration will be easier to endure. And if the words don't accomplish anything, there is always the chance that the dance will. Surrounded by a horde of avid members of the opposite sex, a person can do nothing after such a lecture but dance or flee. Some of the customers flee, but most dance. It is true that other attractions in the city—dance halls, for instance—offer a similar exposure to the opposite sex, but these are thought to lack a certain tone; a lecture makes pursuit respectable. No one has put it better than Dr. Nathan Fybish, another lecture-dance speaker, whom I recently heard address an audience on "How to Achieve Emotional Security." "The lecture is an intellectual filter for raw, red passions," said Dr. Fybish, who should know.

Several evening expeditions have led me to the conclusion that three of the regular lecture-dance organizations dominate the field. They are The Group, which meets Saturday and Sunday nights at the True Sisters Clubhouse, on West Eighty-fifth Street; the Literary Forum, which meets Friday nights at the Greenwich Village Studio, on lower Sixth Avenue; and the Fellowship Forum, which meets Sunday nights at the Fraternal Clubhouse, on West Forty-eighth Street. All these vary their speakers from meeting to



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meeting. Only the Village Forum, a splinter outfit, always hears the same speaker—Dr. Fybish, the passion-filterer. Of the big three, The Group is the oldest and the most sedate; it often considers such non-subjective topics as "What Are We Doing in Germany?," "Civilization on Trial," "Peace Is Inevitable!," and "What Are We *Not* Doing in Germany?" The Literary Forum is the most bohemian, going in for lecturers with beards and debates on sex equality. The Fellowship Forum is the most direct in its approach; in fact, the emphasis there is such that the lady who runs it is frequently referred to as Mrs. Kinsey. But whatever the differences between the three rival organizations, they all share Dr. Murray Banks, who is the Babe Ruth of the lecture-dance league. "Next to Mrs. Roosevelt, there is only Murray Banks," says Joseph Vallon, who runs the Literary Forum. Dr. Banks refuses to divulge his age or marital status, considering secrecy about these matters a professional asset, but he has told people that his doctorate is in medical psychology. He was formerly a part-time instructor in the Psychology Department at a Brooklyn school called Pace Institute, and he also taught psychology at Long Island University. Now he just free-lances. He free-lances all over the place. He is as ubiquitous in the advertisements of the New York *Post* as are the Twin Cantors. When he is not lecturing, he writes. Five out-of-town newspapers run Dr. Banks' column, "Life with a Smile," and he is the author of two inspirational booklets, "How to Live with Yourself" and "Things My Mother Never Told Me." A note about Dr. Banks at the end of one of his booklets reads, in part, "He is a great believer in bringing scientific truths about human nature and personality to his listeners with unbounded fun." Perhaps in our day the combination of psychologist and comedian is irresistible. At any rate, Dr. Banks is about the only regular speaker on the New York lecture-dance circuit who can guarantee a full house.

Dr. Banks certainly filled the house the night I first heard him speak. This was not in the Village but at a lecture-dance of the Fellowship Forum, and the subject was "How to Meet the Right One—and Marry." The Fellowship Forum charges more than its principal competitors—a dollar and a quarter, as compared to a dollar for The Group and eighty-five cents for the Literary Forum—but then Fellowship gives you Dr. Banks more often. It also gives you Jack Wells and his authentic Latin-American orchestra, playing both before and after the lecture. Most other lecture-dances offer canned music, and that only after.

Fellowship's advertisement had stated that the lecture would start at eight-thirty, but the Grand Ballroom, on the second floor of the Fraternal Clubhouse, was only half full when I arrived at that time. Having bought my ticket and checked my coat downstairs, I was standing at the entrance to the ballroom when I was approached by a small, much-made-up lady, who asked me to go over to a nearby table and fill out a card. Seated at the table, and apparently in charge of this part of the ritual, was a young girl with an aggressive look and a high bust. The card called for my name, address, and favorite speaker. I left the third space blank and handed the card to the girl. "What's the matter?" she said after examining it. "You don't have a favorite speaker?" I replied that I didn't. "*Everybody's* got a favorite speaker," she said. "What are you—shy?" I said no, I just didn't have a favorite speaker. "You look like a shy one to me," she said. She handed me back my card. "You keep this until after you hear Dr. Banks," she said. "Then you'll have a favorite speaker."

I pocketed the card and turned toward the room. It was filling up rapidly. On a small stage at the far end, three sad-looking men in tuxedos were playing a rumba. I assumed they were Jack Wells and his authentic Latin-Americans. Most of the patrons sat in rows of folding chairs that faced the stage and occupied the major part of the room. A few people, however, were dancing, on either side of and behind the rows of chairs. The men at this gathering—a typical one, I realized after later explorations—were not handsome, but many seemed quite determined. A lot of them were smoking cigars, and most of them wore double-breasted suits. The women were definitely plain. They seemed to know it, and they sat self-consciously alone, or in twos and threes, trying hard to preserve the look of interest they had nailed to their faces. I took a seat up front, near the stage. Next to me was a

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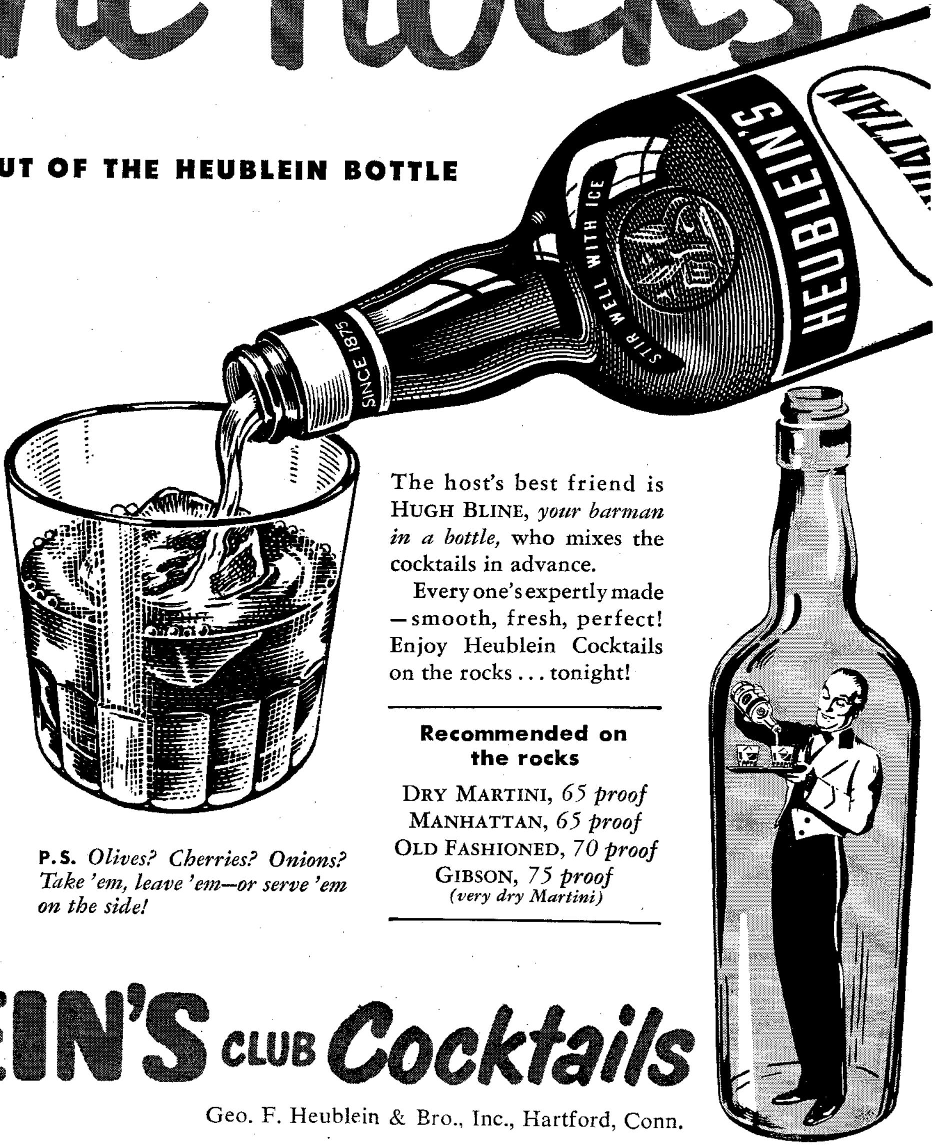

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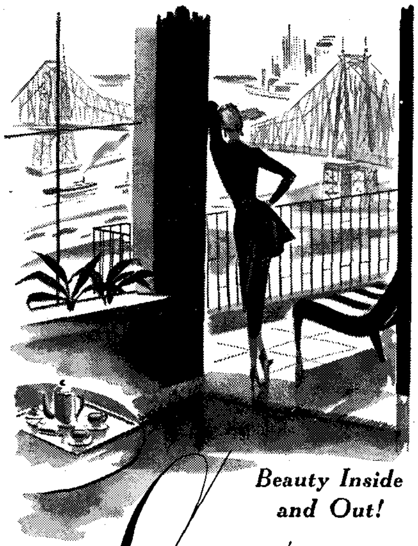

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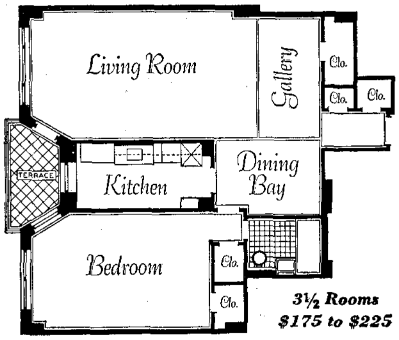

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woman whom I judged to be in her early forties. She was dressed like a girl of twenty—a frilled and ruffled dress and black ankle-strap shoes with towering platforms—and her face had been heavily powdered, in a not wholly successful effort to conceal a bad skin. Nothing about her had been left inviolate except her eyes, which were large and deep brown and terribly soft. They were what gave her away, for they betrayed everything that she had done to herself. Whenever a man looked at her, her eyes became frantic. If the man persisted, she would finally put her head down and look at her purse, straightening up only when she felt it was safe to do so. In the row behind me, to one side, were two girls who had apparently come together. They were not exactly pretty, but one of them, a blonde, had an attractive figure. The other was a short, dumpy brunette, whose fingernails were bitten down to the flesh. From their conversation it was clear that they had never heard Dr. Banks before. The well-built blonde was quite excited. "Do you think he's married?" she asked her friend. "They're *all* married," her friend said.

BY nine o'clock, the chairs were filled and people were standing in back. I estimated that the crowd numbered between four and five hundred. Jack Wells and his colleagues were still playing away, but now hardly anyone was dancing. Finally, they gave out, moodily packed their instruments, and left the stage. The small woman who had been at the door took their place, advancing to a microphone that stood beside a rostrum. When the audience was quiet, she greeted all present in the name of the Fellowship Forum and then announced the name of the speaker for the following week—"John J. Anthony, America's foremost radio counsellor on human relations," she said, to some applause. Mr. Anthony was to speak on "The Emotional Problems of Love and Marriage." "And now," the woman said, "if I may make a request, please do not smoke, for the sake of the comfort of the speaker, who I would like to introduce to you without further introduction. The man you are all waiting to hear, that wise and witty psychologist who is also a great entertainer—Dr. Murray Banks!" The audience clapped loudly as Dr. Banks leaped onto the stage, carrying a manila folder full of notes. He spread these on the rostrum and stood back, smirking at his listeners. He has the kind of round, unlined face that seems never

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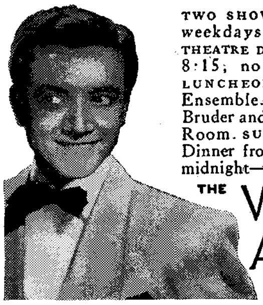

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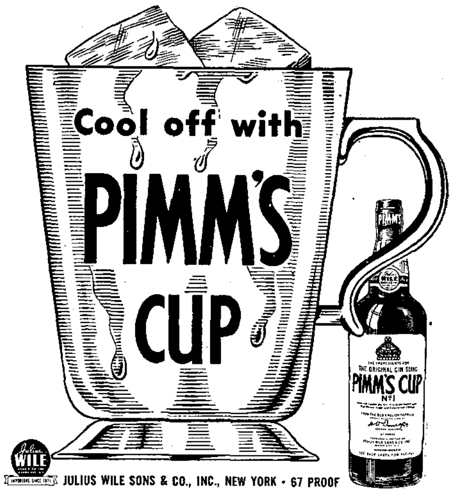

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to have lost its baby fat. A light coat of pancake makeup added to his boyish appearance. "That's Dr. Banks!" the enthusiastic blonde behind me whispered. "*That?*" her friend said incredulously.

It was clear from the moment Dr. Banks opened his mouth why he stands where he stands in the field of the lecture-dance. None of the other lecturers I have heard, from Dr. Fybish to H. Olaf Maastrup, a bearded misogynist, is in the same league. "I'm warning you," were Dr. Banks' first words to the audience, "if this talk doesn't do you any good, you're lost!" The audience giggled. "Lost!" Dr. Banks thundered, his smile vanishing. The audience giggled again, but with a certain apprehension. Dr. Banks' smile returned, and he continued, "When I announced the title of my lecture, 'How to Meet the Right One—and Marry,' a woman came up to me and said, 'Never mind how—*where*?' " The audience howled, all apprehension gone. Even the woman next to me relaxed a little. "I'm telling you," Dr. Banks said, warming up, "you don't want to marry just any dope. Certainly not! Wait for that *special* dope!" The audience collapsed entirely. "He's just like Bob Hope," the blonde behind me said, delighted. "But with psychology. It makes all the difference."

Dr. Banks grew serious. This made him look even younger, like a small boy scolding his elders. "I'm going to tell you how to meet the right one," he said gravely. "And I'm going to tell you where. But you must use my suggestions. They are tools for your use." The woman next to me nodded and leaned forward in her seat. "If you give three different artists the same palette, they will not necessarily produce the same picture," Dr. Banks went on. "It will depend on what they do with the brush and the paint." "That's very deep," the blonde behind me said. Then Dr. Banks cut loose. "It's absurd to speak of anyone as permanently unmarried!" he cried. "Absurd! Absurd!" His face grew scornful as he searched the audience for those who might subscribe to such idiocy. "Absurd," he said again, in a lowered tone, the scorn changing to pity. The woman beside me sat enraptured, her eyes still for the first time, fixed on the speaker. "But you must first understand the deeper psychology involved," Dr. Banks said gently. Then he told a joke having to do with pregnancy. It was a funny enough joke, and he told it well.

Dr. Banks' style is in the tradition of a number of comedians who have become

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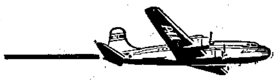

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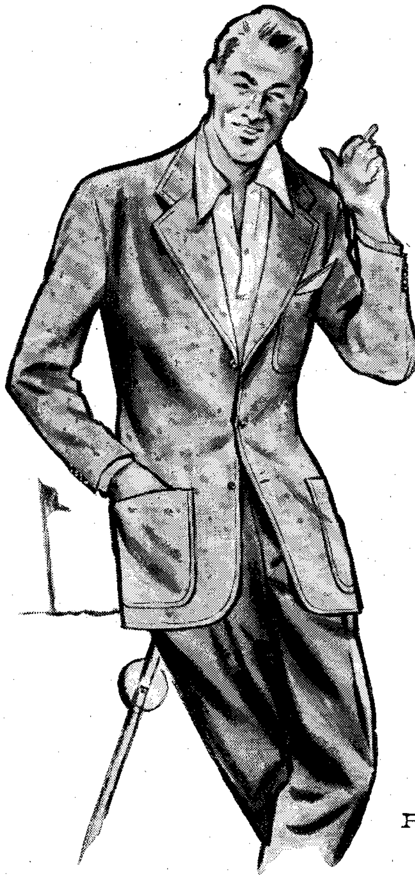

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popular in the past ten or fifteen years. The imitation of women plays an important part in it. "Are you afraid of getting married?" he would say, addressing himself to the women. "Are you afraid of getting stuck with a *shmendrick*?" Then he would act out the fear, his hands fluttering and his hips swaying and his voice growing high. He was particularly successful with imitations of mothers-in-law. His transitions were very sudden. From a joke, he would go instantly into the acting out of some anxiety, and then into the case history of a person he had once treated for a vexing psychological maladjustment. He relied a good deal on a simper that turned abruptly into a sneer as he derided those afraid to try to change their personality; the sneer, in turn, became an impatient grimace; and then, while the audience still cowered, there came a kindly and forgiving smile. His theme was simple. "The fault lies within yourself," he told the audience. "It is a personality failure. You must never forget that." The woman next to me clasped her hands nervously, and then reached involuntarily to her face and rubbed off some of the powder, exposing a patch of desiccated skin, blotched and ugly.

"I'm going to tell you how to get married," Dr. Banks said. "And I'm going to tell you where. There's nothing mysterious about it. Just listen to me, that's all. Just listen." He kept repeating this, following it each time with a series of jokes and then returning to it. Nobody moved. You could have pulled the teeth of the woman beside me and she wouldn't have noticed. "All right," Dr. Banks said at last, with the air of one finally getting down to the point. "Now I'm going to tell you how and I'm going to tell you where." He paused, and someone sighed deeply. "To correct, you must first detect," he said, and paused again. "You must examine yourself for those elements that will make you desirable. You must learn to make yourself likable. Is your boy friend afraid of the responsibilities of marriage? Make yourself so necessary to him that the responsibility won't matter. You must improve yourself. Find a hobby. Take an interest in current affairs." The woman next to me looked puzzled. "That's how you'll find the right one," Dr. Banks continued. "By taking advantage of your natural resources. Oh, there are many, many things you can do. Do you say to yourself, 'Every day, I will make a new acquaintance'?" The woman next to me shook her head, as if she did not understand. Her eyes

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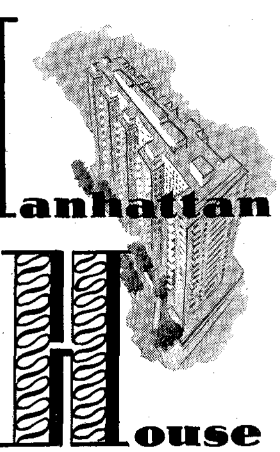

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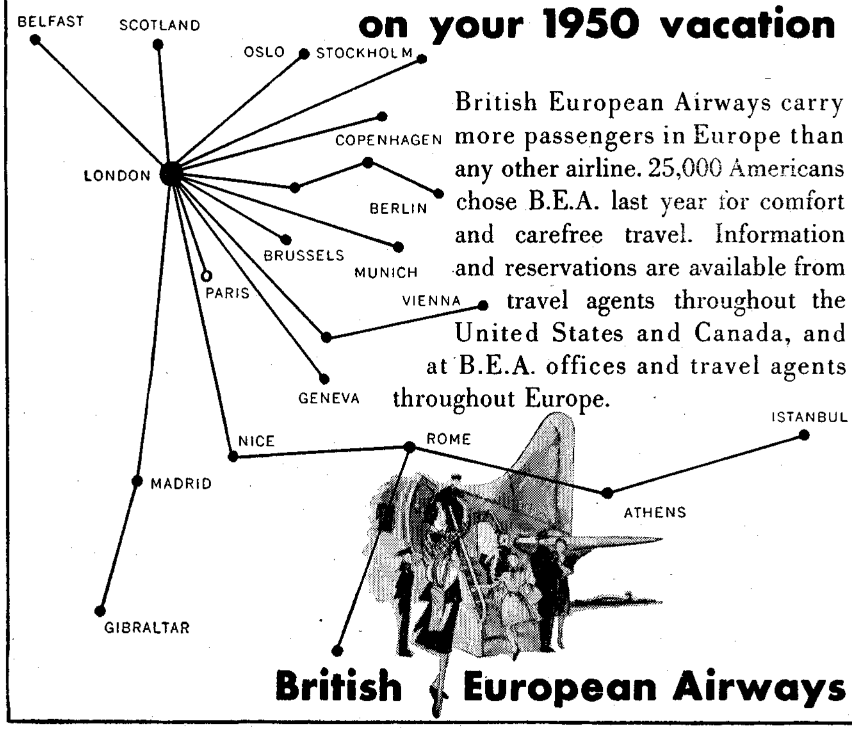
were very wide and dark. Dr. Banks continued to reel off the ways to improve oneself, but it was soon apparent that now no one was listening much. The audience had waited all this time for the promised miracle, and there was none. I had felt it stir and now I felt it settle back, breaking into its component parts. "If you have a boy friend you don't really care for, don't give him up," Dr. Banks said. "He might have friends." But the approach was too familiar now, and, besides, the women there had tried all that. Behind me, the two girls were talking again. "You know, I think he wears Adler elevated shoes," one of them said. The woman next to me had stopped listening and was staring at her purse.

Then, in the middle of the general withdrawal, Dr. Banks began slowly to draw his audience back. "You may think I'm just trying to be nice to you," he said, "but do you know that by being here tonight you're doing the very best thing you could do to find a marriage partner? You're mingling, that's what you're doing. And if you want to find the right one, you must get out and mingle." "So I mingle," the brunette behind me said. "What good does it do me?" "I have no respect for people who don't get out and mingle!" Dr. Banks said fiercely. "I have no pity for those who sit at home and feel sorry for themselves. I admire people like you, who go to lectures and dances, who make a fight for their heart's desire!" The audience was swinging back, impressed by the unaccustomed show of respect. The woman next to me looked up again. "Believe me, it isn't easy to socialize when you're shy and afraid," the Doctor said. "It takes courage to seek out what you want in life when you have gone so long without success." The woman beside me nodded, her interest now thoroughly revived. "You're on the right track," Dr. Banks said. "What you're doing is *right!* If you see someone in this room you want to meet, go over and introduce yourself. Who knows? He might have millions!" The audience laughed, but not uproariously; the crowd was with the Doctor again, giving him its full attention.

"I'll tell you what," Dr. Banks said confidentially. "I'm going to do something special tonight. I'm going to stay around after the lecture, and if you see someone you want to meet and you're too shy to go up yourself—why, you just point out that individual to me and I'll make the introduction for you. How's that?" The audience laughed



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and applauded. "But after that it's up to you," he went on sternly. The woman next to me nodded again, her eyes shining. "Well, I see my time is nearly up," he said. "Oh, no!" a woman at the back protested. "But before I conclude," the Doctor said, "I want you all to take a little test I'm going to give you. It's a marriage test. I'm going to ask you twenty-five questions, and you must answer either 'Yes' or 'No.' And when we're all finished, we'll see how you fit into the marriage scheme of things. Are you ready? Just count how many times you can answer 'Yes.' " He waited while the audience pulled itself together. "Now, the first question," Dr. Banks said. "Do you like to be with other people?" The woman next to me considered that, her face thoughtful. "The second question," he said. "Do you have something to say when you meet people?" "Too much," the brunette behind me muttered grimly. "Do you know how to compromise?" the Doctor asked. "Do you give a cordial hello and goodbye? . . ."

When the test was finished, Dr. Banks asked how many had answered more than twenty questions in the affirmative. About half his listeners raised their hands. Perhaps a third of the rest indicated that they had answered "Yes" more than fifteen times. "You people have an excellent chance of getting married," Dr. Banks said. "An absolutely excellent chance. Now, how many had less than ten?" Four hands went up reluctantly. "Hopeless," he said, shaking his head. "Positively hopeless." The rest of the audience laughed loudly. The woman next to me had not raised her hand. I counted up my own score. I never kept my troubles to myself, my compliments were often insincere, my handshake wasn't firm, my hellos and goodbyes were frequently surly, my smile was often strained. Hopeless.

THE end of the test was the end of the lecture. Dr. Banks said he would answer questions, but the audience was too restless to ask any. After waiting briefly, he announced that he would autograph copies of his "How to Live with Yourself" for those who wanted to buy a copy for only a dollar, and then jumped down off the stage. A large, moon-faced young man, who looked like a relative of the Doctor, came forward with a stack of paperbound blue books. He and Dr. Banks were immediately surrounded by a swarm of women. Three attendants began folding up the chairs to make

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more space for dancing. I stood against the wall, next to the two girls who had sat behind me. They were approached by a tall and very skinny young man, who introduced himself without benefit of Dr. Banks. "My name is Waters," he said. "Like in the current shortage." "That shows you're very precious," the blonde said.

I moved over toward Dr. Banks, who was autographing books, but the crush around him was so great that it was impossible to get anywhere near him. You couldn't see him for the women. When the floor had been cleared of chairs, Jack Wells and his boys struck up a rumba that sounded a good deal like "Tea for Two." At first, there were not more than a dozen couples dancing. The rest of the crowd stood along the walls or around a bar that sold sandwiches and soft drinks. There seemed to be twice as many women as men, and they looked twice as predatory. I edged a little closer to Dr. Banks, who was still besieged and, I could now see, enjoying every minute of it. Every little while, another woman would fight her way out of the pile, her eyes glazed, holding a copy of Dr. Banks' treatise firmly to her heaving bosom. Finally, all the booklets were sold and autographed, and for a moment Dr. Banks stood magnificently alone. Then a large, powerful-looking girl went up and whispered in his ear. They both turned in the direction of a tall, middle-aged man with a prominent chin and bore down on him, while he pretended unconcern. "This young lady has just asked me who that interesting man is," Dr. Banks said to him. He put an arm around each of them and propelled them toward the dance floor. They stood embarrassed for a few seconds; then the man bowed slightly and put his arm around the girl, and they began to dance, the man hopping awkwardly from foot to foot, completely out of step with the music, and the girl following him as best she could. Their bodies and their faces looked strained and rigid in the unfamiliar embrace. Dr. Banks watched them a moment or two, and then another girl went up and spoke to him. He nodded and they started off toward the other end of the room.

The dance floor was filling up. I noticed several men approach girls and introduce themselves; the reverse wasn't attempted unless Dr. Banks lent a hand. Before long, most of the men had partners and some of the girls began to dance with each other. They smiled and talked loudly as they danced, to show how little they cared. The room

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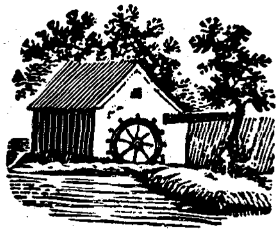

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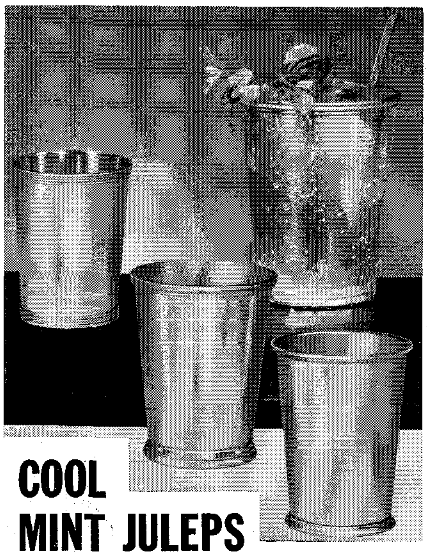

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was hot and crowded, and the atmosphere was a bewildering combination of politeness, yearning, and disappointment. The music was now a dreamy fox trot; it took me a while to figure out that it was still "Tea for Two," only slower and without the maracas. The blonde with the figure danced by with the boy named Waters. She seemed to be having fun. Her brunette friend stood alone at the edge of the dance floor, trying to look as if opportunity had not snubbed her once again. She caught my eye and smiled tentatively, and finally I went over and asked her if she'd like something to eat or drink. She said she'd like a Coke, so I went to the bar and got two. While we drank them, she told me that her name was Ruth, and said that this was the third time she had been to a lecture-dance. "I go with my girl friend," she said. "I like it better than the movies or even just an ordinary dance. When it's like an educational experience, you know, the men are different. Steadier, I mean." She said she was a secretary to a button manufacturer. "What line are you in?" she asked. I told her I was a journalist, and she nodded and said, "That accounts for your intelligent look. I mean with your glasses on, like that. I *like* intelligent men." She told me that she lived in upper Manhattan with her parents and two younger brothers. Her father was a small businessman. I asked how she liked Dr. Banks, and she said she hadn't expected a man as educated as he was to be so humorous. "But I know another girl who won't come to these things," she said. "She thinks he's full of hooey."

"Who—Dr. Banks?" I asked.

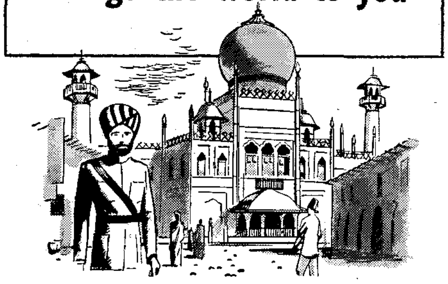
She nodded. "This girl I know says nothing does any good," she went on. "I mean if you got money or looks, then you got a chance. Otherwise, you might as well give up. Do you believe that?"

"Well, not entirely," I said.

"I scored twenty-one on the test," she went on. "That's in the excellent class. Don't you think that means something?"

"I'm sure it does," I said.

"I was very honest in my answers," she said. "I told myself, what's the use of cheating? All you cheat is yourself." She looked at me for confirmation, but I couldn't think of anything to say. I looked out across the room and saw the woman who had sat next to me. She was standing in a far corner. At that distance, she looked rather attractive, and I wondered how many men had thought so during the evening and started in her



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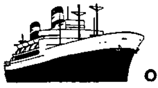

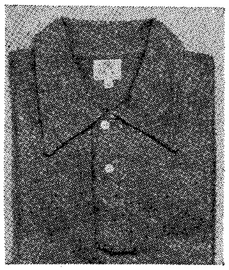

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direction and never followed through when they got up close.

I finished my Coke and told the girl that I had to leave. I said it was business and thanked her for her company. She said I shouldn't mention it, and we shook hands and I said maybe I would see her at another lecture-dance sometime. I turned to go, but she held on to my hand. "I mean, a man with all those degrees," she said. "How could he be full of hooey?" I said I didn't know, and left her.

When I reached the exit, I found it guarded by the aggressive girl who had spoken to me when I entered. "Look!" she cried. "The shy one!" I took out the card she had given me and wrote Dr. Banks' name in the blank space and handed it to her. "Aha!" she said. "What did I tell you?" I went down the stairs and got my coat from the checkroom. Dr. Banks was there getting his. A young girl with black harlequin glasses and a perplexed look, who had evidently pursued him downstairs, was saying, "I know, Dr. Banks, but what exactly *is* a neurotic?"

"A neurotic," Dr. Banks replied patiently, "is a person who has chosen that path of life which we know as neurosis."

—Walter Bernstein

•

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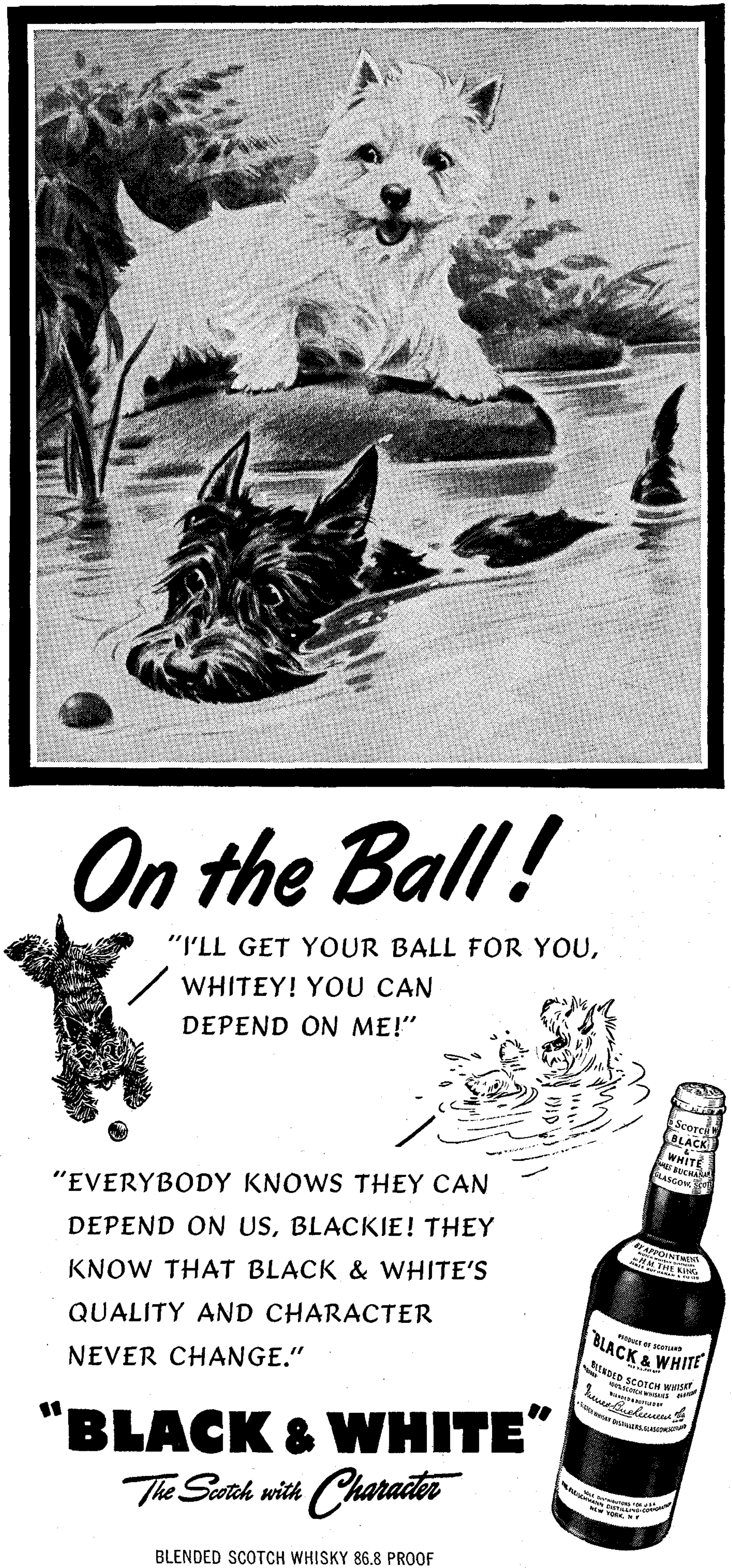
Past a dying tree
That is covered with scaling lichens and
drying gums
When, flowing suddenly into the
virginal hush
And mounting phrase by phrase to
enchant you, comes
The liquid silver song of the olive-
backed thrush.
Wait. Hold your breath.
The spell will be lost if the singer senses
you near;
The song will cease, which, hearing,
you fear would be death
Not to hear.

—William H. Matchett

•

Dewey has other reasons for wanting to quit besides his health. He admittedly is not a wealthy man and he believes he could earn several hundred dollars a year as a practicing attorney.—*Mexico City Herald.*

Yeah, but don't forget taxes will eat into that.



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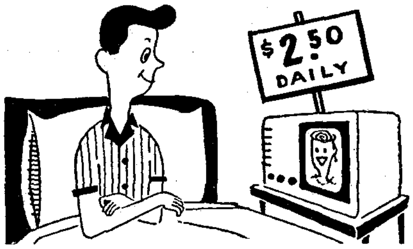

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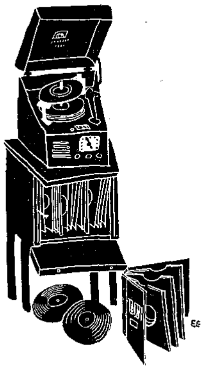
Popular Records



THE feathery piano-playing of Joe Bushkin is for the first time given individual attention on records in a new group of ten solos, with bass-and-drums accompaniment, recently put out by Atlantic on a long-playing single. Bushkin stalks a melody with admirable grace, taking quick little leaps at it and then pausing for some byplay before darting after it again. His playing creates an impression of a great deal of nervous activity, but of a small and delicate nature, and his performance might not be worth calling to your notice if it weren't so captivating. I think the collection suffers from having too many pieces in the same slow tempo, but Bushkin's artistry is evident in each example. Six of the numbers are show tunes—"But Not for Me," "It Never Entered My Mind," "Dancing on the Ceiling," "I Can't Get Started," "I Love a Piano," and "So in Love." Cole Porter, possibly disenchanted with the distinctive rhythm he introduced to American popular music in "Begin the Beguine," didn't apply it to his "So in Love," but a good many dance bands and pianists do, doubtless out of habit; so does Bushkin, in his gentle fashion, and this is one of his outstanding selections. The extreme lightness of his touch (he goes in for no dynamics on the piano, and this reticence limits his expressive range) is curiously revealed in "Four Hand Boogie Woogie on 'Stomping at the Savoy,'" in which Bushkin, by means of a recording trick, is supposed to be heard playing all four parts. The interesting thing about it is that he *can't* be heard playing four parts; the performance has none of the characteristic drive of boogie-woogie, and most of the time it sounds as though Bushkin barely has one hand, the right one, going. He does a splendid job on two tuneful songs he composed himself—"If I Knew You Were There" and "Oh! Look at Me Now"—and on Harold Arlen's "One for the Road." He sings once, too—the vocal in Irving Berlin's "I Love a Piano"—but shyly and ineffectually. The modesty of Bushkin's approach to a song is one

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of his most engaging qualities; it also seems, at times, to be his greatest weakness.

BUSHKIN plays briefly in the company of two equally expert but more assertive pianists, Cy Walter and Stan Freeman, in "Piano Playhouse" (M-G-M 78-r.p.m. album), a four-record set devoted to the most-requested pieces on some radio program or other that Walter and Freeman appear on. Though his two companions are also listed on the label of the first side, "Soft Lights and Sweet Music," the playing in that one all sounded to me like Bushkin's. Walter and Freeman are more flamboyant in style than Bushkin, but they are artful, too, and play "Younger Than Springtime," "The Most Beautiful Girl in the World," "Falling in Love with Love," "Orchids in the Moonlight," and "Oh! Lady Be Good" attractively. Both sides of the final record in the set are given over to several choruses of "Indiana," with the three pianists taking solos and then playing together. It's a fairly entertaining album and has the minor distinction of including the long and pretty and seldom-heard verse to "Falling in Love with Love."

ANOTHER good piano man, André Previn, who turned out a sheaf of engrossing performances of popular music not so long ago (Victor set P-214), runs through half a dozen new items, with support by guitar, bass, and drums, in a recent Victor 45-r.p.m. album. Previn has a phenomenal right hand and a lively sense of rhythm, and I enjoyed all the selections—especially "Who Cares?"—except Cole Porter's "You're the Top." This last annoyed me because all through it Previn has tampered with the principal musical figure, conventionalizing it and thus robbing the tune of some of its individuality and charm. The other pieces are "Bewitched, Bothered, and Bewildered," "I'm Old-Fashioned," "Who?," and "Anything Goes," and they are all played with bright, sharp conviction.

I DON'T know how many of you have been hankering to hear Charlie Parker "with strings," as the title puts it, but that's what you get in a new Mercury 78-r.p.m. album, along with several good performances of standard songs. In order to set off the presumably irresistible saxophone work of Parker, who is credited with being one of the originators of bop, a fine collection

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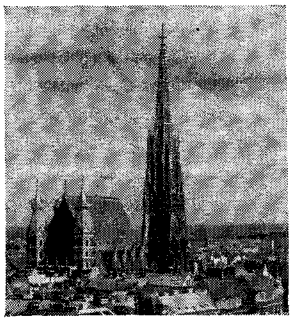

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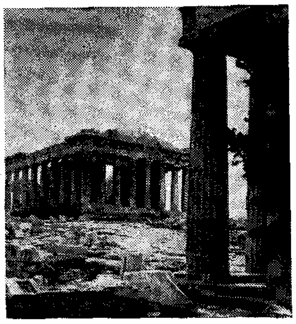
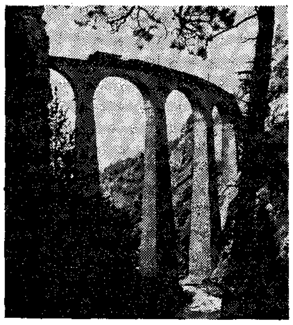
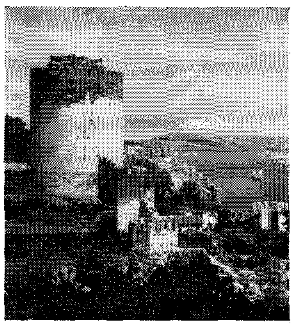


GREECE—A view of the Parthenon (5th Century B.C.), classic period temple on the Acropolis of Athens.

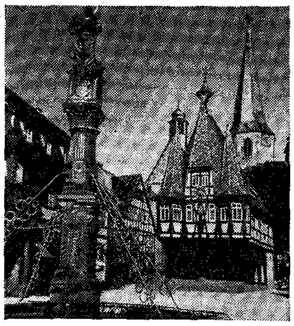
ITALY—Ducal Palace in Venice and one of the columns of San Marco. Typical gondolas await passengers.



SWITZERLAND—One of the most striking viaducts of the Swiss Railways on the way to St. Moritz from Zurich.



TURKEY—The Bosphorus where Europe and Asia meet, showing famous XV century Ottoman Fortifications.



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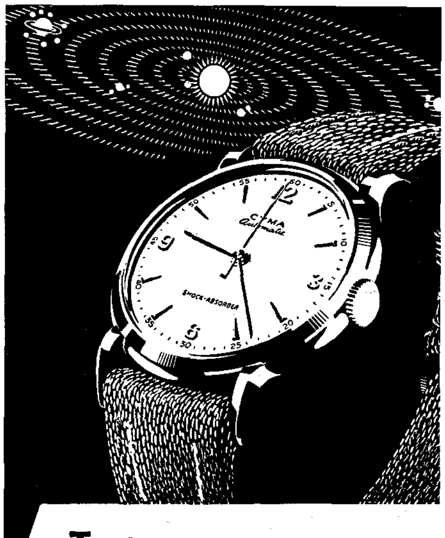

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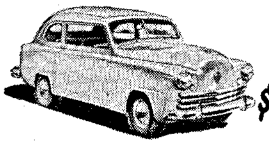

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of supporting instrumentalists was assembled. They include Frank Miller, the first cellist of the N.B.C. Symphony, and Max Hollander, that orchestra's assistant concertmaster; Mitch Miller, oboist and English-horn player; Buddy Rich, drummer; Stan Freeman, pianist; Bronislaw Gimpel, concert violinist; and other ranking musicians. The trouble, as far as I'm concerned, is that Parker and his saxophone dominate every side, and, no matter how accomplished his playing may be, I grow tired of this windy instrument after a chorus or so. Furthermore, I felt deprived because I couldn't hear some of the other gifted players to better advantage. "April in Paris," "Summertime," "Just Friends," "I Didn't Know What Time It Was," "If I Should Lose You," and "Everything Happens to Me" are the titles, and, to tell the truth, I didn't find anything exhilarating about Parker's interpretations.

HAVING unburdened myself about a few of the more interesting sets that have turned up lately, I'd like to go on to the singles:

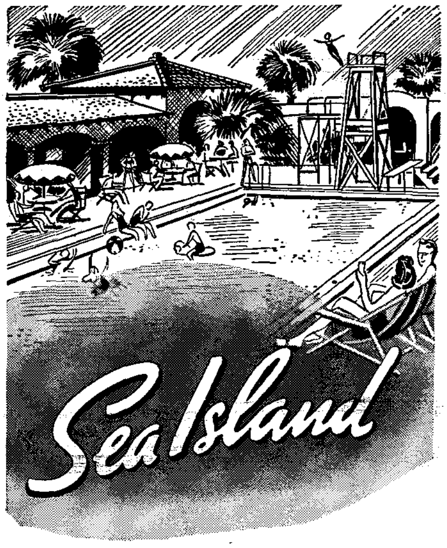
I CAN'T GIVE YOU ANYTHING BUT LOVE, BABY and SAN SUE STRUT—Ben Pollack, drummer, and six other jazz musicians. Pollack, a jazz veteran of whom very little has been heard in recent years, leads the group in a superb Dixieland performance on the first side, and there is plenty of striking solo work along the way. The second piece is less appealing but soundly played. (*Discovery 78 r.p.m.*)

DILL PICKLES and AT THE JAZZ BAND BALL—Eddie Condon and his outfit. The strong and meticulous piano-playing of Ralph Sutton makes "Dill Pickles" a delight. Johnny Mercer has fashioned some witty lyrics for the other composition, a venerable jazz standard, but there are simply too many words. Although Jimmy Atkins sings them willingly enough, it probably would have been more fun just listening to the musicians. (*Decca 78 r.p.m.*)

I WISH I COULD SHIMMY LIKE MY SISTER KATE and MORE THAN I SHOULD—Helen Forrest, with orchestra. "Kate," another old-time jazz favorite, has also been equipped with a lyric, and an apt one. Miss Forrest sings it winningly. She offers a ballad, no better and no worse than most popular songs, on the other side. (*M-G-M 78 r.p.m.*)

MOOD IN QUESTION and RENDEZVOUS FOR CLARINET AND STRINGS—Artie Shaw and the New Music String Quartet. Neither of these compositions by Alan Shulman is exactly in the popular category, but both are closer to it than to the realm of serious concert music. They are light, refreshing commentaries on the field of glib commercial music, piquant in effect and smoothly played. (*Columbia Microgroove*)

SAY YES, MY LOVE and RAINDROP SERENADE—Claude Thornhill, pianist, with rhythm accompaniment. "Say Yes, My Love" is an ingratiating rumba, played by Thornhill with assurance. The other side, with a syrupy vocal by one of those popu-



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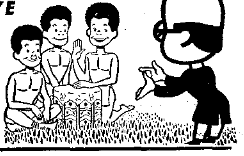

lar weak-voiced singing groups, is impossible. (*Victor 45 r.p.m.*)

BE MINE and DREAM A LITTLE LONGER—Harry James and his orchestra, with vocalists. The only remarkable thing about this record, besides the polished playing of the band, is the fact that the melody of "Be Mine" is entirely on one note and that it has some slight merit, the shifting harmonies supporting the insistent monotone nicely. The other piece is of no consequence. (*Columbia Microgroove*)

YOU'RE ALL I NEED and DEDICATED TO YOU—Billy Eckstine and Sarah Vaughan, with orchestra. Everyone is surely familiar with the vocal styles of both participants, but it may be of interest that their voices go exceedingly well together and that they provide two above-the-average performances of a couple of old songs. (*M-G-M 78 r.p.m.*)

KISS ME and SWEET PROMISES AND GOOD INTENTIONS—Lisa Kirk, with orchestra. Miss Kirk, late of the Broadway musical "Kiss Me, Kate," presents a jaunty little love song and one of those hand-clapping things, with lots of verve. (*Victor 45 r.p.m.*) —D. W.

•

A COUNTRY DIARY

CUMBERLAND, JUNE 3.

The sights and sounds of a summer's day on the fells! The pirouetting of lambs in play on little hillocks, the enticing flights of wheatears on mountain paths, the uprising of titlarks startled by trail hounds driving the scent of aniseed over a stony track, the perching of whinchats on swaying shoots of furze or broom, the soaring and planing of buzzards over crag and combe, the never-ceasing calling of cuckoos in woods of ancient trees, the short, clumsy manœuvring of young ravens among rock buttresses near the skyline, the passage of wood pigeons from mountain peak to a forestry planting, the flickering of magpies over meadowland and covert, the occasional flash of jays among rhododendrons near a country house on a fellside, the thigh-deep wading of a heron in the marshes at the head of a lake, the scuttering of ducklings at the call of the mother mallard in a gutter where the heron may fall upon them, the shoaling of minnows at the mouth of a fell beck, the beating of gulls against the wind to detect spent May-fly on the water, the feasting of chaffinch, robin, and flycatchers on the gorgeous insects drifting to the lake shore, and the steady feeding of trout on fly so minute as to be called the no-see-ums.

G. W. M.

—*Manchester Guardian.*

U-see-ums plenty.

•

THE RISING WIND DEPARTMENT

[*From the Los Angeles Daily News*]

Women's Breakfast club, Agatha Morse Burson, president, has unanimously voted in favor of all members signing a loyalty oath. The plan is in the hands of attorney Mab Copeland Lineman, a past president.

Should any member fail to sign, Thursday, May 25, at the Ambassador when the signing project is to be carried out, it is reported she will be invited to a private interview to give her reasons.

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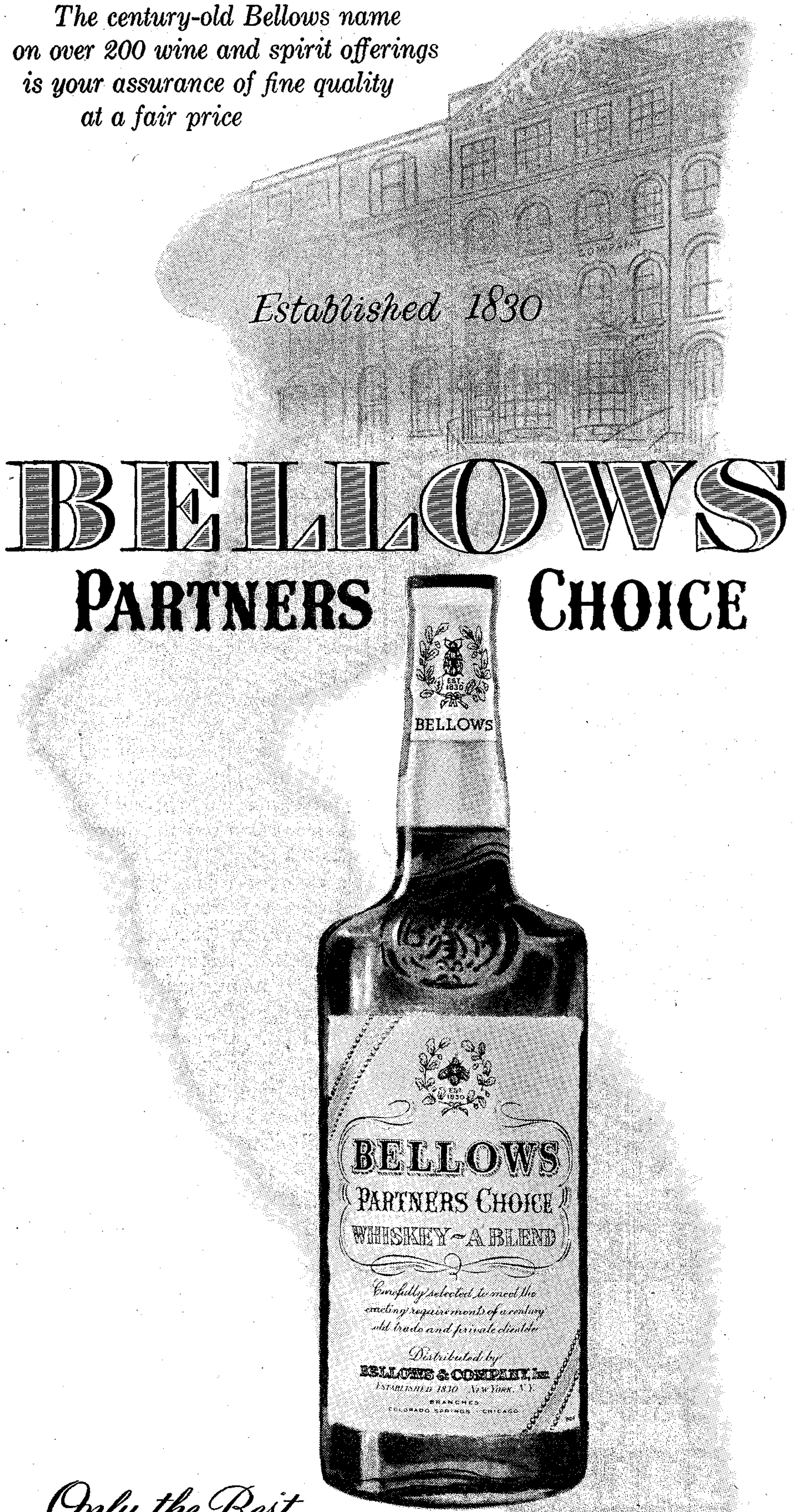
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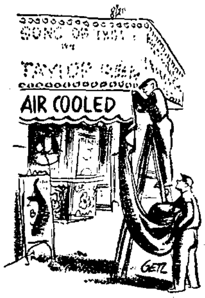
THE CURRENT CINEMA

Cigars, Cigarettes, and Cooper



IF you'll just lean back and light up a cool, refreshing, and possibly therapeutic cigarette, I'll try to tell you something about "Bright Leaf," the celluloid saga of a big man from the South of fifty years ago, whose smoky vision transforms the tobacco habit from a minor vice into a major industry. As presented in this film, which is alive with emotional white folk and happy darkies of the Stepin Fetchit persuasion, the gentleman in question is not interested in cigarettes in the intense manner of James Buchanan Duke or George Washington Hill. In fact, he can't stand the things himself. But he is determined to make himself top dog in the cigarette game, in order to win the hand of the daughter of a rich cigar manufacturer and to revenge himself on said manufacturer for having bankrupted his father. Aided by the inventor of a cigarette-rolling machine and the proprietress of a brothel, who loves him, our boy skims to the heights as if he were jet-propelled, and presently the arrogant cigar manufacturer is dead by his own hand, while his daughter is bound in wedlock to the lad who forced Papa to take a permanent powder. If you have any notion that these successes result in peace, contentment, and rest for the hero of this epic, it can only be because you've forgotten standard Hollywood procedure. You must remember that money isn't everything and that a marriage based on violence cannot endure.

The plot of "Bright Leaf" would hardly tax the intelligence of a Georgia wool-hat boy, but the piece here and there has scenes of considerable liveliness. Though the rich girl involved tends to talk in a woefully stilted fashion ("When he looks at me, I know I am a woman"), the brothel keeper compensates for her by airing remarks that are not only down to earth but frequently under it. As the ladies in "Bright Leaf," Patricia Neal and Lauren Bacall seem quite enthusiastic about their work, and Gary Cooper does well as the ruthless cigarette king. The best acting in the film, however, is contributed by the

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reliable Jack Carson, who almost makes you believe in the plausibility of a character who starts out as a snake-oil doctor and winds up a brisk business executive.

GARY COOPER has a barrel of trouble in "Bright Leaf," but even so he's much better off than Gregory Peck is in "The Gunfighter." In the latter, Mr. Peck is a badman of the old West who has come to the conclusion that killing people is not only monotonous but downright silly. All he wants is to settle down on a ranch and get so respectable that his wife, who has left him because of his wickedness, will come back to him, trailing his little son. It's hard for him to realize this dream, though, because every time he drops into a saloon for a quick one, some spratling challenges him to a gun fight by calling him yellow-bellied. No matter how many of these coxcombs he kills, others keep right on tantalizing him, until he's just one big bundle of nerves. That's what I was, too, before this one finally spent itself. For the record, Helen Westcott, Millard Mitchell, Jean Parker, and Skip Homeier are conspicuous in the cast.

"WITH THESE HANDS," a quasi-documentary sponsored by the International Ladies' Garment Workers' Union, is a worthy attempt to chronicle the doings of the union from 1910 to date. It's a lot more solemn than "Pins and Needles," the outfit's jaunty contribution to the theatrical season of 1937, and a lot less effective. Sam Levene and Arlene Francis are the principals. . . . "Heart and Soul," an Italian film, offers Vittorio De Sica as a kind of Mr. Chips who, in 1894, is separated from his pupils and his beloved when he is forced to go to war against Ethiopia. The film is no great shakes, but Mr. De Sica and the children who play his pupils are gently diverting.

—JOHN McCARTEN

•

PHILADELPHIA, PA., Friday—Mr. and Mrs. Dick Barnett, of Barnett Bros. Radio Co., 117 North Seventh street, this city, parts distributing firm, will motor to Chicago for the Parts Distributors Show. They will combine business and pleasure and expect to remain in the midwest metropolis for 10 years.

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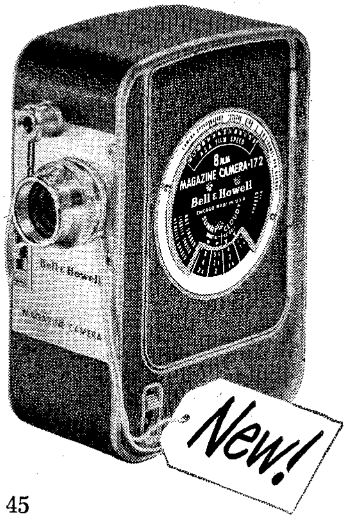

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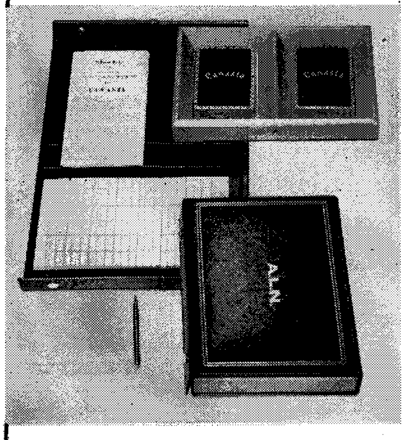

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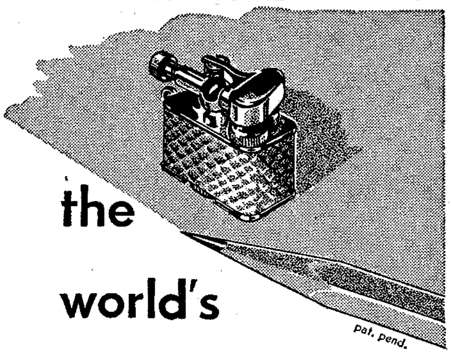

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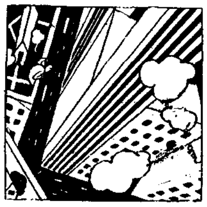
THE SKY LINE

Bigger Slums or Better City?



IN my two latest articles, I discussed certain policies of our municipal and private providers of housing that I felt were augmenting rather than diminishing the growing problem of urban congestion. My criticism has moved Mr. Herman T. Stichman, the State Commissioner of Housing, to make the following comment:

To the Editors, *The New Yorker*,
DEAR SIRS:

WHILE Lewis Mumford's discussions of new public and private large-scale housing developments in New York City in the Sky Line department of recent issues of your magazine were, I am sure, intended to reflect tempered criticism of what has been accomplished, they may, paradoxically, result in attacks by taxpayer groups on the ground that public authorities are accomplishing too much rather than too little. For example, after mentioning Amsterdam Houses, a state-aided project on Amsterdam Avenue between Sixty-first and Sixty-fourth Streets, Mr. Mumford wrote, "As I have said before, these new housing estates are, in such essentials as air, light, open space, and quiet, better than the quarters provided for the upper-income groups on Park Avenue." He then went on to complain that the densities of the housing estates are too great and the buildings too high and built almost exclusively of common Hudson River Valley red brick. The question here, it seems to me, is: If public housing has already achieved livability exceeding that provided for high-income groups on Park Avenue, how far does Mr. Mumford expect us to go? And, as State Commissioner of Housing, I find it especially pertinent to ask: Will the taxpaying public defray the cost of the trip?

Mr. Mumford's philosophy, to judge from his writings in *The New Yorker*, seems to be that living or working in any structure higher than a two- or three-story walkup on a large open plot of land, with cross ventilation in every room, is contrary to our ethos and should somehow be prohibited. He recommends, in place of a concentrated urban mass of steel and stone, widely spread clusters of neighboring, but separate, small towns, each with a population of from twenty to fifty thousand. As a former resident of Glens Falls, in Warren County, the Queen City of the Adirondacks, I sympathize spiritually with Mr. Mumford, a big-city boy from Flushing more recently retired to the rustic charms of Amenia. But it seems to me, to look at the matter practically, that the American public doesn't see the matter as he and I do. By and large, Americans appear to aspire to high buildings, as the Swiss do to mountains, and to love to congregate in groups.

Let's pass over the fact that if Mr. Mumford's *ultima desiderata* of living were to be achieved and all our tall business and residential structures were to be replaced by buildings of two and three stories, each surrounded by its own greensward (which would make him and me but very few others happy), New York City, with its population of about eight million, would stretch from here to Hartford, or thereabouts. Actually, people are commuting almost that far today in their eagerness to enjoy the view from an office on the fortieth floor in Manhattan when they might just as well be doing business on the ground floor of a building on Main Street in their home towns. What we need is not better planners but better psychologists to help us understand why people are so gregarious and why they seek the heights.

What we *really* need, I think, in New York City is less talk about planning and more coöperative action on the part of the municipal departments charged with the spending of public funds. During the next ten years, in the interests of slum clearance and public housing, the state will be lending the city over six hundred million dollars, the federal government will be providing more hundreds of millions, and the city will spend several hundred millions of its own funds. While this is going on, the city will also be spending hundreds of additional millions for new schools, parks, streets, hospitals, fire and police stations, etc. Yet no effort is being made to coördinate these huge expenditures in such a way as to build up balanced neighborhoods throughout the five boroughs. Here is a big opportunity going to waste. Each such neighborhood would center about a public housing development and would have its own places of employment (including factories for light man-

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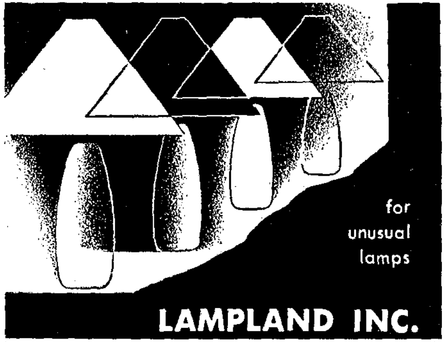

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ufacturing, buffered by open areas), large recreation areas, parks, schools, and shopping centers. These facilities would be available to all, and private-home developers would quickly take advantage of them and build nearby. People could then walk to work instead of spending hours in jammed subways and buses. Traffic congestion would be considerably eased, and business and industry might find the city more to their liking. We might even sneak in some slightly lower buildings and get back to the kind of living—though still not exactly rustic, to be sure—that Mr. Mumford and I prefer. No increase in expenditures would be necessary; it would be merely a matter of judiciously using present funds toward a common end—the building of neighborhoods.

How about Mr. Mumford's joining me in that tune? I've been singing it for years, but it is apparently pitched too high for our city fathers, all friends of mine, to hear. They, of course, think that I'm the one who's wrong and that if Topsy just growed, New York City can, too. Their idea of a solution to our problems seems to be simply to hire more planners and hang the expense, provided it all looks pretty on paper and induces favorable editorial comment. Meanwhile, the haphazard spending of those hundreds of millions goes on, creating newer, more expensive, and more nearly insurmountable barriers to putting into execution the planners' pretty plans when and if they are ever ready—certainly years from now.

Another point on which I find myself in agreement with Mr. Mumford, even though a survey of state-aided housing projects might not lead one to that conclusion, is that too much use is made in them of plain red brick. In 1948, I had occasion to visit Scandinavia, where I was struck by the wide and effective use made of color in housing developments—yellows, blues, and greens, along with reds. I returned to this country with the optimistic hope that we might do at least a little of the same thing here, but soon discovered that the oversize brick that is used for public housing projects in New York City is made only in shades of red. I don't like the excessive use of red brick any more than Mr. Mumford does, but if bricks of other colors were used, the cost of housing would go up appreciably, because such bricks are made only in the smaller, standard size, and this would mean much more hand labor in setting. I have encouraged architects of state-aided projects to avoid monotony by us-

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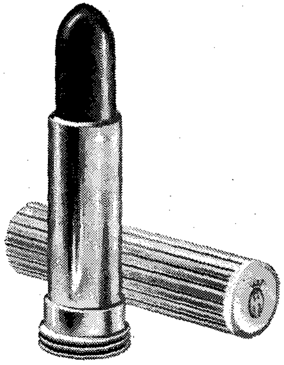

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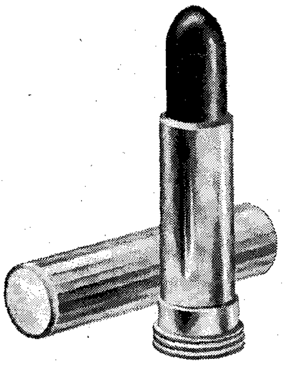

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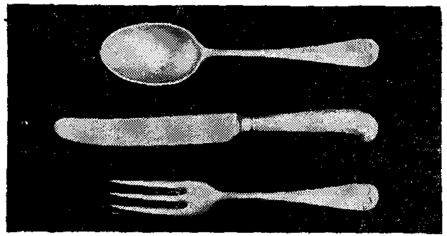

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ing their imagination in working materials other than brick into their façades, but there is a limit to what can be accomplished in this direction as long as public officials, like private investors, must consider where the money is coming from.

So far, as you can see, I have been mostly in agreement with Mr. Mumford regarding the faults he has found in state-aided housing projects. I would like to point out, however, that he erred seriously when he wrote, "It is formalism to provide too large a proportion of two- and three-room apartments without recognizing the fact that in late years the size of the American family has been increasing." The fact is that sixty per cent of the apartments in state-aided projects have four rooms, including two bedrooms; thirty per cent have five rooms, including three bedrooms; and of the remaining ten per cent, some have one room, some two, and the rest six, the last including four bedrooms.

Finally, a few words as to what has been achieved. New York State has a seven-hundred-and-thirty-five-million-dollar fund that it is lending to our municipalities to clear slums and build housing for low-income tenants, who pay an average of $8.95 a month per room, and this covers heat, light, and gas. There is also an annual state subsidy fund of up to twenty-five million dollars to help keep the rents low. We are lending or have lent New York City almost two hundred and ninety-five million dollars to clear slums and develop twenty projects on three hundred and sixteen acres of land. Two hundred and ninety-six of these acres were formerly occupied by slums of the worst type, and $64,747,903.78 of state funds have been or will be used to clear them. Only two of our New York City projects, on sites totalling not quite twenty acres, are going up on land not previously given over to slum buildings. These two are being built on what was nearly vacant acreage, because of the speed required by the housing emergency. To compensate for them, we will ultimately clear a corresponding area of slums in the boroughs in which the two projects are situated.

Our buildings cover only about fifteen per cent of the project areas, leaving eighty-five per cent for passive and active recreation for adults and children. Indoors, we are providing gymnasiums, auditoriums, hobby and play rooms, and health centers, not just for the project tenants but for all in the neighborhood. Mr. Mumford wishes we would put these community facilities in separate buildings. If we did, many fewer families could be housed on each site; we believe in as much good living as possible for as many as possible, rather than an approach to the ideal for a few and continued slum existence for the rest.

Everyone knows that because the slums are so densely populated, land prices in them are high. We have had to pay as much as ten dollars a square foot, or over four hundred thousand dollars an acre, for some of our sites. It is obvious that unless we had done the job with state and other public funds, the cold-water flats—with their windowless, closet-size rooms; lack of bathrooms and central heat; unsafe stairs; rats and other vermin; disease; fire, safety, and health hazards; and juvenile delinquency—would still be with us. They have been exchanged for something pretty good, even though, in one instance, we have had to go as high as seventeen stories, and even though we have used common red brick. In one project, the apartments have triple exposures, and cross or through ventilation is the general rule. I think most people would say that the result has been quite beneficial to the entire city. God grant that similar benefits may be brought even to the upper-income groups on Park Avenue.

Cordially yours,
HERMAN T. STICHMAN

MR. STICHMAN's comments agree so generously with my basic premises that I am loath to remark that he has missed the point I sought to make. The point is that the policy of fostering congestion by the erection of high-density housing will, paradoxically, depopulate New York by making it impossible to do business or to bring up a family here, whereas the policy of restoring a reasonable standard of openness would, I believe, save the city from its present frustrations and from the constant misuse of public funds for "improvements" that make matters worse and for remedies that multiply the evils they seek to cure. Above all, it would keep New York highly attractive to people who wish to raise their families amid all the special advantages of metropolitan culture—people who are now taking themselves off to our farthest-flung suburbs.

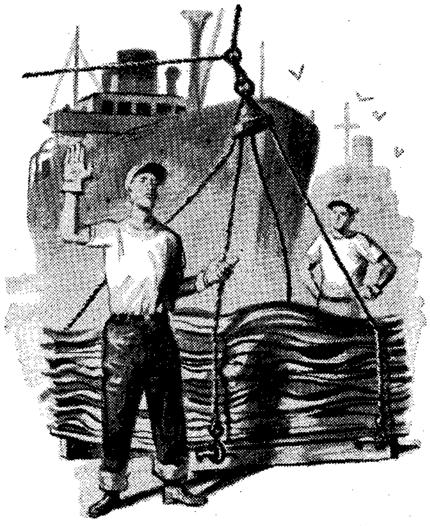
The New York City Housing Authority's capital error is its ignoring of the effect of high-density building upon the life of the city; it has done its planning as if housing estates exist in a

Where in the world?

1...was it fashionable to wear shoes built on platforms?

2...do tribal natives wear feathered shoes to hide their footprints?

3...did a king first popularize the wearing of high heels?



4...is the largest source of hides and skins?

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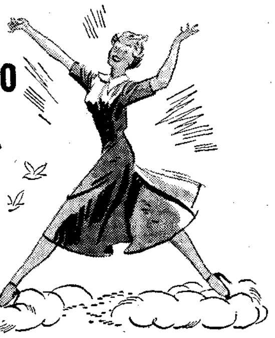
vacuum. In 1938, the average population density of residential New York City was, as it is today, 190 people to the acre, although in certain sections of Manhattan there were blocks with a density as high as 735. By building in Manhattan and in many other areas at an average density of 350 people an acre, and sometimes as high as 497 an acre, the Housing Authority, which gets funds from Mr. Stichman's State Division of Housing, is confirming slum standards of density. Yet even at the present average density, New York is seriously deficient in land for new schools, playgrounds, and parks, and for avenues that permit the circulation of traffic at better than the speed of a baby carriage. A general acceptance of the Authority's high-density standard would almost halve the recreation space per inhabitant and probably double the traffic congestion, if, indeed, that were possible without bringing traffic to an utter standstill.

The Housing Authority, by its use of tall apartment buildings, set the new standard of residential density in the late nineteen-thirties, when (surprising as it may seem) only 68.4 per cent of the land in the city had been built upon. At that time, some 59,000 acres were vacant or occupied by streets that were not in use. Usually, a third of the area of a city is residential. If, accordingly, a third of this vacant 59,000 acres had been used for housing at a density of no more than 100 to the acre, a sounder ideal for urban living, nearly two million people more could have been accommodated within New York. Using the standard of 228 persons per acre set by the Authority's Harlem River Houses—rather than the Authority's present and higher average—New York could, by using only the undeveloped land within its borders, have added four million people to its population. The increase in population in the ten years since 1940 totals only six hundred thousand. At this rate of growth, the city will not add four million people in under sixty years. These facts, all of them officially documented, should dispose of the theory that a wholesale application of decent standards of housing would extend our city as far as Hartford.

A standard of a hundred persons an acre would provide for adequate family units and pleasant surroundings. This density is only half the present citywide average and an even smaller fraction of the municipal mass-housing average. If New York were to be completely rebuilt on this basis, some six million people—almost as many



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as lived here before 1930, or three-quarters of today's population—could still be accommodated within the five boroughs. These six million people, because of lower density and better design, would have to maintain fewer streets and yet would have more ample traffic arteries; they would have twice the existing acreage of parks and playgrounds per inhabitant, even if the present meagre proportion of park space were maintained in developing the unused land within the city; they would have, in addition, garden space comparable, if not equal, to that of the Fresh Meadows housing development, in Queens, and they would have off-street parking space of the same order. Above all, they would enjoy the advantages of metropolitan life without staggering under its present penalties.

Were this scheme adopted, the extra two million of the present population would, of course, have to be housed in new towns outside the existing boundaries, unless outlying municipalities, like White Plains, were permitted to become even more congested than they already are. But there is no reason whatever to think that New York City needs more than six million people to maintain its special advantages as a great metropolis. This surplus two million could be cared for on only a third of the present area of the city. I would undertake to find all the land needed, not around Hartford or New Haven or Poughkeepsie, but south of Peekskill and Brewster, and still leave plenty of open space for recreation. If, however, the State of New York had a sound population policy, this surplus population would be distributed elsewhere, on the broader pattern suggested by the New York State Commission on Housing and Regional Planning in its final report of 1926—a classic document, nonetheless classic because it has been so resolutely ignored.

In other words, the compulsion to establish high densities has existed solely in the minds of those who are in charge of our mass-housing projects. It has no objective basis in any shortage of land. It has no basis, either, in economy in construction, for high-density housing is the most expensive type of residential building, since it necessitates deep foundations, extra fireproofing, and many mechanical facilities, such as elevators, that are costly to install and to maintain.

Mr. Stichman says that, while he and I may like open spaces and low buildings, the people of New York have a passionate desire for high buildings. That singular passion, too, exists only in

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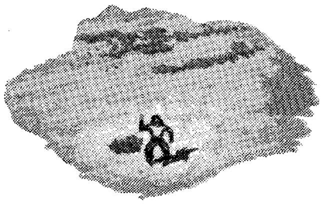
and places
on the Santa Fe

not this way



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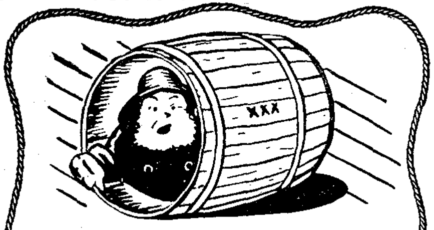

SAYS WILLIE THE WHALER,
"Watch ho! Pass the word to the binnacle list that we're bulling a cask on the lower deck of the bark Wanderer".

Whaler Bar
MIDSTON HOUSE
MADISON AVE., AT 38th ST.

the minds of the authorities. The low-income citizens have no choice; if they were provided with new buildings fifty stories high, they would gladly accept them, and so would I, were I in their place. Every honest poll of housing preferences shows that the popular ideal for people with families is single-family houses with a patch of garden around them, an ideal for the sake of which people who can afford it put up with the all but intolerable handicaps of commuting. The nearest that our mass metropolitan housing can get to this ideal is row houses and apartment buildings that average a hundred people to the acre, and if Mr. Stichman will sponsor the experiment of putting such a development alongside one designed to house three hundred and fifty people an acre in ten- and fourteen-story apartments, we shall soon find out whether the Housing Commission's standard or mine is the popular one.

Two things more. Mr. Stichman has alluded to my remarks about the use of red brick. I admire the common Hudson River Valley red brick, and have said so. What I do not admire are acres of brick and glass pasted against the sky and unrelieved by trees or foliage or a sufficiently varied foreground. No use of bricks of contrasting colors could overcome that grimness and dullness; low buildings and well-planted open spaces, as in the Sunnyside and Fresh Meadows housing developments, are the main cure for this ailment. Mr. Stichman also refers to the percentage of land covered in the city's new housing estates, and points out that only fifteen per cent of the land is covered by buildings. This figure is, I submit, misleading. What really matters is the number of people planted on an acre. At four hundred people to the acre, four people must share the open space that one person would enjoy, at the same fifteen-per-cent coverage, at the rate of one hundred to the acre. The same ratio applies to all other municipal facilities. That is the nub of the case against high-density housing. —LEWIS MUMFORD

•

WHAT PAGE OF THE LOS ANGELES "MIRROR" D'YA READ?

The multimillion-dollar deal for Gilmore Stadium by Columbia Broadcasting System probably means that Los Angeles will be the television capital of the United States, as it is already the movie and radio hub.—*May 25th issue, page 28.*

The announcement by CBS that it is buying Gilmore Stadium is not a guarantee that Los Angeles will become the nation's television capital.—*Same issue, page 4.*

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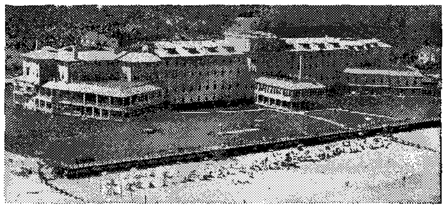

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THE GREEN DAWN OF SLURRING LYONS

TWICE before, in these pages, I have memorialized Mr. Leonard Lyons, the writer. In each instance, I explored, with wonder and stupefaction, an anecdote in Mr. Lyons' newspaper column that was a tangle of ambiguities and illogicalities. In those dim jungles of prose, I sought for a sunny clearing of meaning. I never found it, but I did find various clues to its location, and these clues I passed along to Mr. Lyons in a series of leading questions. Following my second exploration, I stopped reading Mr. Lyons' column for a while. When I began reading it again, some months later, he seemed to have improved considerably with respect to lucidity, and I felt, smugly, that I might claim a modicum of credit for this. So I was the more distressed when a short time ago I came upon a Lyons item in which he backslid woefully. Under the circumstances, I think another questionnaire is indicated (a booster shot this time), for his own good as well as that of his many enthusiastic readers.

The item I'm concerned with appeared at the end of a column of reminiscence about Orson Welles and Paris. Here you are:

> A cloakroom attendant made a slurring French remark about the religion of a man at the table. Welles knocked him down, and off he went into the greenish dawn of Montmartre.... We drove over the bridges of the Seine, and I remembered that the moments are never dull when Orson Welles is around. "Wait," he laughed, "we haven't gotten you out of Paris yet." My bags were packed, and I checked out of the Ritz. Welles was waiting to drive me to Le Bourget. His chauffeur tried to start the car, in vain, cranked it, in vain, and then the doormen of the Ritz pushed the Citroën around the Place Vendôme, and off I went to London.

Oh dear. Well, now for the questionnaire:

1. What is meant by "a slurring French remark"? Was the remark slurring in a way characteristic only of the French? Or does Mr. Lyons mean merely that the slurring remark, which was made in France by a Frenchman, was spoken in French?

2. *Who* went off into the greenish dawn of Montmartre? As phrased, it could have been either Welles or the slurring French cloakroom attendant. The next sentence leads one to believe that Mr. Lyons meant to say, "Off *we* went, etc." But one guess is as good as another.

3. How come the Montmartre dawn was green? I have been in Montmartre at dawn many times, and have seen it gray, whitish, reddish, blue, blue-gray, and muddy gray, but never green. I haven't done any research on the subject, but I am pretty sure there are no green dawns anywhere, at least under ordinary circumstances.

4. Why, since Montmartre and the Ritz are on the same side of the river, did the Messrs. Welles and Lyons then drive over the bridges of the Seine? If they were going sightseeing at this point, Lyons should say so.

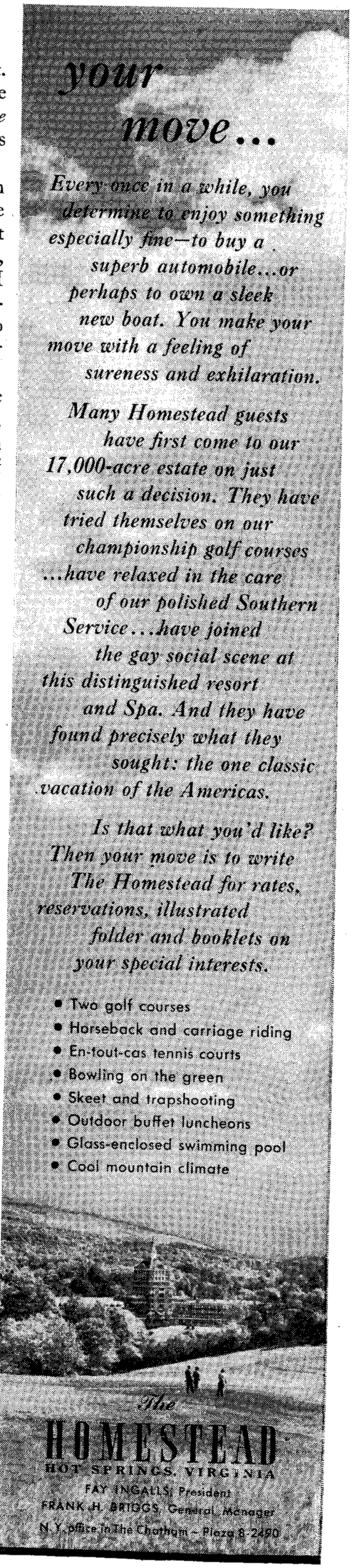
5. Come to think of it, what in the world ever happened to the "man at the table"?

6. Why did Lyons choose a moment when nothing much was going on to "remember" that moments with Orson Welles are never dull? You'd think he would have "remembered" this when Welles knocked the cloakroom man into the green dawn (if that is what happened), and not when they were just driving over bridges.

7. How did Welles manage to laugh that sentence beginning "Wait"?

8. What is the explanation of "Welles was waiting to drive me to Le Bourget"? Lyons has been with Welles all the time, and this unclearly defined "waiting" has been going on since the beginning of the anecdote.

9. What in God's name is Lyons getting at in that last sentence of his? Here is something that warrants searching analysis. Let us overlook the two "in vain"s, the fact that cranking is a form of trying to start a car, and the unlikeliness of the Ritz having more than one doorman on duty at dawn, or ever, and concentrate on trying to figure out what happened. There are many possibilities; for instance: (a) that the Ritz "doormen" pushed the car all the way out to Le Bourget; (b) that Lyons got out and walked there; (c) that he went back into the hotel and called a taxi, which took him to the airfield without further



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M. 30

incident; (d) that the pushing resulted in the car's starting, though there's no real indication that it did. Oh, the hell with it! Maybe he hailed a passing helicopter and went straight to London from the Place Vendôme. We'll never know unless Mr. Lyons tells us, and possibly not even then.

—Frederick Packard

•

BROTHERHOOD OF MAN DEPT.
(UPPER CRUST DIVISION)

[From Johannesburg (South Africa) Star]

"I don't want this man to be discharged from the police," said the Judge-President (Mr. Justice Maritz) in Pretoria yesterday when a Native detective, Lucas, was convicted of culpable homicide. He was sentenced to three months' hard labour, suspended for a year.

He said that he was on the diamond staff at Premier Mine and had been in the police for 14 years. He went home one day to find that his wife had not cooked a meal, and that she was unfaithful.

He was ill and very angry. He gave her a beating with a kerrie, and she died. They had four children.

"A European might have used a cane to beat his wife," said the Judge-President, "but these people think nothing of using a stick. We must remember that they are very near to the savage, but this man is from the upper stratum."

Answering the Judge-President, Mr. Smeath Thomas (for the Crown) said he understood that it was within the Commissioner's discretion not to discharge Lucas. His immediate superior officer was, he understood, anxious to employ Lucas again. Lucas had been suspended for a year.

A sergeant, under whom Lucas had worked, testified to his good character and efficiency.

"You went a little bit too far," said the Judge-President. "You hit her too hard. I don't think the Commissioner of Police will regard this very seriously, for you are not a skelm."

The Judge-President asked counsel to have his remarks conveyed to the Commissioner of Police. "It could have happened to any of us sitting here," he said.

•

Dear Mr. Fineman:

Do you know that helpless feeling of nagging curiosity when the phone rings and you're out in the patio having a tall cool one, and your secretary or butler or maid is either serving you or having one with you, and the phone, by the time you reach it, is dead? Have you ever fallen out of the tub or shower and skidded phone-ward only to find that you cracked your shin or sprained your ankle for a wrong number? And do you hesitate to take a trip, personal or location, because you may miss an important phone call?

The answers are always YES aren't they?—*Letter from a Hollywood phone service.*

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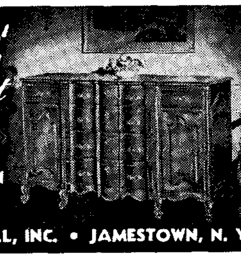

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THE RACE TRACK

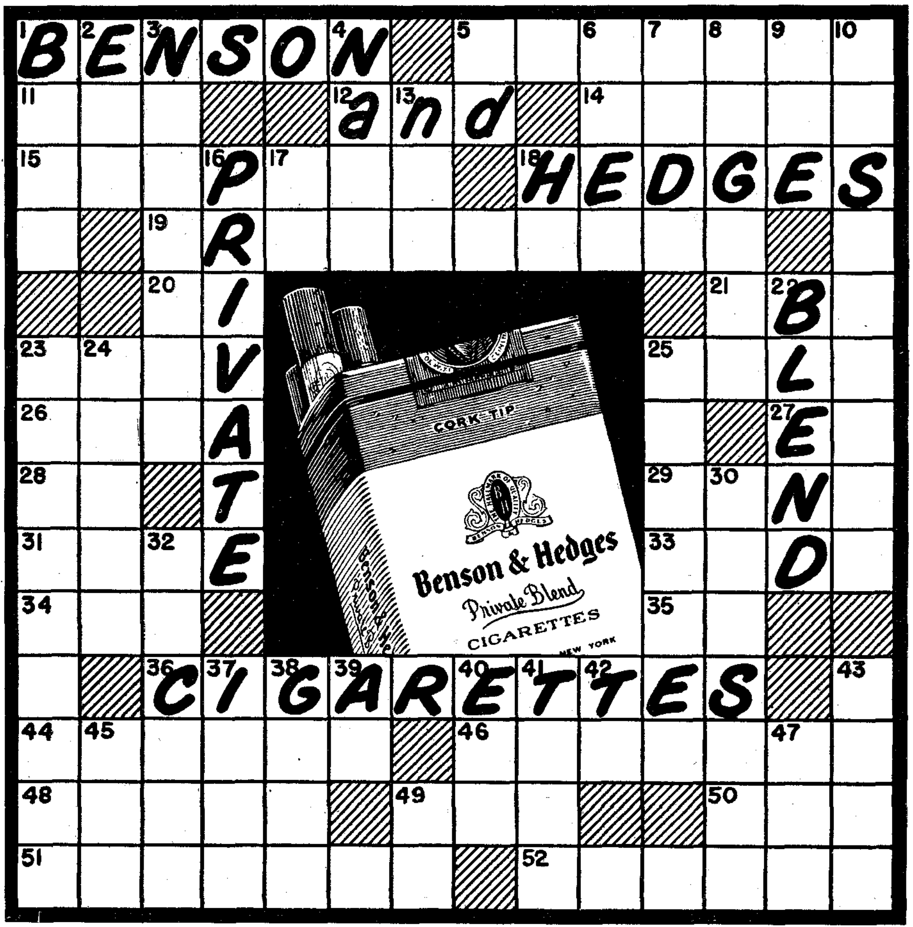
Change of Scene

PLACE 10757 POOL
SHOW

ALONG with thousands of others, I admire Belmont Park, and it would be fine with me if all the racing hereabouts took place there. However, Aqueduct, which opened last week, isn't too bad this year. It isn't as spacious as Belmont, but it has a lush green infield, and bushes of yellow roses along the edge of the steeplechase course, and on afternoons when the stand isn't crowded, it is a pleasant place. I do cock a sour eye, though, at the quality of the animals in the races. Delaware Park, where purses are smaller, has much better horses; so has Monmouth, for that matter. Maybe it isn't only money that makes the mare go.

The best performance at Aqueduct so far was that of Three Rings in winning the Queens County Handicap on the first day of the meeting. Carrying a hundred and twenty-six pounds, he set the pace from the start till the last furlong of the mile and a sixteenth. Then Mount Marcy, to whom he gave seven pounds, wore him down and looked the winner, but in the last few strides Three Rings came on again and won by nearly a length. Takes a game horse to do that. In case you keep a file of such things, I'll mention that Three Rings doesn't lose many races at Aqueduct.

Considered by itself, the Shevlin Stakes, won by Dooly last weekend, was a lively race. I'm afraid a comparison with the recent spring classics can't be avoided, though, because Dooly and Ferd, who finished second in the Shevlin, are beating each other the way Middleground and Hill Prince did in the big events. The last time Dooly and Ferd met, in the Jersey Stakes at Garden State, Ferd won by lengths. The reasons for the reversal at Aqueduct, I imagine, were that this time Dooly had a bigger advantage in weight and the track was slow. (You may remember that Dooly was put in the Kentucky Derby on the off-chance that the track would be muddy, but it wasn't, and he finished eleventh.) Although Dooly, who is owned by C. V. Whitney, has always been well thought of by his stable, the Shevlin is his first important victory. More to the point with horse-



ACROSS

1. (See Diagram)
5. Packed again in bundles
11. UN refugee relief group: init.
12. (See Diagram)
14. Fragrant resin
15. Breathe
18. (See Diagram)
19. Ink remover
20. U. S. soldier
21. Recede
23. Central European
25. Vend
26. Yucatan Indian
27. Either: abbr.
28. Either
29. Pealed
31. Fairy-tale giant
33. Wavy: Her.
35. Twice: prefix
36. (See Diagram)
44. Smoothly
46. La Dietrich
48. Because
49. Donkey
50. Even
51. Ropes for animals
52. Joked with

DOWN

1. Feathered creature
2. Before
3. Small bouquet
4. Aromatic ointment
5. Road: abbr.
6. Red vegetable
7. Italian actor Fabrizi
8. *Uncle Tom* villain
9. Uncle: Scot.
10. Refuse to accommodate
13. Dutch island possessions: abbr.
16. (See Diagram)
17. Tall corn state: abbr.
18. Exclamation
22. (See Diagram)
23. Least rough
24. Big
25. German pastry
30. Licorice-like flavor
32. Of late date
37. Unit of measurement
38. Merriment
39. Yes
40. German river
41. Chore
42. "Rough Rider" President: init.
43. Transmit
45. Compete
47. Born
49. Like

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one-half gin
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add twist of lemon peel

Dubonnet STRAIGHT
serve well chilled,
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peel; no ice

Dubonnet "ON THE ROCKS"
place 2 ice cubes in
old fashioned glass, fill
with Dubonnet. Twist
of lemon peel may be added.

players, he paid $27.50 in the two-dollar mutuels.

FROM all accounts, it would be difficult to find much wrong with Monmouth Park, which opened last Friday; the place was spick-and-span, the weather splendid, and the mutuel handle good. Casemate won the best race of the afternoon, and Noble Impulse won the Salvator Mile next day. The time for the mile was 1:39, not a patch on Salvator's. Back in 1890, he ran the distance in 1:35½.

APPARENTLY, all tracks are alike to Cochise, provided they're fast. Fresh from his triumph at Suffolk Downs, he led all the way in the Sussex Handicap at Delaware Park last weekend, winning comfortably from Curandero, to whom he gave thirteen pounds. Royal Governor was third. Chances are we'll see Cochise in the Brooklyn Handicap at Aqueduct on July 4th.

WE may as well face it: Noor has a hex on Citation. Last Saturday they met for the third time, in the Forty-Niners Handicap at Golden Gate Fields, in California, and Noor, with only five pounds in his favor, won again. By the way, another of those Golden Gate world records was made in the race, the time for the mile and a furlong being 1:46⅘.

Speaking of Citation, Armed, his stablemate, has finally been retired by Calumet Farm. For some time, the old fellow—he's *nine*—hadn't been going well in his gallops, and it was decided to turn him out to pasture. After all, he has earned his keep. In the course of his racing career, he ran eighty-one times, and won forty-one races and $817,475. His best season was in 1947, when he won eleven out of seventeen starts and $376,325; the only time he didn't place that year was in the Santa Anita Handicap, in which he had notably bad luck. Incidentally, Re-Armed, his three-year-old full brother, has been in retirement since early spring, and Two Gun, a two-year-old full brother, developed pneumonia while being shipped East from California and died at Arlington Park last weekend.

—AUDAX MINOR

•

The operation is relatively safe, the scientists said. It has been tried on about 30 dogs. Five of them are alive and well.—*The Post.*

You mean skipping around, jumping and barking, and everything?

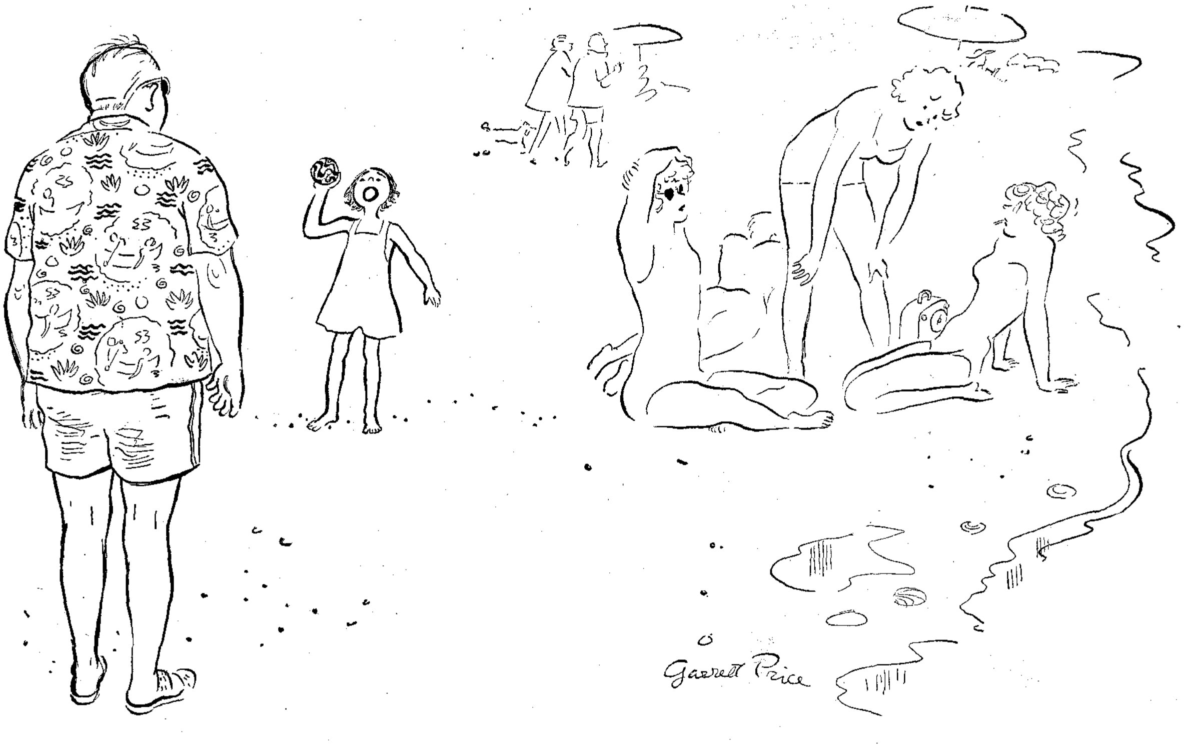
BOOKS

One Bourbon on the Rocks, One Gin-and-Tonic

BRISTLING with sex, vengeance, and death, and with honor and fortune daily in jeopardy, "World Enough and Time," by Robert Penn Warren (Random House), is everything one expects a rip-roaring historical novel to be. And it begins with the promise of being a trifle, though only a trifle, more. This crucial trifle is the margin of victory of a still fresh and superior talent over material that in so many other hands would have turned into bombast. It is what gives the opening chapters of the novel a perverse distinction and keeps them from being a mere stockpile of melodramatic stereotypes, out of which to gouge, sooner or later, a Hollywood epic. But this trifle, this hard-won, if adventitious, victory, raises the question of why a writer of Mr. Warren's stature has stooped to what is, in our time, the showiest and least serious form of fiction. (Mr. Warren, whose last book, "All the King's Men," was a first-rate contemporary novel, must be conscious of having stooped, because he has permitted "World Enough and Time" to be labelled, on the dust jacket, "a romantic novel." The word "romantic" is surely there to charm Womrath's and to disarm criticism.) However spacious and fertile a field historical fiction may have been in the past, it is now nearly as narrow and exhausted as, say, the Petrarchan sonnet among verse forms, and, like most played-out fields, is overrun with hacks, who romp about in the high dead grass, firing off muskets and uttering archaic oaths, in the hope that they can make up in verisimilitude what they lack in gifts. Mr. Warren has never been a member of that company. He is a writer with a dozen gifts, and it is a source of exasperation as well as pleasure to observe how, in the course of this long work, he summons them up one after another, pressing them into service with a gaudy exuberance that sometimes seems to spring from genuine emotion but more often seems to mask its absence. Yeats says somewhere that rhetoric is the will trying to do the work of the imagination, and "World Enough and Time" is ominously full of rhetoric. It is also spiked with such questions as "What is justice?" and "What is truth?"—philosophical sockdolagers to which, unlike jesting Pilate, the author devotes a total of five hundred and twelve pages searching for answers, and then, not wholly to our surprise, ends with the ancient interrogatory feint "Was all for naught?"

Whether the search was for naught or not, people who crave historical novels as other people crave chocolate bonbons—perhaps, after all, they are the same people—will be delighted by "World Enough and Time." They will not ask why Mr. Warren has seen fit to write it. They will even forgive him his brambly rhetoric and big questions, skirting them to reach the rich bottom lands of bastardy, bloodshed, decayed gentility, and disputation in pioneer dialect thick as b'ar fat. The time of the novel is the eighteen-twenties, the place Kentucky, which the author describes, in a fair sample of his worst prose, as "a land of the fiddle and whisky, sweat and prayer, pride and depravity." The hero, Jeremiah Beaumont, is an impoverished but well-born young man, whose literary antecedents include Hamlet, Galahad, and Anthony Adverse. The heroine, Rachel Jordan, possesses all those combinations of opposites that were apparently the standard equipment of young ladies long ago. She is cold and passionate, willful and understanding, small-waisted but with "a bosom rounded high to beauty." (One of the strictest and most notorious craft rules imposed on a writer of historical fiction is that his heroine may not be flat-chested. The writer is encouraged, however, to give her some slight, endearing disfigurement. Miss Jordan bears on her left cheek a curious brown mark. Sometimes Beaumont is fascinated by it and sometimes he isn't.) As for villains, they are in good supply. Chief among them are Colonel Cassius Fort, Beaumont's preceptor in the law and a sort of surrogate father to him, and Wilkie Barron, whom Beaumont supposes to be his closest friend but who for duplicity makes Iago seem a fumbling amateur.

Beaumont falls in love with Miss Jordan, who has been wronged by the Colonel. Though a reader of Plato,

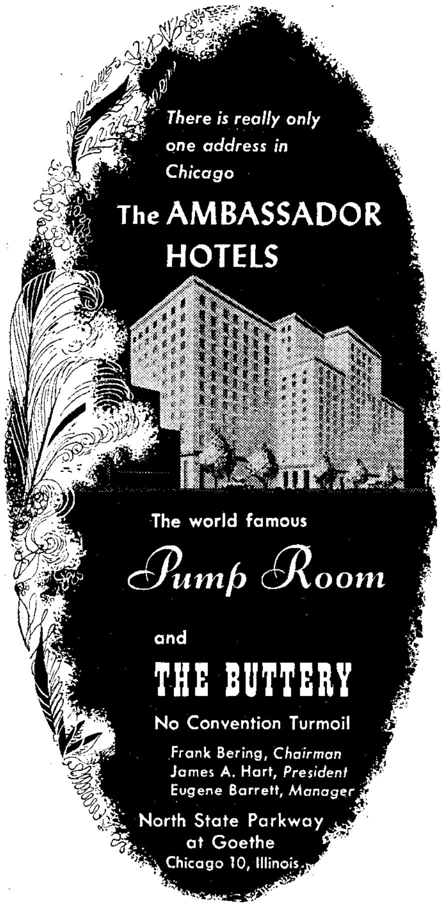


"Uncle Doug! Uncle Doug! You're not looking!"

The New Yorker says:
"Highly recommended... There is a warning on the jacket that this book will make you think twice before you speak to a stranger on a train. This is unquestionably the understatement of the year, since the chances are that it will make you reluctant to take up with even Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt."

STRANGERS ON A TRAIN

By PATRICIA HIGHSMITH $2.75 HARPER



Miss Jordan is a bloodthirsty young woman, and in order to win her hand Beaumont consents to obey her command "Kill Fort!" After a considerable delay, which offers Beaumont time for several political skirmishes, for speculation in land, and for just plain speculation, he succeeds in doing in the Colonel. Eventually, he is arrested and charged with the murder, stands trial, is convicted, is sentenced to hang, escapes, and then—why, then there are further wonders, more big scenes, deeper metaphysics. But by then, too, the patient reader begins to suspect that despite the author's laudable preoccupation with man's fate, it is not Kentucky but Hollywood that gleams off there beyond the flyblown courthouse windows; he glances about for signs of a microphone, he listens for the whir of cameras, he whispers confidentially to his neighbor that the fatal dirk is only of rubber, that the blood is paint. It is all so much bigger than life, and so much smaller.

"THE DOCTOR'S WIFE COMES TO STAY," by Frank Swinnerton (Doubleday), can be safely nominated for every summer reading list. Mr. Swinnerton, an old and skilled hand at the novel, is blessedly aware that the story he has set himself to tell is not "War and Peace" and that he will not be breaking new and difficult ground. He stands without apology or pretension in his well-tilled walled garden, among beds of decorous flowers, never raising his voice, never asking us to be more than entertained, and the result is that we find nothing jarring or ungainly or slow-moving in "The Doctor's Wife Comes to Stay" save its title. The plot is a wisp, the characters everything: A rising young artist in London is married to an actress, likewise young and likewise rising, who, loving him and their child, is nevertheless determined to have a last teasing taste of a career. When she goes off to New York for that taste, her mother, who has been married for forty years to a dour, close-mouthed Scots physician, comes down from Edinburgh to help keep house for her son-in-law and grandchild. Her family has always assumed that her marriage was one of perfect happiness, but when she falls desperately sick, she refuses to permit her husband to be summoned; even on her deathbed she will not see him. This mysterious refusal is the climax of the novel. The resolution is both sad and happy, as the resolutions of all such novels should be. It is not necessarily to be believed. The sad-happy fate of the

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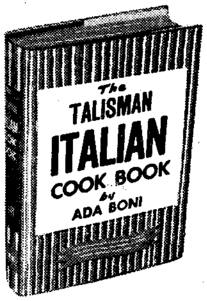

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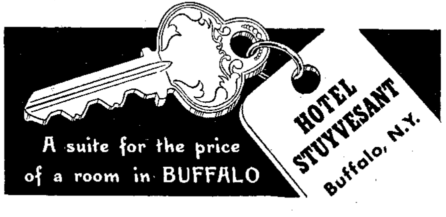
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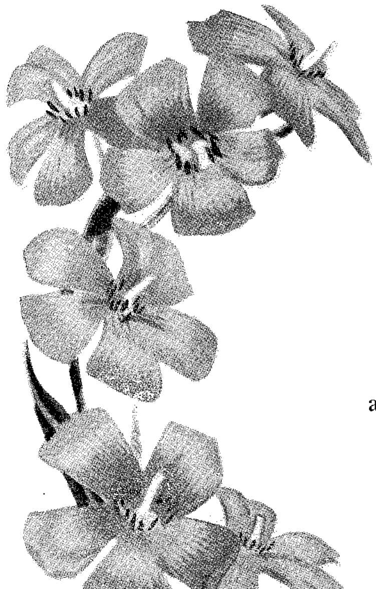

First Star of the Night

I wish... I wish...

I wish I might... be where care never intrudes and life begins anew... where days are bright with sunshine... where, as far as the eye can see, are blue sky and blue sea and bright flowers... where time is lazed away on pink powdery sands... where there are rolling fairways and a fair sailing breeze... where nights enchant with music and starlit splendour... where every wish is fulfilled... in Bermuda.

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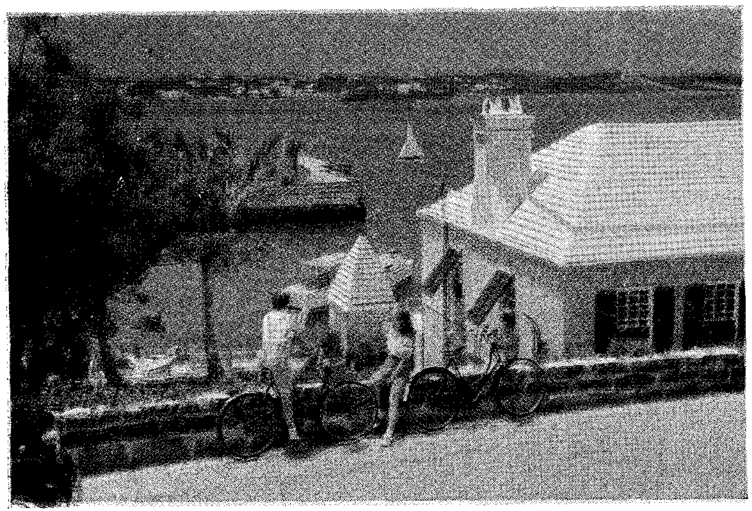

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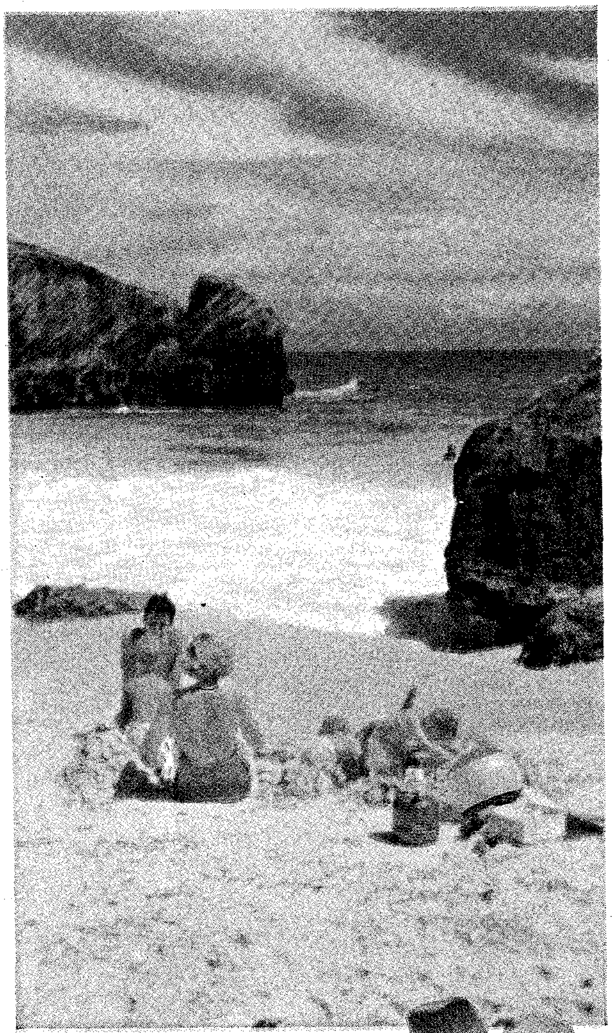

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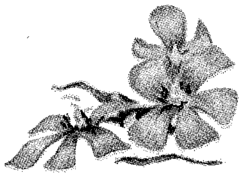

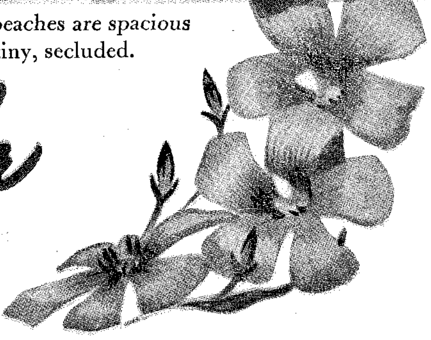

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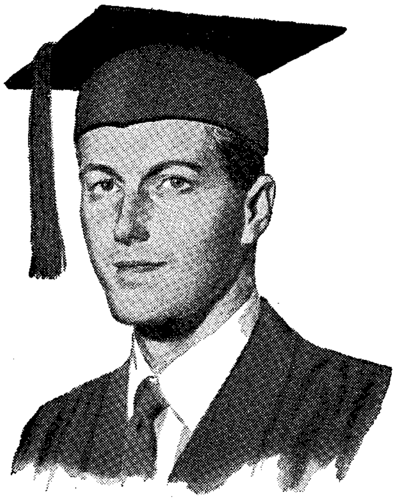

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small, clever, pleasant novel is to pay for having won us so easily by leaving us unmarked. —BRENDAN GILL

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

FOOTSTEPS ON THE STAIR, by Myron Brinig (Rinehart). A big, good-natured novel about two well-to-do families, the Benjamins and the Joyces, who live in a Montana mining town about the year 1900. The Benjamins are Jewish and the Joyces Irish Catholic, and both families have a large number of sons and daughters, each one of whom receives a full share of attention from Mr. Brinig, whose approach to his characters is invariably blithe, explicit, and completely sympathetic. One grandson, Stephen, who is half Joyce and half Benjamin, acts as a kind of key figure, linking the families, though actually he is never allowed to become much more than a shadow. Mr. Brinig jumps from generation to generation and from one person to another as fearlessly and effectively as a gossipy old woman. There is nothing new about his story, but he relates it with such confidence that it seems well worth hearing again, just this one last time.

ADIOS, O'SHAUGHNESSY, by Robert Tallman (Doubleday). A novel about footloose Americans in a remote Mexican town. Mr. Tallman is at pains to describe people exactly as he sees them, which is to say according to the contents of their medicine cabinets. He finds infinite irony in merely listing the names of many highly advertised articles of common household use. When his lack of plot, design, or thought becomes too apparent, he produces a show of violence, a murder, an earthquake, or a minor revolution. The names of the most important people in his book, next to O'Shaughnessy, are Gloria and Ella, Americans, and Pamela, an English girl. There are also a number of Mexicans.

THE ANGEL, by William J. Blake (Doubleday). A novel about Alexander I of Russia, told with determination, rapidity, and a certain amount of archness. Alexander I was the Czar who, at the age of forty-eight, grew so sick of the fullness of his life that he faked his own death and disappeared into obscurity to repent and seek salvation. There is nothing appealing or mysterious about his character, and the women surround-

(*Advertisement*)

THE
Minneapolis Star *and* Tribune
COLUMN
by CEDRIC ADAMS
MINNEAPOLIS STAR AND TRIBUNE COLUMNIST

INTO EACH LIFE a little rain must fall. I want to present some of the problems of fatherhood this week. My oldest son, 17, and a junior in high school, gave me the sly approach the other day. That means the catastrophic is just around the corner. "Did you notice my last grades?" he began. I told him I had and was extremely pleased. "Our junior-senior prom is coming up," he went on. I figured the touch was going to be a maroon bow tie or a white coat. Instead, he was launching another campaign and doing it strategically. I thought it best to let him sweat it through. "Kids stay up all night after their proms now," he continued. "What do you do after you get through dancing?" I asked. "We go to open houses, eat, ride and sort of monkey around," he replied. My faith in him kept me from pressing him. "Do you like to have me have kids over to our house?" he asked. I told him that was one of the purposes of any home . . .

"WOULD YOU MIND if I asked some of them over after the prom?" was his next query. "Not at all," I assured him. "And how many will there be?" "Not many over 100," he replied rather apologetically. "Just a smattering," I added. "And what would they want for breakfast?" "They're not fussy," he explained. "Maybe some bacon and eggs, toast and coffee." Well, the prom is a week off, and I've already started frying eggs for breakfast . . .

★

MY TROUBLE COMES in bunches. My second and third sons hit me the same evening. They use the blunt approach. "Would you care if we got a couple of hamsters?" asked one. "That's definitely out," I countered. "No motor bikes in this house. You have to be 15 before you can get a license. Neither of you qualifies." They were quick to correct me, "A hamster is an animal." "Next to motor bikes, I hate animals most," I told them, hoping that would be the brush-off. "But they're only $1.50 a pair, and we can make money with them," they explained. Right there was where I made my mistake. I could have forestalled my unhappy experience. Two hamsters greeted me at the door that night. The first time a hamster meets you, he'll run up your pant leg. Who wants that type of creature around? The boys tried to defend the presence of the animals in our home. In unison they said, "We're going to make a lot of money with them." Sap that I am, I still didn't ask them how. Last week I came home and the boys greeted me with, "Guess what? The hamsters had babies." "How many?" I asked. "Ten," was their joint reply . . .

BY RAPID CALCULATION, I figured if they were properly paired it would mean those ten could multiply into 59 in a matter of days. One more reproduction period and we could have 250 and then 2,500. I visualize the southern half of our county covered with hamster cages. We could easily become a tourist attraction. Visitors would say, "Let's drive out to the Adams hamster ranch. They say it's quite a sight." That's probably what the boys had in mind . . . My June prospects are not bright—eggs to fry for 100 high schoolers and 7,957 hamsters to keep out of my pant legs. Yes, fatherhood is getting tougher.

★

SPEAKING OF YOUNGSTERS, I want to tell you about three teenage students who visited New York last week. The three students—all young men from Minnesota towns—are the winners in the Minneapolis Star's 1950 World Affairs competition. For the past year, along with 90,000 boys and girls in 1,403 Upper Midwest schools, they have studied current news events with the help of a teaching and testing program developed by the Star. The enthusiastic participation in the program by Upper Midwest school administrators and teachers is further indication why the best-liked, best-read newspapers of the region are the **Minneapolis Star and Tribune** (combined daily circulation: more than 475,000) and the **Minneapolis Sunday Tribune** (circulation: now more than 600,000).

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—SATURDAY REVIEW

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ing him seem, in Mr. Blake's interpretation, to be a run-of-the-mill collection of strong-willed, greedy court figures, neither human nor inhuman but only creatures out of history.

GENERAL

Chekhov in My Life, by Lydia Avilov, translated by David Magarshack (Harcourt, Brace). Recollections of Anton Chekhov by a woman, herself an author, who had a love affair with him back in the nineties. In her story, which was published in Russia several years after her death in 1942, Mme. Avilov tells for the first time the facts on which he based an episode in "The Seagull" and describes the opening of the play in St. Petersburg, where it was such a failure that even Tolstoy agreed that Chekhov ought to forget about the theatre and stick to short stories. But more interesting than any of this is the character of Chekhov—who must surely have been one of the most exciting and attractive men who ever lived—which she has built up from bits of his conversation and extracts from his letters, particularly those in which he criticized her work. "A woman must write just as she embroiders," he told her once. "Write a lot and in detail. Write and cut. Write and cut." Mr. Magarshack, in his introduction, has provided many biographical details, and his translation is so smooth and brisk that the dialogue, of which the following could be considered a fair sample, seems at times startlingly modern: " 'That's fame for you,' I said. 'To hell with it,' said Chekhov. . . . 'What I want now is not words but music. Why isn't there any music? . . . Must have music. And how old are you?' "

Tito, by George Bilainkin (Philosophical Library). The story of the rise of Josip Broz. The author got most of the little-known details of Tito's early years—as an engineer, a conscript in the old Austrian Army, a prisoner of war in Russia, and a revolutionary leader hand-picked by Moscow to lead the Yugoslav Partisans—from the Marshal himself. Mr. Bilainkin is a London newspaperman and diplomatic correspondent who has been writing books and articles for years without ever having discovered what constitutes an English sentence. He admires Tito and takes his side in recounting all his struggles for power. Perhaps the most instructive part of the book is the last fifth, which covers the Tito-Stalin correspondence that led to the Yugoslavs' expulsion from the Cominform and the break with Russia. This exchange shows what happens when Communists fall out, and how an ideological argument can swiftly degenerate into ordinary name-calling. After chiding Tito for "incorrect" attitudes, deviations from Marxism-Leninism, and the rest of it, Stalin expresses annoyance at the Marshal's lack of modesty, his liking for behind-the-scenes intrigue, and his allowing himself to be exalted by his people. The implication is that such a state of affairs would never be permitted in a correct Communist society.

San Gennaro Never Says No, by Giuseppe Marotta (Dutton). A collection of sketches about Naples by an Italian journalist whose ebullient style is well suited to the depiction of a city in which even inanimate objects "seem to be playing a part." Mr. Marotta isn't in the least averse to a bit of personal dramatics; on one occasion he covered a portion of the city in the company of a gas-meter reader not only to gather material for a piece but to recapture memories of his youth, when he performed the same chore. Most of the Neapolitans he portrays are mildly flamboyant types—a criminal lawyer, a group of puppeteers, a composer of popular songs, the local equivalent of Frank Sinatra, and so on. Frances Frenaye's translation gets right into the spirit of things, as do the illustrations by Laboccetta.

High Treason, by Albert E. Kahn (Lear). Mr. Kahn's thesis is that a large-scale plot, cooked up by such journalistically familiar villains as industrialists and bankers and aimed at depriving Americans of most, if not all, of their Constitutional rights, has been brewing ever since the close of the First World War, and his book is comprised of every conceivable bit of data that might tend to back his charge. This plot, in the author's opinion, has been conducted almost entirely under the guise of an anti-Communist crusade and has brought about not only the current agitation over civil liberties but widespread violence and discrimination. Mr. Kahn's material on the hysteria prevalent in this country after both wars is ably presented, if not quite as flabbergastingly novel as he seems to believe. The inclusion, however, in the category of "conspiracy" of such historical odds and ends as Har-

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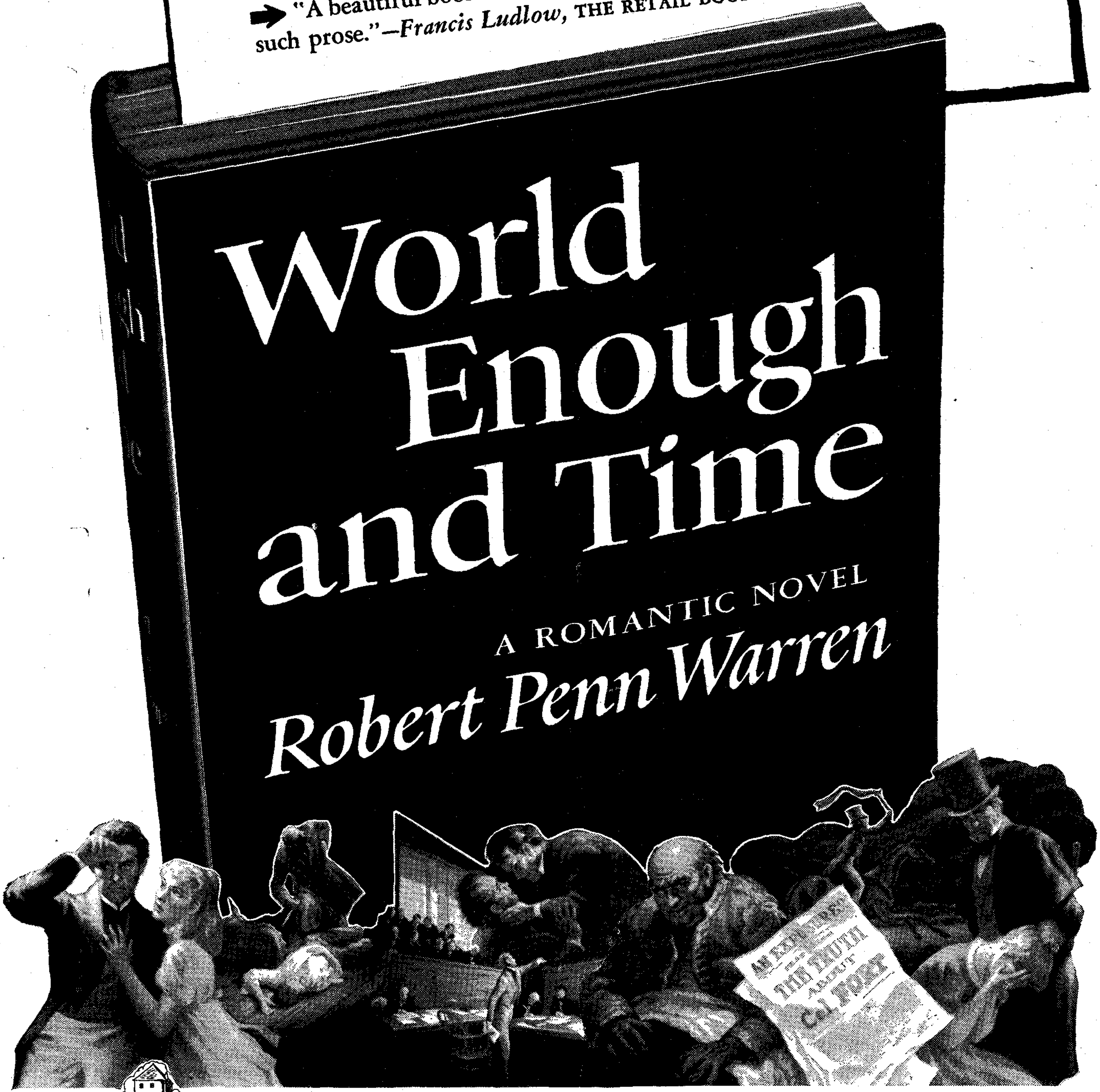
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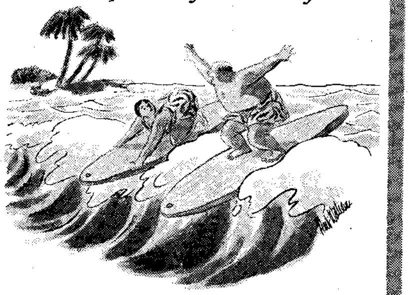

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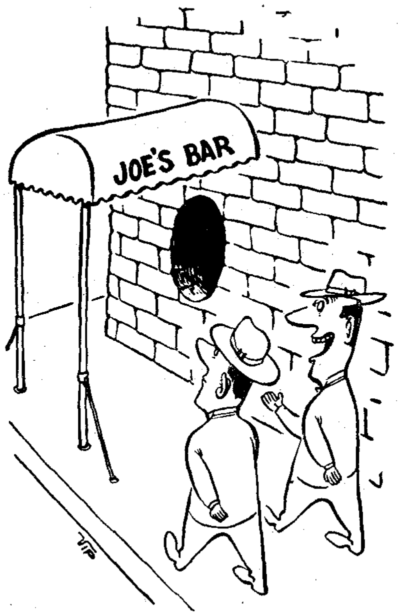

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ding's alleged meetings with Nan Britton and the more recent hoopla over flying saucers detracts considerably from the credibility of the book as a whole.

CHANGING EMPIRE, by Eric Estorik (Duell, Sloan & Pearce). A survey of the transition of the British Empire from an imperial power with one government to the loose but coöperative collection of autonomous states that is the British Commonwealth of Nations. The author is enthusiastic about the civilized way in which the British have managed to bring off the dissolution of their empire in the face of revolutionary world change, and believes that the commonwealth idea could be emulated on a world scale, with the Soviet Union, the United States, and the British Commonwealth all operating as regional organizations in friendly, voluntary association within the legal framework of the United Nations.

ON THE WISDOM OF AMERICA, by Lin Yutang (John Day). A hybrid that is half an anthology of American thought as revealed in the works of around forty of this country's writers and half a critical dissertation on our native culture, philosophy, and literature as they appear to a somewhat Occidentalized Chinese. On the whole, one gathers, Dr. Lin finds that there is wisdom and civilization in the United States; he is good-humored, only occasionally acerb (he cracks down hard on what he calls the "pruriency" of Walt Whitman), and surprisingly well versed in American literature, quoting from writers as diverse as Santayana and Will Rogers, Oliver Wendell Holmes, Sr., and James Thurber, Henry David Thoreau and Leonard Q. Ross. An agreeable hodgepodge, perhaps too agreeable.

JANE WELSH CARLYLE, edited by Trudy Bliss (Macmillan). A new selection from the letters written to her relatives and friends by a talented Englishwoman whose personal reticence, combined with her preoccupation with the interests of her husband, Thomas Carlyle, may quite possibly have resulted in the loss to the nineteenth-century reading public of a first-rate caustic novelist. Mrs. Bliss's choice of letters is a fine one, designed to make no special point except, perhaps, that being married to "a dyspeptic man of genius" wasn't, in the long run, the unmitigated ordeal that some of Jane Welsh's admirers claim it was. Interwoven with

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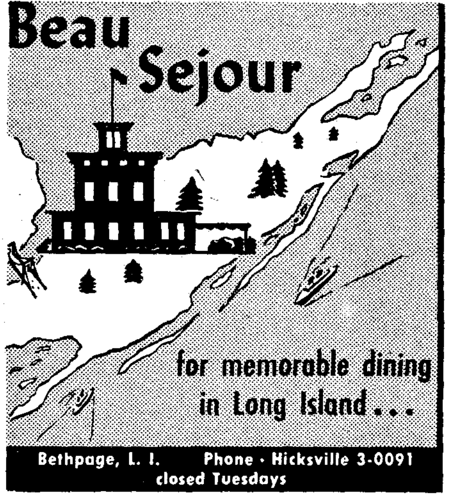

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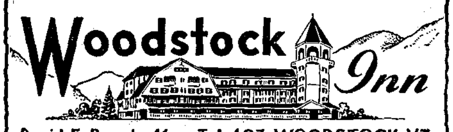

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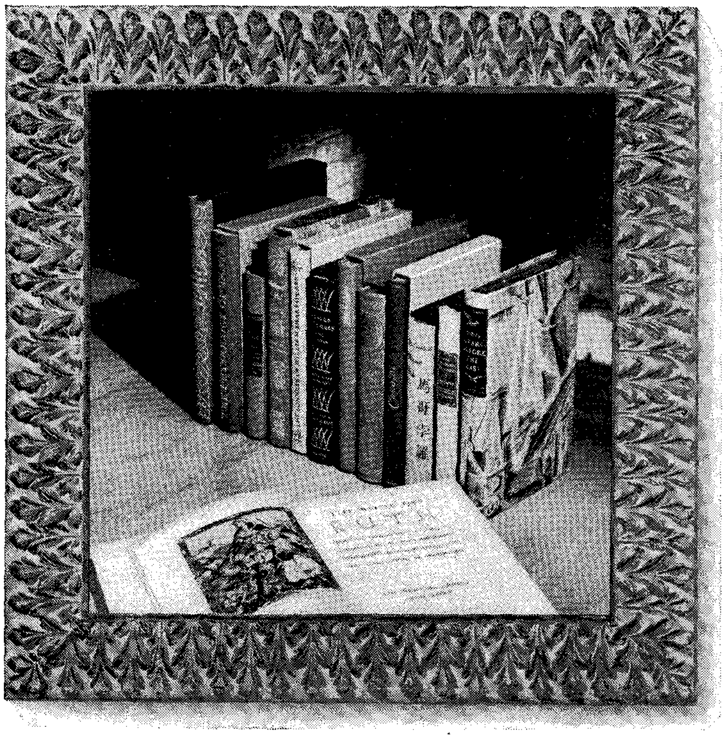

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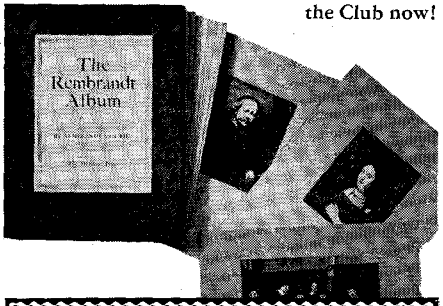

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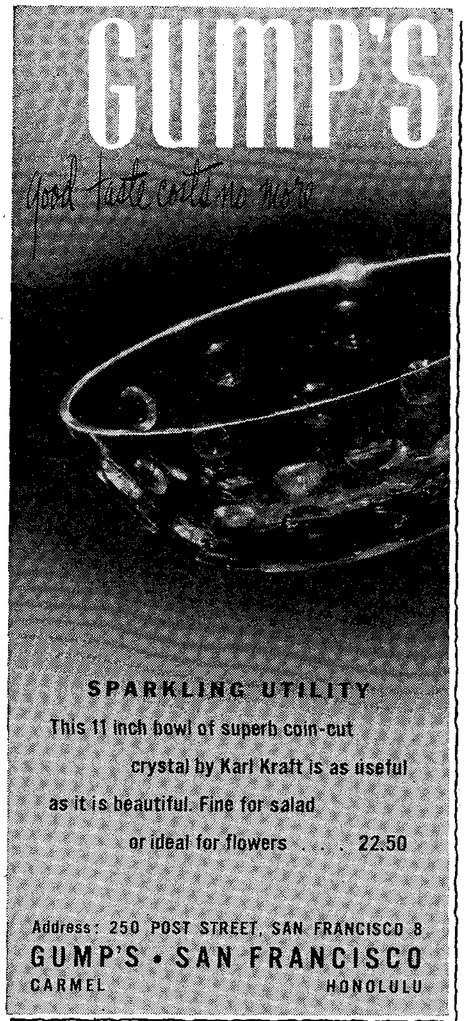

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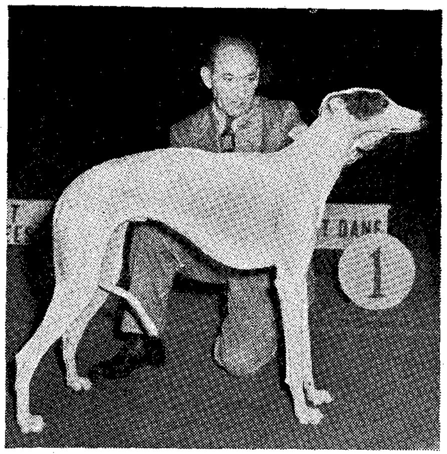
the letters are excerpts from contemporary journals and from Carlyle's "Memoir" of his wife, written after her death, as well as explanatory notes by Mrs. Bliss, who has managed to recapture admirably, in very little space, the spirit and wit characteristic of her subject's style. Illustrated.

OUT OF THE RED, by Red Smith (Knopf). An entertaining collection of columns by the lead-off man in the *Herald Tribune's* sports department. It might be thought that sportswriting is the world's most perishable form of literary endeavor, and, indeed, so it is, as Mr. Smith unconsciously shows in his few straightaway accounts of long-gone baseball games, horse races, boxing matches, and such. What makes Mr. Smith's book diverting is that he can be, and often is, very funny; has a sharp and affectionate ear for the kind of ravaged English spoken in locker rooms and training camps (he also has the proper attitude toward baseball announcers who call the first inning the "hello chapter"); and is an accomplished judge and raconteur of anecdotes. If there is one flaw in his attitude toward sports in general, it is that he now and then gets his foot caught in the bog that has swallowed so many other sportswriters whole—tear-stained sentimentality. Illustrated with drawings by Willard Mullin.

THERE'LL ALWAYS BE A DRAYNEFLETE, by Osbert Lancaster (Houghton Mifflin). An able parodist reconstructs, with appropriate solemnity, the history of the mythical but very likely-sounding English town of Drayneflete. His material, all of it of a type dear to the hearts of village historians the world over, ranges from a description of the contents of a long barrow, opened in 1888, that gave an indication of the high order of the early "Drayneflete culture" to a map of "The Drayneflete of Tomorrow," which features no fewer than three cultural monuments to be put up by the National Trust. Although Mr. Lancaster doesn't indicate what the monuments will commemorate, they will undoubtedly pay tribute to the long line of Drayneflete poets, all members of the Figet (or Fidget, or ffigett) family, selections from whose works are reproduced here to excellent effect. Illustrated by the author.

A CENTURY OF FRENCH PAINTING, 1400-1500, by Grete Ring (Phaidon). The period in French painting



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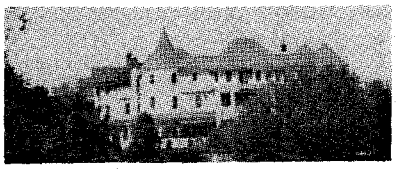

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that this book covers—the Late Gothic—is one that has not yet been extensively explored, and the thoroughness with which Dr. Ring has attacked the subject gives her book great value. It is very sensitively written, too, and since the time was a highly colorful one, the book turns out to be not only informative but intensely interesting. There are more than two hundred illustrations, six in color and all well reproduced, to bear out her contention that the art of the period deserves more attention than it has been getting.

The Pine Furniture of Early New England, by Russell Hawes Kettell (Dover). This, as the title suggests, is a book about the pine furniture of early New England. It is, moreover, an elegant picture book, containing halftone plates of more than two hundred intelligently chosen examples of early cabinetwork, which should furnish pleasure to the layman and serve as an invaluable reference guide for the antiquarian.

MYSTERY AND CRIME

The Tentacles, by Dana Lyon (Harper). Gerald Trenton, who is in his fifties, looks much younger, his manners are very impressive, and in the beginning his young daughter-in-law is delighted with him. Her gradual discovery that he is a definite psychopathic case, crazily determined to keep his son from enjoying a normal marriage, even if he has to destroy him in the process, is the theme of Mrs. Lyon's ingeniously worked out, if not too eventful, novel. The end is a surprise, but a legitimate one, and altogether this is superior entertainment for those who don't insist on corpses, detectives, and gunfire.

Mischief, by Charlotte Armstrong (Coward-McCann). Hiring a baby-sitter, as every mother knows, is something of a gamble, but there never was one on land or sea to compare with the meek young woman who comes, highly recommended, to a Middle Western couple in New York for a newspaper convention. The story is comparatively simple—a demented girl tries to kill the child in her charge for no reason except that it seems to be interfering with her lovemaking—but Miss Armstrong, who is very good at this kind of thing, has managed a fine, chilly combination of terror and suspense.

Night at the Mocking Widow, by Carter Dickson (Morrow). In this

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one, Sir Henry Merrivale clears up a nasty epidemic of anonymous letters, not to mention a murder, in the village of Stoke Druid. In every case, the accusations made in the letters are false, but they are frightening and infuriating nonetheless to the vicar, the squire, a dealer in rare books, a retired Army officer, and even a dubious German psychiatrist, all of whom receive their quota, as do their female counterparts. Sir Henry, whose resemblance to Churchill increases with each book in this series, succeeds in cornering the by no means obvious blackmailer and assassin with humor and agility.

THE CURIOUS CUSTARD PIE, by Margaret Scherf (Doubleday). Martin Buell, the amiable cleric with a flair for cooking and detection, is a bit embarrassed when a custard pie that he has baked for some friends in a rather painful colony known as the World Amiability Group kills a couple of them and is found to contain arsenic. No one would dream of suspecting him, but others had access to the pie. Father Buell's leisurely efforts at unmasking the evildoer are so successful that he misses being the next victim only by seconds—a little matter of insulin injected into his scalp. Not one of the most exciting, but pleasant enough.

WHAT RHYMES WITH MURDER?, by Jack Iams (Morrow). Ariel Banks, avant-garde poet and great lover, hasn't been in town for more than a day when he's bumped off, but every man and most of the women he's encountered in that short time had more than adequate motives for eliminating him. His secretary, a pompous and effeminate little man, is his only defender, and a somewhat indiscreet young city editor is the chief suspect. Plenty of action, and Mr. Iams has fortunately kept his humor more subdued than usual.

●

CHICAGO—(AP)—Francis Polsfoot, 6 foot-3 inch 2000-pound end from Washington State, and John Hock, 2200-pound tackle from Santa Clara, have been signed by the Chicago Cardinals football team.
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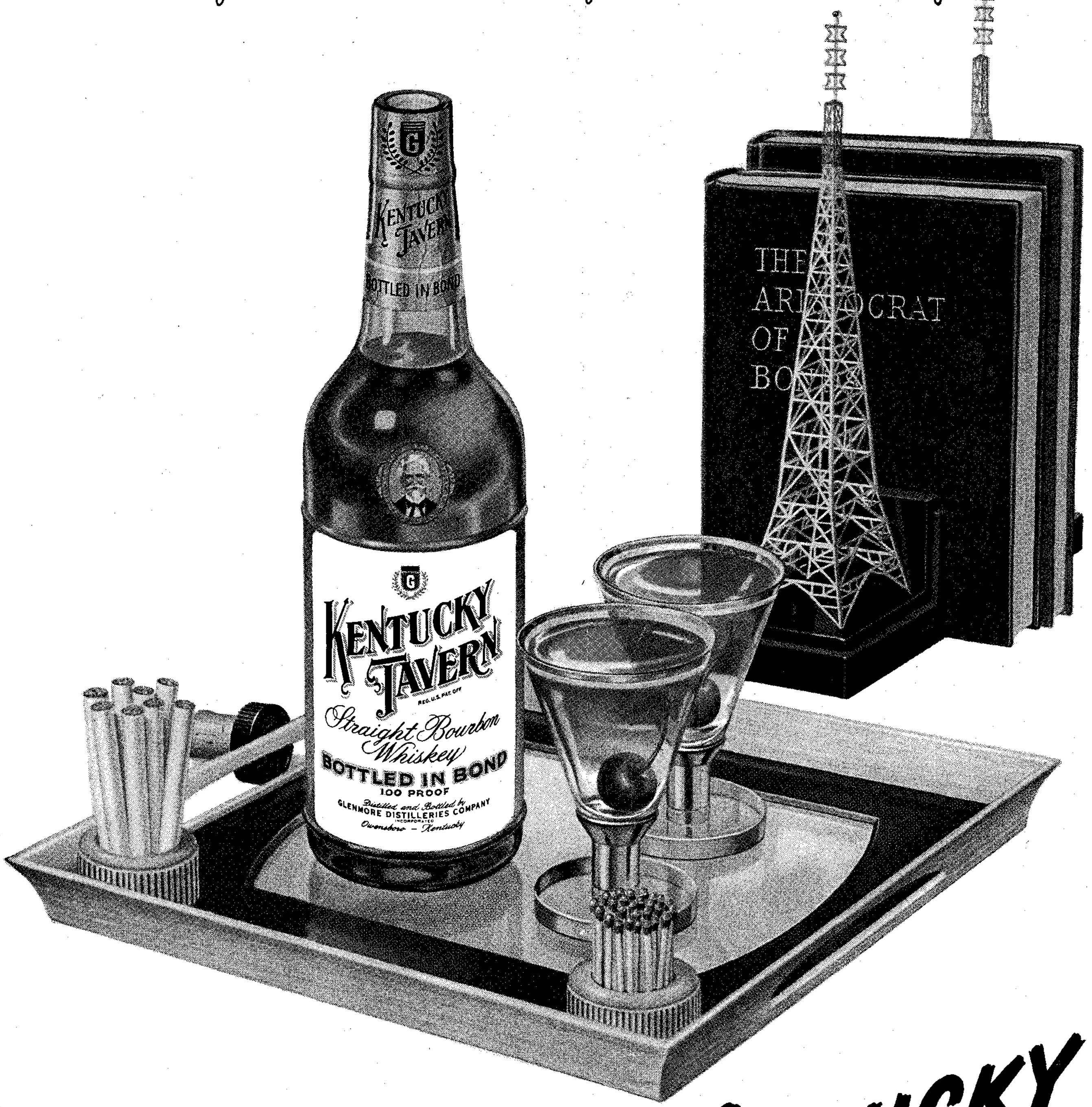
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